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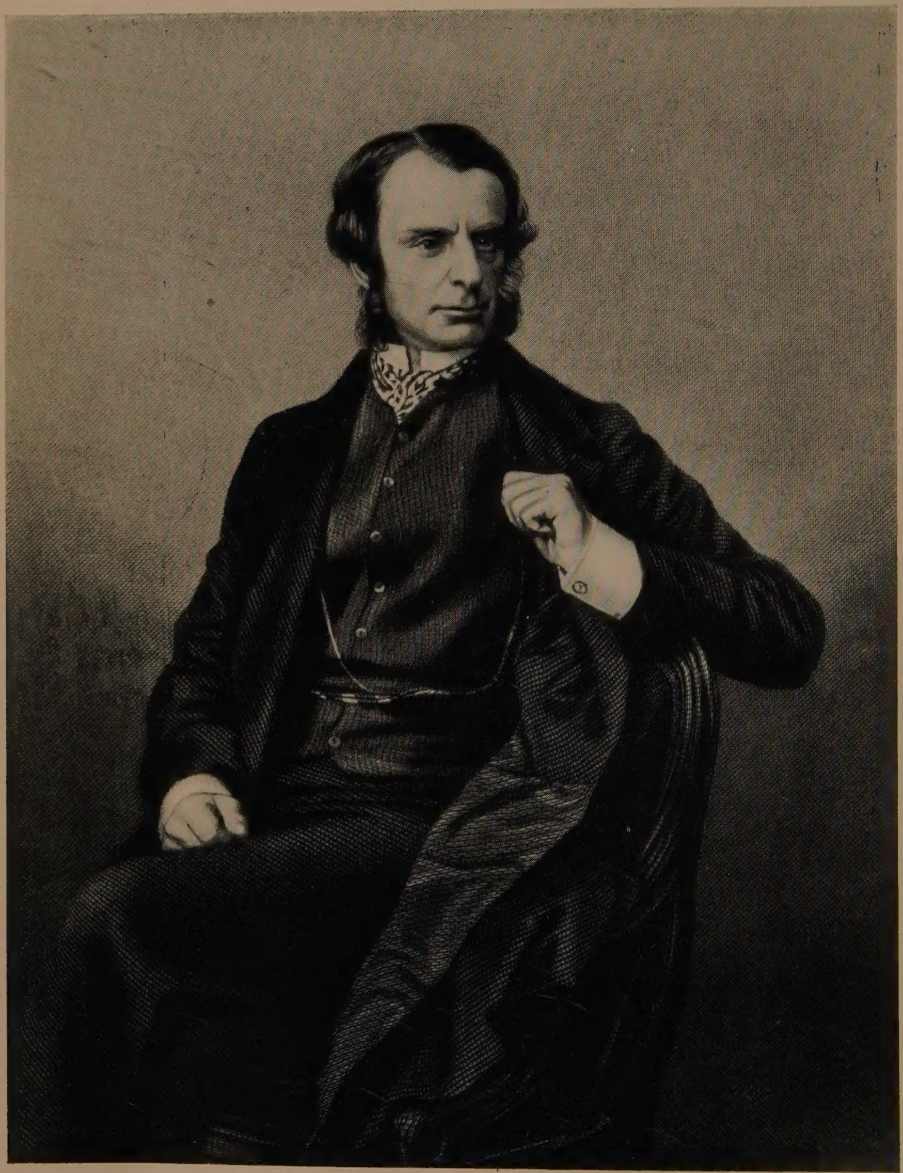
CHARLES KINGSLEY
AND HIS IDEAS



[*By courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY IN 1861

CHARLES KINGSLEY AND HIS IDEAS

by

GUY KENDALL

Author of
"A Headmaster Remembers".

WITH NINE ILLUSTRATIONS

HUTCHINSON & CO. (Publishers), LTD.
LONDON :: NEW YORK :: MELBOURNE :: SYDNEY

To the memory of my brother

HENRY GEORGE OMMANNEY KENDALL

Formerly Rector of Dinton-cum-Baverstock

A devoted follower of Charles Kingsley

72316

PRINTED IN
GREAT BRITAIN,
AT THE ANCHOR
PRESS, TIPTREE,
:: ESSEX ::

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	PREFACE	7
	INTRODUCTORY	9
I.	EARLY YEARS	13
II.	THE COUNTRY RECTOR	31
III.	ENTER 'PARSON LOT'	43
IV.	ASSOCIATION—'OUR ONLY HOPE'	59
V.	A CHANGING OUTLOOK	72
VI.	THE POET	90
VII.	THE NOVELIST	104
VIII.	ETERNAL DEATH—AND LIFE	124
IX.	WELCOME TO DARWIN—AND TAULER	135
X.	NEWMAN'S OPPORTUNITY	146
XI.	CLIO, A MUSE—OR A SYBIL?	159
XII.	LAST YEARS—KINGSLEY THE MAN	168
	APPENDICES	183
	INDEX	185

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Charles Kingsley in 1861	*Frontispiece*
Eversley Rectory	16
Eversley Church, as it was in Kingsley's time	17
Facsimile of a letter, written and illustrated by Kingsley, and signed by the family	32
Facsimile of a page from a letter written by Kingsley to one of his family	33
"Muscular Christianity"	96
Charles and Mrs. Kingsley at the study window	97
Eversley Church from the Rectory garden	112
The grave in Eversley churchyard	113

PREFACE

This book was written during the war when there was no access to the contents of museums, nor was it possible to trace the possessors of manuscript letters. Much the same conditions remain as it goes to press; but at the last minute a collection of letters of Kingsley to members of his family returned to the British Museum. By the courtesy of the Keeper of Manuscripts I have been able to give facsimiles of two of them. In one or two places I have quoted such matter at second hand from Miss M. F. Thorp's *Charles Kingsley, 1819-1875*,[1] with due acknowledgment, especially the very important *Life of St. Elizabeth* (in the British Museum), the Preface to which contains some illuminating passages of an autobiographical nature. One can only hope that she has quoted all that is illuminating.

I owe acknowledgments also to the authorities of the Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, N.W.1, for their kindness in giving me access to some printed literature of the Christian Socialist movement. I owe much to Professor C. E. Raven's full and detailed study of the experiments in Labour Co-partnership set out in his book *Christian Socialism*.

The Master of Trinity has given me permission to quote some passages from his essay *Clio, a Muse*, in Chapter XI. I am grateful also to Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for leave to quote a passage from *The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley*, by his son, Leonard Huxley, and to Messrs. Allen and Unwin for the same privilege in respect of *Eversley Gardens*, by Rose G. Kingsley, originally published by Messrs. George Allen.

[1] Columbia University Press and Oxford University Press, 1937.

INTRODUCTORY

It may be asked, what interest are readers likely to take in a mid-Victorian parson and *démodé* novelist when they have just emerged from a struggle for life and death nearly a century later? One very natural answer is that it is good to be transported occasionally from the perplexing problems of today into other times, even many centuries distant, and gain courage and refreshment from the tale of how our forefathers thought and acted in their time of stress and anxiety. For Victorian times were not so quiet and untroubled as we sometimes picture them to have been in contrast with our own. The Crimean War, and even the Indian Mutiny, seem puny conflicts compared with what we have lately witnessed; but these wars, added to the social troubles of the time, did rouse in Kingsley a strange apprehension of disaster to come. "I cannot escape that wretched fear of a national catastrophe, which haunts me night and day. I live in dark nameless dissatisfaction and dread"; so he wrote in August, 1855. He looked on the struggle between England and Spain in the days of Elizabeth as a spiritual war between light and darkness: "A day of judgment has come," he wrote in *Westward Ho!* of the Armada fight, ". . . and behold the devil's work, like its maker, is proved to have been, as always, a lie and a sham, and a windy boast, a bladder which collapses at the merest pin-prick. Byzantine empires, Spanish Armadas, triple-crowned Papacies, Russian Despotisms, this is the way of them, and will be to the end of the world. One brave blow at the big bullying phantom, and it vanishes in sulphur stench." He insisted that those who killed the body could not kill the soul. Had he not believed that quite firmly, he would, he tells us, have lost his sanity.

As to the permanent worth of Kingsley's writings, it is difficult to express a judgment in an age in which, as Mr. F. L. Lucas says: "We have reached a state of chaos in which all critical standards of value have broken down." His novels, which are to a large extent sermons in the form of fiction, are not likely to come home to the present generation. At least, they are likely to appeal to the young rather than the mature reader. Boys will read a well-told tale and ignore those features which obviously are intended to appeal mainly to the grown-up. *Westward Ho!* and *Hypatia* are well-told tales. They take their readers into regions previously unexplored by the novel; and Kingsley had the type of imagination which could describe in a quite convincing way not only times but scenery which he only knew at second hand. It is possible that the book which seems most obviously addressed to children, *The Water-Babies*, will have the strongest hold on adult readers. Let anyone who is puzzled

about the idea of a future life, read, or re-read, that book, bearing in mind that it is not only a fairy story and a book of natural history, but also an allegory of a life to come—read it carefully, and he may find it singularly convincing. We may regard *Alton Locke*, *Hypatia*, and *Westward Ho!* as the three most important of the novels proper. They all attracted much attention at the time of their appearance, and the third of them caused almost as much public excitement as the appearance of the first instalment of a new novel by Dickens. They are "Victorian" in a sense in which Dickens is not, and perhaps not Thackeray; that is to say the passage into another century has left them stranded because the true function of the novel is now regarded so differently. Perhaps in this respect their position today may be more like that of *Adam Bede* or *Romola*, for George Eliot likewise had an ethical purpose in her novels of which she never lost sight.

Will they ever return to popular favour? It is remarkable that a generation which dislikes being lectured on moral issues not only does not resent political propaganda in a novel or even a poem, but often expects it. Are not political problems at bottom ethical? It may be that *Alton Locke* will arouse a new interest as a document of Christian Socialism. But it would be dangerous to prophesy even this. It is now quite certain that no Government in this country could maintain itself in power which showed any indifference to such isolated pockets of sweating, insanitary conditions of life, or oppression of the poor, as might here and there survive. Those issues will simply pass away.

But I will hazard a guess that it is not Kingsley the novelist who will go down to posterity so much as Kingsley the man. Dr. G. M. Trevelyan, the Master of Trinity, has said in a letter to the author that "he did a great work in many ways; among others in giving ordinary folk the idea that they could be religious without being ascetic or gloomy or censorious. *In his day* that was a very necessary work. There was more in 'muscular Christianity' than the muscle." Possibly that work may have some value even for the present generation, which, according to many observers, is anxiously groping for a religion.

Like the other Christian Socialists, he was surprisingly in advance of his time. For example, he wrote towards the end of his life, in the Introduction to *Town Geology*: "If I had my way, I would give the same education to the child of the collier and to the child of a peer. I would see that they were taught the same things and by the same method. Let them all begin alike, say I." In 1946 we are setting to work on a new scheme which is far from that, though a little nearer.

He was in love with humanity—or rather with life in all its forms, for the madripore and the polype were almost as dear to him as the rustic labourer and the artisan, and yet he was filled with a desire to be done with it and on to some wider, less cramping form of activity, "somewhere, somewhen, somehow".

"Lift up, we beseech Thee, O Christ, our hearts and our spirits above the false shows of things, above fear and melancholy, above laziness and despair, above selfishness and covetousness, above custom and fashion, up to the everlasting Truth and Order that Thou art."

(*From a prayer of Charles Kingsley.*)

I

EARLY YEARS

HUMAN heredity has strange caprices. Talent will sometimes skip a generation, or the gifts of one parent will be completely neutralized by the ungifted nature of the other. Sometimes a genius will appear to be a pure freak, whose qualities are untraceable altogether in the family history. But where both parents are gifted or possessed of marked character, it is usual for the offspring to be uncommon, and to have characteristics severally derived from both parents. Writing about his family to Galton in 1865, Charles Kingsley said: "We are but *disjecta membra* of a most remarkable pair of parents. Our talent, such as it is, is altogether hereditary. My father was a magnificent man in body and mind, and was said to possess every talent except that of using his talents. My mother, on the contrary, had a quite extraordinary practical and administrative power, and she combines with it, even at her advanced age (79), my father's passion for knowledge, and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl."[1] "From his father's side," says his wife, "he inherited his love of art, his sporting tastes, his fighting blood . . . and from the mother's side came, not only his love of travel, science and literature, and the romance of his nature, but his keen sense of humour, and a force and originality, which characterized the women of her family of a still older generation."

Of a family of five sons and one daughter, Charles was the second son. In *Charles Kingsley, His Letters and Memories of His Life*, compiled by his wife (our principal authority), there is one singular omission. In her account of her husband's family there is nowhere any mention of his youngest brother, Henry Kingsley, the novelist. Yet *Ravenshoe* has been thought by some critics to be a better novel than any that Charles ever wrote. It has been inferred that Henry was the black sheep of the family, especially in view of the fact that he spent many years in the Australian gold-diggings. But the truth of the matter has now been made plain by Mr. S. M. Ellis in his book *Henry Kingsley, Towards a Vindication*. Mr. Ellis thinks that there is no cause to believe that Henry was a black sheep in the family. He was a deep drinker, but not a habitual drunkard. The cause of estrangement between the two brothers arose from the fact that in 1870, as the sale of his books waned, Henry found himself falling into financial difficulties, and was compelled to ask for assistance from his brother Charles. This was granted at first, but the applications were repeated until they had to be refused. Then Mrs. Henry began to pester Charles' wife, with the

[1] *Charles Kingsley, His Letters and Memories of His Life*, compiled by his wife (hereinafter referred to as *L.M.*), vol. i, p. 4.

result that relations were cut off between the two families, and Henry was never forgiven by his sister-in-law. There is supposed to be an allusion to this episode in Charles' poem, *The Delectable Day* (dated 6 November, 1872), of which the last stanza runs thus:

> Ah, God! a poor soul can but thank Thee
> For such a delectable day!
> Though the fury, the fool, and the swindler
> Tomorrow again have their way.

Mr. Ellis says that this interpretation had the authority of Charles' daughters, and it must be remembered that it was probably not written with a view to publication; for Charles had a charitable and forgiving nature, and, though he was stern with impostors who begged at his doors, was not likely thus to expose a brother of whom he had been fond. An allusion by Mrs. Kingsley to "severe anxiety and illness in his household that autumn" is further confirmation. But in earlier years, at least, Henry spoke generously of his brother. He dedicated *Ravenshoe* to him "in token of a love which only grows stronger as we both get older" (1861). In fact it is clear that he looked up to him as a source of encouragement and inspiration.

There is something a little mysterious in a story which we have from the same source, that once in Cambridge someone spoke to George, the doctor brother, of Charles' distinguished career. The answer came abruptly, "Henry was the great man, not Charles."[1] It may have been only the expression of a literary preference with which many in our own time agree, but it sounds as though there were more in it. Perhaps George took his younger brother's side in the family quarrel. He too is almost ignored in *Letters and Memories*, as indeed for the most part are the brothers and sister generally.

George, though less distinguished than Charles and Henry, was a remarkable character. The 'wanderlust' which was in all the Kingsleys came out strong in him; but he was not so encumbered as Charles with the necessity of making a sufficient living to maintain his family, and was able to spend much of his life in travel. His earlier professional years were spent in the service of various aristocratic families as private physician, and, sometimes in their company on a yacht, sometimes by himself, he explored the whole of the Mediterranean, and penetrated the southern Pacific. Ancestors on the mother's side had gone out to the West Indies. In her memoir prefixed to her father's *Notes on Sport and Travel*, George's daughter Mary (herself a famous explorer and ethnologist) says: "The sunlight, the colour, and the magnificent exuberance of the life of the Torrid Zone absolutely called across the latitudes to every member of the Kingsley family of the same generation as he." She suggests that their ancestors "had acquired on the plantations a love of 'tropical sensations

[1] Not so Mary Kingsley, who says: "Charles Kingsley was the greatest of the Kingsley brothers, and shed honour on his name and credit on his nation for all time." (Memoir in *Notes on Sport and Travel*, p. 3.)

and scenery', and had transmitted it to them as an instinctive desire". Charles, when late in his life he found an opportunity to visit the West Indies, breathed a fervent "At last." George had the same restlessness of spirit which in all three brothers issued in some 'divine discontent'. He projected various books, travel, literary studies, even fiction, and brought none of them to completion. His spirit was for ever driving him abroad—often to the Pacific. Finally there was a dramatic moment when Charles in the last year of his life, stricken down with illness at Denver, found to his utter surprise that George was there during an interval in a hunting expedition in the Rockies, and was able to take medical charge of the invalid. George had a fiery temper, which was often the cause of sudden and ephemeral quarrels, but, whatever he may have thought of the portrait of himself as Tom Thurnall in *Two Years Ago*, he was normally much attached to his distinguished brother. "Really," says Mary, "they were two forms of one being; had they been but one man, that man would have had a noble vision of things as they truly are—a vision greater than that of their divided visions—such as one knows, without attaining it oneself, must be attainable by man."[1]

Gerald, the eldest brother, had a tragic end. He joined the Navy, and was serving in 1844 as lieutenant on H.M.S. *Royalist* when the ship became riddled with an epidemic of fever. "The commander died—half the crew died—and so they died and died on, till in May no officer was left but Gerald, and on the 17th of September he died too." The boatswain with difficulty navigated her into harbour at Singapore.[2] The third of the brothers, Herbert, died young, and the only sister, Charlotte, married a Devonshire gentleman-farmer, and settled down to a quiet agricultural life in the county which appealed so strongly to the imagination and affections of the whole family.

There may or may not be truth in the popular belief that the experiences of human mothers (and, according to the story of Jacob and the rods in the Old Testament, also of animals), and especially the things that they see, have an effect on the character of the offspring. Kingsley's mother is said to have believed that her surroundings—especially in Devonshire—would have such an effect. Charles, who was so named after his father, was born at Holne, in Devonshire, on June 12, 1819. Partly on account of *Westward Ho!* it is natural to look on Kingsley as a son of Devon, though the family left the county when he was only a few months old. But he returned to it again and again. After leaving Holne, his father had curacies at Burton-on-Trent and at Clifton, Notts, and for six years held temporarily the living of Barnack in the Fen country, following a custom not uncommon then to 'keep it warm' till the son of the Bishop of Peterborough was of age to undertake the cure. He then stayed at Ilfracombe till he was presented with the living of Clovelly. Thus we can see the formation, through environment rather than through heredity, of the son's rural affections. In the Fen country, no doubt, his love of natural history first began. He deplored in later years the loss of natural life which

[1] *Op. cit.*, pp. 193–4.
[2] *L.M.*, I, 133–4.

was caused by the draining of much of the Fen country between Peterborough and Huntingdon, where "dark green alders, and pale green reeds, stretched for miles round the broad lagoon, where the coot clanked, and the bittern boomed, and the sedge-bird, not content with its own sweet song, mocked the notes of all the birds around; while high overhead hung motionless, hawk beyond hawk, buzzard beyond buzzard, kite beyond kite, as far as eye could see".[1]

There was a traditional ghost at Barnack Rectory, called 'Button Cap' from the head-dress he was supposed to wear. Kingsley says that nobody ever saw him; but he was once put to sleep in the ghost room when suffering from brain-fever, of which he had more than one attack as a child. "His imagination," says Mrs. Kingsley, "was haunted years afterwards with the weird sights and sounds connected with that time in his memory." Kingsley says that the ghost sometimes turned cross and played poltergeist, "rolling the barrels in the cellar about with surprising noise". Whatever the weird 'sights and sounds' may have been, these experiences were probably enough to account for the strange nightmares of which he speaks in his youthful poem, *Hypotheses hypochondriacae*. Chapter XVI of *Two Years Ago* gives a list of anxiety dreams—climbing a mountain which grew higher and higher as you climbed, and the like. Most people have them, but he must have had an unusual variety. See also the beginning of the fantastic dream described in Chapter XXXVI of *Alton Locke*. Altogether there seem to have been enough shocks to affect seriously what his wife speaks of as "that delicate organization of brain, which had given him many a sad experience in his own childhood". There was a sequel to this. Writing in 1857, he says: "In ill health from overwork about 16-18, I had spectral illusions, often (one as clear as any of Nicolai's), accompanied with frightful nervous excitability, and inability to settle to any work, though always working at something in a fierce, desultory way. At twenty I found out tobacco. The spectres vanished; the power of dull application arose; and for the first time in my life, I began to be master of my own brain."[2] This should be of interest to a psychologist—not only the symptoms, but the alleged cure.

What Clovelly was to the young Charles it is hardly necessary to say. For him the romance of history and nature met there perfectly. Meanwhile he gave evidence in other ways of what he was to attempt to achieve in after life. At four years old it was his delight "to make a little pulpit in the nursery", and "arranging the chairs for an imaginary congregation, and putting on his pinafore as surplice, give little addresses of a rather severe tone of theology".[3] We are told that his mother took them down at the time "unknown to him", which means, no doubt, that she noted down her recollection of them afterwards; for some of the language used in the specimen preserved would perhaps outdo all the records of literary precocity if it was recorded with verbal accuracy. Its opening words are strange in view of the author's statement in after life that

[1] *L.M.*, i, 13.
[2] *Ibid.*, ii, 20.
[3] *Ibid.*, i, 8.

[*Frederic Robinson, Camberley.*

EVERSLEY RECTORY, SHOWING THE STUDY WINDOW AND THE "QUARTER-DECK" (*see page 33*)

[*From "Letters and Memories."*

EVERSLEY CHURCH, AS IT WAS IN KINGSLEY'S TIME

"war, in some shape or other, is the normal condition of the world".[1] The young preacher assured his imaginary audience that "it is not right to fight. Honesty has no chance against stealing. Christ has shown us true religion. We must follow God, and not follow the devil, for if we follow the devil we shall go into that everlasting fire, and if we follow God we shall go to Heaven." Dr. Rigg, in his *Memoirs of Canon Kingsley*, tells us that the teaching of Charles' parents was of the old-fashioned type, which accounts partly no doubt for his vigorous reaction against it later, and for his assault on the doctrine of everlasting punishment.[2] "Nobody can tell how the Devil can go chained in Hell"—so far the voice of the child; but when we read, "if humanity, honesty, and good religion fade, we can to a certainty get them back, by being good again", the wording is unmistakably that of an adult; or they are memories of phrases heard in church. His earliest poems, written at the age of four years and eight months, are more certainly authentic, being presumably printed from manuscript.

One of the educational discoveries of recent years is that children sometimes produce in their spontaneous way, both in poetry and in drawing or painting, results of more aesthetic value than some of their adult works, which have the stamp of theory and conscious method. Something of this quality is to be found in Kingsley's first attempts at verse—this for instance:

When morning's beam first lights us,
And the cock's shrill voice is undone,
  The owl flies from her retreat,
  And the bat does fly away,
And morning's beam lightens every spray,
The sun shows forth his splendid train. . . .

And this other:

WINTER EVENING

  Again it is come;
  The owl stays awhile in his nest,
  But flies out soon.
Now darkness covers all the sky,
And covers houses, plains and hills;
  Everybody is still.
Now it darkens—now it rains—
The bursting thunder lightens all;
Where the windows broken standing,
And the floors are broken all.

(The last line but one needs some exegesis or emendation which cannot be supplied.) Consider, too, the excellence of these lines from one of the remaining two poems:

[1] Review of Froude's *History of England*, in *Miscellanies*, Vol. ii, p. 7.
[2] "Memoir of Canon Kingsley", in *Modern Anglican Theology*, by Rev. J. H. Rigg, D.D.

Time passes quickly;
He flies on wings as light as silk.

At Clovelly, when the herring fleet put out to sea, Kingsley's father would hold a service on the beach or quay. There were times when many of the boats did not return, and on one occasion we are told that there were as many as sixty widows and orphans mourning on the shore. The recollection of that scene, no doubt, was reproduced long afterwards in one of the best-known of his lyrics, *The Three Fishers*. In his *Prose Idylls*, besides this incident he has given a vivid account of the wreck of a great barque as seen from Hartland Cliffs. He speaks of "the maddening excitement of expectation as she ran wildly towards the cliffs at our feet, and then sheered off again inexplicably; her foremast and bowsprit, I recollect, were gone short off by the deck; a few rags of sail fluttered from her main and mizzen". He ends: "You have heard of ships at the last moment crying aloud like living things in agony? I heard it then, as the stumps of her masts screamed with the dreadful tension." There is no doubt a memory of these scenes in his vivid description of the wreck in *Two Years Ago*. This is referred to by R. L. Stevenson in an essay called "A Gossip on Romance" in *Memories and Portraits*, as one of four passages which he remembered as having been read aloud to him, before he was ten, and giving him "keen and lasting pleasure".

In 1831 Charles with his brother Herbert was sent to a preparatory school kept by the Rev. John Knight at Clifton, Bristol. Those who think of him primarily as the promoter of the cult of 'muscular Christianity' should know that his headmaster reported on him as "affectionate, gentle, and fond of quiet", taking refuge often with the headmaster's daughters and their governess.[1] This gentleness, and, it may be added, humility of nature, is a feature which will be observed in his later life; for at King's College he was considered "gentle and diffident to timidity".

He also made "remarkable translations of Latin verse into English", and was "a passionate lover of natural history". The later enthusiasm, which lasted throughout his life, had already been in evidence before he went to school; for it is recorded that while his father was giving him a lesson in Latin he suddenly cried out, "I do declare, papa, there is pyrites in the coal."[2]

In the autumn of his first year at school the Bristol riots took place, an outbreak caused by the refusal of the House of Lords to pass the Reform Bill, and embittered by the prevailing industrial distress. What Kingsley saw made a deep and permanent impression on his mind. He described it afterwards in a lecture, given in Bristol in 1858, on *Great Cities, and their influence for good and evil*.

He saw the flames of the burning gaol, from which the prisoners had been set free, and later "a still more awful sight. Along the north side of

[1] *L.M.*, i, p. 20.
[2] *Ibid.*, i, 11.

Queen's Square . . . a ghastly row, not of corpses, but of corpse fragments." He comments: "It is good for a man to be brought, once at least in his life, face to face with fact, ultimate fact, however horrible it may be, and to have to confess to himself, shuddering, what things are possible on God's earth, when man has forgotten that his only welfare is in living after the likeness of God."

This experience had a permanent influence on his political opinions: "What I had seen made me for years the veriest aristocrat, full of hatred and contempt of these dangerous classes, whose existence I had for the first time discovered. It required many years—years, too, of personal intercourse with the poor, to explain to me the true meaning of what I saw here in October, twenty-seven years ago."[1]

Like a true scientist, Kingsley was always ready to learn from new experience, and to change opinions long held when they appeared inconsistent with ascertained facts, whether in the social and political sphere, or, as in the case of the Darwinian theory, in the realm of nature. It is true that he never lost his bias against 'Papists' and Jesuits, but, as we shall see, he could say a good word even for monks, when his historical studies revealed the debt which society owed them in the Dark Ages. In this liberality and free receptiveness of mind lies perhaps one of his chief claims to greatness.

There was talk of sending him to Eton or Rugby next. In after life he regretted having lost the opportunity of being brought up under the great Arnold, the hero of his friend and fellow-writer, Tom Hughes. He believed that a public school education would have overcome his constitutional shyness, which was naturally increased by the hesitation in his speech. But stammering is now considered to be most commonly a nervous affection, often due to some latent psychological trouble, a subconscious weapon of defence against an intractable outer world. Would the Rugby of *Tom Brown* have cured this kind of trouble? Reading Hughes' novel again at this distance of time, one finds it difficult to believe that such barbarism as is there described should have been possible under the most distinguished headmaster of the century. It was certainly no place for the shy; or at least it would have been a risky experiment in 'kill or cure'; and, as the chances would have been strongly against his finding, like another 'Arthur', his Tom Brown for patron, mental disaster would have been the likelier issue. On the whole he would seem to have been fortunate in the choice made for him of the Helston Grammar School in Cornwall. Derwent Coleridge, son of the poet, was the headmaster, and Kingsley found a sympathetic friend in one of the teaching staff, the Rev. C. A. Johns, who encouraged his taste for botany. One of his schoolfellows, R. C. Powles, remained a friend for life, and became his parishioner at Eversley.

Derwent Coleridge afterwards recalled an incident which is of interest in view of *Hypatia* and the frequent allusions to the Neo-Platonists in

[1] *Miscellanies*, ii, 318–21. There is a curious inconsistency between this statement and that of John Martineau (*L.M.*, i, 308), who records that Kingsley after describing the riots said, "That sight made me a Radical." Probably he meant "was the cause of my later radicalism".

Kingsley's writings. He notes that the boy was an eager reader and enquirer, sometimes in very out-of-the-way quarters. One day he found him busily engaged with an old copy of *Porphyry and Iamblichus*, which he had ferreted out of his headmaster's library.

In fact Mr. Powles wrote after Kingsley's death that in those school-days "the child was father to the man", and recalled "the vehement spirit, the adventurous courage, the love of truth, the impatience of injustice, the quick and tender sympathy . . . the same eagerness in the pursuit of scientific knowledge". He was not popular as a schoolboy. Like Scott, "he knew too much, and his mind was generally on a higher level than ours". Still less, one must conclude, would he have been popular in the Philistine atmosphere of one of the great public schools, especially as he was not much good at games, though, it must be noted, he excelled at "mere feats of agility and adventure". For the study of language, as such, he had little liking, but Greek and Latin interested him because of their subject-matter, a fact which appears also in his University career. Mr. Powles observed acutely that his passion for natural science was led by a strong religious feeling—a sense of the nearness of God in His works. No one would have assented to that statement more wholeheartedly than Kingsley himself.[1]

As for the stammering, Derwent Coleridge remarks that the impediment, already noticeable, though not, he thought, so marked as it afterwards became, rather added to the effect of what he said. Similar is the testimony of J. M. Ludlow. "Whilst you were wondering what was to come of his struggle with some initial consonant, suddenly the fight was on, and there poured forth a perfect avalanche of words."[2] John Martineau, his first private pupil at Eversley, said that the stammer diminished as he got older, though it never wholly left him. But it was absent from his preaching, "and in speaking with a set purpose".[3] In fact the same witness says that to Kingsley it was like St. Paul's "thorn in the flesh". He took the trial "patiently and even thankfully, as having by God's mercy saved him from many a temptation to mere brilliancy and self-seeking". Kingsley himself attributed the defect to a purely physical cause—"from an under-jaw contracted by calomel, and nerves ruined by croup and brain fever in childhood". As he said to Thomas Hughes on one occasion: "I could be as great a talker as any man in England, but for my stammering. I know it well; but it's a blessed thing for me. . . . I'm a very shy man, and shyness and vanity always go together. And so I think of what every fool will say of me, and can't help it. . . . When I am speaking for God, in the pulpit, or praying by bedsides, I never stammer. My stammer is a blessed thing for me. It keeps me from talking in company, and from going out as I should do but for it." When one thinks of his volubility on paper, and, according to Hughes, in private company, one can believe that his thorn in the flesh may have had its uses. In his latter years he gave elaborate advice, and rules for the mechanics of speech, to a lady

[1] Powles' letter is given in full, *L.M.* i, 24–7.
[2] "Some of the Christian Socialists of 1848" (*Economic Review*, Oct. 1893).
[3] *L.M.*, i, 303.

correspondent who suffered from the same drawback; but they are not very convincing.

In 1836 a great change took place in Kingsley's outward surroundings, for his father was presented to the living of St. Luke's, Chelsea, where "the house was full of district visitors and parish committees", and the conversation was mostly of "parochial schools, and duties, and vestries, and curates, etc." The girls, he says, went about among the most abominable scenes of filth, wretchedness, and indecency, to visit the poor and read the Bible to them. His mother thought that the places they visited were unfit for them to see, and that they should not know that such things exist. The female society in general he himself describes as consisting of "ugly splay-footed beings . . . with voices like love-sick parrots". Nor is he impressed at all favourably with the clerics, "dapper young-ladies' preachers, with whom silly women fall in love". One continual refuge and source of delight was open to Charles and his brothers—their father's library. There were "records relating to the West Indian islands and the Spanish Main; books that had been collected by their mother's ancestors, who were for generations planters in Barbados and Demerara . . . volume on volume of famous voyagers". What had been begun in the headmaster's library at Helston was continued at home in Chelsea. "If it be true," Mary Kingsley observes, "that Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, it is true that *Westward Ho!* was made in that Rectory library."[1] The foundation of Charles' Christian Socialism may, consciously or unconsciously, have been laid among the squalid and uncongenial surroundings of St. Luke's; but it is unlikely that anything he saw at Chelsea inclined him towards the clerical profession. One lesson, his wife tells us, he did learn for after life, "to confine all parish business to its own hours", and never to talk shop before his children, or let the conversation degenerate into mere parochial gossip.

Fortunately he had plenty of reading and study to occupy him, for shortly after the family arrived at Chelsea he was entered at King's College, London, which had quite recently been founded in the Church of England interest, as a rival to the 'godless', i.e. undenominational, foundation of University College. There he became a member of the 'General Literature Department' of the College, where boys seem to have taken a course preparatory to the university or the professions, rather than an academic course proper; in other words, he took a course not unlike that of a public school Sixth Form, though certainly wider in its scope than would be found in any public school of that time, for it included, besides classics, a large admixture of mathematics, modes (whatever they may be), and physical science.

One of his tutors recorded that the subjects of modern history and philosophy greatly engaged his thoughts, and that he had introduced his pupil to the study of Plato, which had a great influence on his mind and habits of thought. In fact it must have been a good preparation for one

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[1] *Op. cit.*, pp. 11–12.

like Kingsley, who had such a wide range of interests and was capable of accumulating such an amount of very diverse learning. Some might indeed suggest that he acquired at King's the habit of studying many things, but none of them very accurately, a charge which has been made against him by his critics, not wholly without good cause. The truth is that Kingsley was a born preacher, and the preacher needs to take all the phenomena of man and nature as matter for his moral and religious discourses. For this purpose his rather unspecialized knowledge sufficed, but hardly for the purpose of Regius Professor of History. An intellectual impulsiveness and temerity sometimes betrayed him into the hands of his opponents, particularly and most disastrously, as we shall see, in the controversy with Newman.

His residence at St. Luke's Rectory must have been rendered the more tedious by the fact that his parents' religious views "precluded all public amusements for their children". How much is included in that term we have no means of knowing. The theatre certainly; but his parents did not differ from most others of their class in that respect. It almost comes as a shock to find Kingsley writing in his essay *Plays and Puritans*, many years afterwards, "Few highly educated men now think it worth while to go to see any play," nor, he adds, even to write plays, "finding that since the grosser excitements of the imagination have become forbidden themes, there is really very little to write about". But the prohibition of 'public amusements' probably extended to everything that did not take place in the private houses of friends.

In 1838 he went up to Magdalene College, Cambridge, and gained a scholarship shortly after taking up residence. Like most undergraduates of that time who aspired to honours, he took both classics and mathematics. "I was very idle and very sinful during my first year," he writes rather surprisingly in the course of his last year of residence. 'Sinful' may mean much or little. Religious people, and saints in particular like Bunyan as he describes himself in *Grace Abounding*, are always inclined to exaggerate peccadilloes, and describe acts as sinful which ordinary good people regard as quite harmless. Idle, in the sense of giving little time to his formal studies, he probably was, during those early terms. The fact is that there were two sides to Kingsley—the part of his nature which rejoiced in sports and other open-air occupations, and the scholar, the poet, the man of religion. These two sides he afterwards integrated successfully, when he was Rector of a country parish. But at Cambridge they were strongly, almost disastrously, in conflict with one another. It is, of course, quite common for a youth of scholarly promise to be carried away by the glamour of the more uproarious and athletic attractions of University life, and to give himself up to roystering in his first year. But Kingsley's case was more complicated. His absorption in physical activities seems to have been a method of escape from religious doubt. "All . . . was dark for a time, and the conflict between hopes and fears for the future, and between faith and unbelief, was so fierce and bitter, that when he returned to Cambridge he became reckless, and nearly gave up all for lost: he read little, went in for excitement of every kind—boating,

hunting, driving, fencing, boxing, duck-shooting in the Fens—anything to deaden the remembrance of the happy past."[1]

Some light is thrown on the words "idle and sinful" by an anecdote told by Miss Violet Martineau in her memoir of her father, John Martineau, who was Kingsley's first pupil at Eversley.[2] She tells how Kingsley once went with some friends to stay at an inn in the Fen country, and spent the evening playing cards. "A good deal of money changed hands, and probably more than enough wine was drunk." The maid who called him in the morning produced a hat and asked him if it was his. He then remembered that he had, the night before, filled his pocket with his winnings, and, when they were full, resorted to his hat for a receptacle. "The sight of so much money and how it had been come by rushed across his mind with an intense sense of self-disgust and loathing, and, seizing the hat, he flung its contents out of the window. From that day he never played for money again." Long after, in his Chester pamphlet on gambling, he gave a different and more general reason why he gave up the practice;[3] but the two accounts do not necessarily contradict one another. Probably the incident related was the culmination of what had been a growing dissatisfaction.

In later years it would seem that he took a more indulgent view of these undergraduate pranks. Clifford Harrison relates[4] how he had been telling Kingsley with some remorse about his own dissipations (or extravagances) at Cambridge. His host was unexpectedly sympathetic: "Ah, of course, my dear boy, I understand. I know all about it, yes. You can't eat your cake and have it too, can you? And you thought you would like to eat it. Well, there's a good deal to be said for that. A cake gets stale very soon. I dare say I should have done just the same in your place. After all, a cake is meant to be eaten, isn't it?—and it's very nice when it's new. Well, there it is. It's eaten. And now . . ." Besides being amusing, these remarks have some importance, for if Kingsley was referring to his own undergraduate pranks, it shows that they did not include sexual adventures, since he could condone them thus.

The reaction when it came was so violent that he even spoke of going to the Far West to live as a prairie hunter. There certainly seems to have been little to distract his mind in the sphere of his studies. He wishes that he were free to follow such a course of education as Socrates, and Bacon, and More, and Milton had sketched out, instead of being forced to drudge at the acquirement of "confessedly obsolete and useless knowledge, of worn-out philosophies and scientific theories long exploded", though in after years, as not infrequently happens, he was of opinion that Cambridge had given him in her criticisms, her mathematics, above all in Plato, "a boon more precious than learning, namely the art of learning". He seems, however, still to have had some scope for his less formal and more delightful studies, for we hear from one who was a fellow undergraduate that Professor Sedgwick used to give Geological Field Lectures

[1] *L.M.*, i, 46.
[2] He was a cousin of Harriet Martineau, the authoress.
[3] See pp. 169–170.
[4] In *Stray Records*.

on horseback, a pursuit which the livery stable-keepers called 'jolly-gizing'.

What eventually saved him from utter abandonment to folly was his meeting in the summer vacation of 1839 with his future wife. His father had taken over the clerical duty at Checkenden, in Oxfordshire, for two months in the summer, to give his family a country holiday. While staying there, young Kingsley made the acquaintance of Miss Fanny Grenfell, daughter of Mr. Pascoe Grenfell of Taplow. Here we are at a disadvantage. The official biography was her work, and naturally she was reticent about herself in its pages. There is little help from contemporary writers and not much even that we can infer. Two of her sisters were married to men of high birth and distinction, one to Mr. Carr-Glyn, M.P. for Kendal, afterwards Baron Wolverton, the other to the Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne ('S. G. O.' of *The Times*).[1] It is probable that through these Kingsley was afterwards able to become acquainted with aristocratic circles of the better kind, and form his favourable—perhaps exaggerated—views of the value of aristocracy.

She was several years older than her husband. Dr. Rigg says at least one year, but the parish registers and monuments at Eversley give the difference as seven; and with so much seniority it was natural that she should mother him from the first. Her self-effacement in *Letters and Memories* has probably concealed the fact that hers was the ruling hand in the family. Such at least is the opinion of one who was well acquainted with her in her latter years. Mrs. Kingsley not only directed domestic affairs, but even, it would seem, prescribed when and what her husband should write, and once even sent a sermon of his to a publisher without his knowledge.[2]

More than once Kingsley expresses some distress about the passage in the Gospel in which the Master states that in Heaven they "neither marry nor are given in marriage". Did that mean then that the intimate marriage of souls which had been theirs could no longer continue? They are as the angels of heaven; but is there no love among the angels of God? Like a true Protestant, he interpreted the passage according to his 'private judgment'. "What does reason require of us but to conclude that, if there is change, there will be something better there", although "earthly love seems so delicious that all change in it would seem a change for the worse?" So strongly did he feel on the subject that, though he held it to be allowed "for the hardness of men's hearts", he could never think of second marriage as being desirable or right.[3]

A solution is suggested in *Yeast* (ch. vii), where Argemone quotes the passage from the Gospel, and Lancelot replies, "How do we know that these angels, as they call them, if they be really persons, may not be

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[1] A third sister, Charlotte, afterwards married J. A. Froude, the historian.

[2] The evidence for this is given by Miss M. F. Thorp in *Charles Kingsley, 1819–1875*, Princeton University Press, 1937. She found a letter from the editor of *Good Words*, acknowledging the receipt of a sermon. Kingsley had written a note on it, "So you have been sending my sermons to press without consulting me, you sly, delicious puss. Well, be it so."

[3] *L.M.*, ii, 95–7.

united in pairs by some marriage bond, infinitely more perfect than any we can dream of on earth?" He referred to it later as his own considered opinion. But it does not seem to solve the problem put by the Sadducees.

Miss Grenfell had a firm and confident faith. "You believe," he wrote to her, "that you have a sustaining Hand to guide you along that path, an invincible Protector and an unerring Guide. I, alas! have no stay for my weary steps, but that same abused and stupefied reason which has stumbled and wandered, and betrayed me a thousand times ere now. . . . Man does want something more than his reason!"

The struggle had a religious as well as a moral character. "If I ever believe Christianity, it will be in that spirit in which you believe it. There is no middle course. Either deism or the highest and most monarchical system of Catholicism. Between these two I waver. If I become an 'Oxford Tractist', i.e. a true Churchman, I become necessarily a steady and conscientious Tory." He regarded both Toryism and 'Tractism' as representing the same principle of authority. But can he have had Tractarianism in mind when he spoke of "the most monarchical system of Catholicism"? Surely that description could apply to only one system—that of *Rome*. Writing in 1849 to a young man who had thoughts of going over to Rome, he says, "Believe me, I can sympathize with you. I have been through it. I have longed for Rome, and boldly faced the consequences of joining Rome; and though I now have, thank God, cast all wish of change behind me years ago, as a great lying devil's temptation, yet I still long as ardently as ever to see in the Church of England much which only now exists, alas! in the Church of Rome." The expression "years ago" can hardly refer to a time more recent than that of the mental crisis with which we are dealing.

As for Miss Grenfell's beliefs, there is no doubt that when she met Kingsley she was deeply imbued with 'Catholic' ideas, and, it would seem, also had thoughts of joining the Church of Rome. This is made clear by the preface to Kingsley's unpublished Life of St. Elizabeth in prose, which is extant in MS.[1] It was addressed to his wife. "You know what first turned my attention to the Oxford Tracts; but you do *not* know that my own heart too strangely yearned towards them from the first; that if they had not, I felt from secret warning, struck at the root of our wedded bliss, I too had been ensnared! Love saved me! Tender Lord! Some men's afflictions, but my bliss, has been a guide to heaven! . . . Is human love unholy?—inconsistent with the perfect worship of the Creator? Is marriage less honourable than virginity? Are the duties, the relations, the daily food of men, of earth or heaven? Is nature a holy type or a foul prison to our spirits? Is genius the reflex of God's mind, or the self-will of man? These were the heart questions! And in this book I try to solve them. If I succeed, then we are safe! If not, our *honest* home is Popery! Popery and celibacy! You felt it thus, baby, when you said, 'In that case Romanism *and* a nunnery must have been my end'! Bless you for those

[1] In the British Museum. Miss Thorp has examined the MS., which was inaccessible at the time of writing owing to the closing of the Museum.

words! No woman worthy of my love could marry, holding Popish or Tractarian doctrines, without degradation, and a wounded conscience! Lord! Thou hast saved us! Thou, Thou alone!

"But I do not fear! God will look on my prayers, my fasts, my study, my watchings! and we are safe! He will root out from your understanding, as He has done from your heart, all which predisposes you to the sense-bound and thankless Manichaeism of Oxford, as He has done for me! He will give you the true faith, darling, by His Holy Spirit, and by my poor words, a reason to give to others, for the hope which is in you!"[1]

It is all rather obscure. Is this a possible solution? Kingsley had suffered from the difficulties about sex common to most young men, or, it may be, to all. Miss Thorp may be right in suggesting that the words used about Lancelot in *Yeast*, "Love had been to him, practically, ground tabooed and 'carnal'," were autobiographical. She is able to add the testimony of what she describes as "a curious MS document", *The Snake's Book*, part of which was developed into *Yeast*. This presents, apparently, the author's problem of the relation of the beautiful to the moral. His love of poetry, music, scenery—"Carnal he dared not call it—his conscience forbade him. Spiritual he dared not call it—his religious system said nothing about it. His fellow parsons nothing." He therefore attempted to sublimate it by making it purely intellectual. "And thus divorced from that which he knew to be his highest life, the beautiful was a subject for mere prurient dilettantism, scenery hunting, flower and fossil collecting, sketching and ballad-reading—not without secret novel debauches—and so lived in him, godless, meaningless, a life in death." Kingsley's first solution, then, was that which many young men attempt—or many did in those days—asceticism and a celibate ideal. The discovery of the Oxford Movement confirmed him in this course, and he was even impelled towards Rome—perhaps, who knows? towards the monastic life. Then he met Fanny Grenfell, who was at the time a whole-hearted Puseyite, and possibly herself had leanings towards the convent. They fell in love, and at once the problem presented itself as Kingsley sets it forth in his Preface to the Life of St. Elizabeth. Was marriage to be the solution, or Rome and the monastic habit? We know which they chose, and chose triumphantly. For Kingsley it probably meant, among other things, emancipation from the hesitations and inhibitions from which his parents suffered with regard to the dangers of beauty. Had they not forbidden any form of public entertainment? and their puritanism probably went a good deal further than that. It also explains why Kingsley detested the idea of a 'mere artist', like Vavasour in *Two Years Ago*, and therefore thrust and forced a moral into each of his novels, never daring to let it out of sight. He could not trust each of the two values, the good and the beautiful, to be its own justification.

But on the credit side is the fact that he would not allow that anything

[1] Mrs. Kingsley, in the one-volume edition of 1883, has quoted much of the Preface, omitting, however, most of the above passage, no doubt owing to the intimacy of its character (pp. 22–24).

natural—be it of the flesh or the spirit—was the work of the devil. All was the work of God, the loving Father, and redeemed by the Incarnate Christ. By the fact that he put aside, as a great temptation, the attraction of Rome—the fatally ready remedy for his distrust of reason and for the allurements of sex alike—it is possible to explain the exaggerated and almost fanatical hatred which he felt ever after for 'papists and Jesuits', and for all who in his opinion held 'Manichaean' (i.e. dualistic) views about the flesh and the spirit. For the course of events which turned him for ever from Rome also led to the happiest of marriages, though it betrayed him later on into the most disastrous controversy of his life, with one who for him was the arch-Romanist, the turncoat—Newman.

His wife has described, in *Letters and Memories* (i., 44), the mental condition in which she found him, and the healing influence which she was able to exercise:

"He was then full of religious doubts; and his face, with its unsatisfied, hungry look, bore witness to the state of his mind. It had a sad, longing expression, too, as if he had all his life been looking for a sympathy he had never found—a rest which he never would attain in this world. His peculiar character had not been understood hitherto and his heart had been half asleep. It woke up now, and never slept again. For the first time he could speak with perfect freedom, and be met with answering sympathy. And gradually, as the new friendship (which yet seemed old—from the first more of a recognition than an acquaintance) deepened into intimacy, every thought, every failing, every sin, as he would call it, was laid bare. Counsel was asked and given, all things in heaven and earth discussed; and as new hopes dawned, the look of hard defiance gave way to a wonderful humility and tenderness, which were his characteristics, with those who understood him, to his dying day."

It will be noticed that she says "every sin, *as he would call it*", thereby showing that in her view his misdoings had not been really serious. But for his own part he felt deep remorse, and suffered from great agony of mind. "I have struggled to alter lately, and my alteration has been remarked with pleasure by some, with sneers by others. 'Kingsley,' they say, 'is not half as reckless as he used to be.' . . . You cannot conceive the moments of self-abasement and self-shame I have."

Dr. Rigg, who knew her personally, says that though Miss Grenfell may at this time have had much sympathy with 'High Catholic tendencies', she was a woman of wide culture ("far better informed, except in natural history and science, and, for the most part, better read in literature and history—if not also in theology and in philosophy—than the young collegian, her lover"), and could never have been a mere High Church devotee.

It is not clear at what point they became actually engaged. It seems that her brothers-in-law strongly opposed the idea of the marriage, probably on account of Kingsley's wildness at Cambridge; and it is probable that her parents refused their consent for a time. But the correspondence which he kept up with Miss Grenfell evidently served to clear his doubts, and she sent him books by Novalis and Carlyle.

Carlyle's influence may be seen in many places, particularly in Kingsley's lecture on *Heroism* delivered at Chester in 1872 (*Health and Education*), and his treatment of Mohammed in the fourth of the lectures on *Alexandria and Her Schools*. In Kingsley's lecture on *Science*, Carlyle appears in an unusual light—as having the qualities of a scientific man, though, so far as is known, he wrote no word of science. "He has taught men to face facts boldly, while they confess the divineness of facts. Did I try to train a young man of science to be true, devout, and earnest, accurate and daring, I should say—Read what you will: but at least read Carlyle."

How far this estimate is right, it must be left to those of Carlyle's following, if any are still left, and to the men of science, to decide. Kingsley was in fact accused by the *Saturday Review* of having borrowed from Carlyle "the Gospel of Industry and the love of Old Testament morality". F. D. Maurice, in a letter to *Macmillan's Magazine* (17th November, 1859), pointed out that this was no great plagiarism. In his literary style he did sometimes imitate Carlyle rather closely.[1] When and how he first came into personal contact with Carlyle is not known. Unfortunately he suffered a rather shocking disillusionment in the end. In a letter written to Maurice in 1856,[2] he describes a visit which he made to Carlyle along with Froude and Parker. "Never heard I," he says, "a more foolish outpouring of Devil's doctrines, raving cynicism which made me sick. I kept my temper with him: but when I got out I am afraid I swore with wrath and disgust, at least I left no doubt in my two friends' minds of my opinion of such stuff—all the ferocity of the old Pharisee without Isaiah's prophecy of mercy and salvation—the notion of sympathy with sinners denounced as a sign of innate 'scoundrelism', a blame I am very glad to bear. . . . I never was so shocked in my life, and you know I have a strong stomach and am not easily moved to pious horror."

Later Miss Grenfell sent him Maurice's *The Kingdom of Christ*—perhaps his first acquaintance with the works of one who was to be his friend and 'master' for so many years. It is probable that the transcendental philosophy of S. T. Coleridge also exercised much influence on his opinions.

The "wonderful humility and tenderness", of which she speaks, were not always apparent to those who did not know him well, or knew him mostly through his writings, as is shown by the testimony of Dr. Howson, who was Dean of Chester when Kingsley was appointed Canon in 1869. He tells[3] how he had, before personal acquaintance, regarded the new Canon as the advocate of a self-confident Christianity, whereas "the view I had been led to take of the religion which has been revealed to us . . . was very different". But when the Dean was Hulsean lecturer at Cambridge and preached on St. Paul's "tenderness and sympathy", which, to his mind, involved a sense of utter weakness and self-distrust, Kingsley, then Professor

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[1] As in the description of Newman in *The Irrationale of Speech*, quoted on pp. 149–150.
[2] Quoted by Miss Thorp, p. 93.
[3] *L.M.*, ii, 409.

of History, waited outside to express his sympathy with what had been said, "literally with tears of approval". The same writer speaks of the Canon's "old-fashioned courtesy, loyalty, and respect for official position . . . a mixture of the Radical and the Tory", which accurately represents Kingsley's political position in those later years of his life.

In February, 1841, he wrote that he had refused hunting and driving, and made a solemn vow against cards. "You cannot understand the excitement of animal exercise. . . ." Most young men, he thought, feel that every moment which is taken from them for duty or for reading is lost—another sign of his failure to integrate his many-sided interests. Referring to Plato, whom he had just been reading,[1] he says that the superfluous excitement of a young man has to be broken in like that of a dog or a horse—"for it is utterly animal". In June he had so far recovered as to write: "Saved—saved from the sensuality and dissipation into which my own rashness and vanity had hurried me before I knew you. Saved from a hunter's life on the prairies, from becoming a savage, and perhaps worse."

One of his tutors at Cambridge, after deploring the indifferent use of the opportunities which his residence in Cambridge afforded him, states that he made up for lost time with remarkable rapidity during his last few months. He actually succeeded in the end in obtaining a 'senior optime' (roughly corresponding to second-class honours) in mathematics, and a first class in classics. But in the end he felt glad that he had not been a slave to the grindstone throughout his university career. He urges a friend at Oxford not to regard class or fellowship as the be-all of university life, but to regard the university as a discipline to make us and all around us wiser, better, and happier. Toil, he added, is the condition of our being—a Carlylean touch.[2]

Before leaving his Cambridge career, it may be worth while to mention an amusing incident which occurred during an examination, because the story is often told incorrectly. In a paper on mechanics only one question remained—"Describe a common pump." Kingsley found himself unable to give an account of its internal working; but he drew "a village pump in the midst of a broad green, and opposite the porch of an ancient church". By the side of the pump stood the village Beadle in uniform, while around it were gathered women and children of all ages, shapes, dress, and sizes, each carrying a vessel of some kind. The pump itself was chained and padlocked, and bore a notice, 'this pump locked during Divine service.' The examiner had it framed and hung on the wall of his room, which is sufficient to account for its authenticity.[3] It certainly does more credit to Kingsley than the version that used to be current, according to which the candidate was faced with a paper on science of

[1] Presumably the passage in *The Republic* on the 'spirited' element in man, the counterpart to the warrior class in the analogy of the State.
[2] *L.M.*, i, 58–9.
[3] *Ibid.*, i, 62.

which he could not correctly answer one question, but his single answer began: "Before dealing with this principle it may be well to describe the working of the common pump", which he proceeded to do—and no more. It would seem that he had a good deal of skill in drawing, which he was able to use with good effect in teaching and lecturing, and sometimes in caricature.

II

THE COUNTRY RECTOR

In the long correspondence between herself and her future husband which Mrs. Kingsley preserved and included in her memoirs there is only one occasion in the period before their marriage when he addresses her in terms of definite reproof. She seems to have suggested that he needed a father-confessor to whom to unburden his difficulties. "What do you mean by a father-confessor?" he replies. "Pray do not use such words. I am sure it is unwomanly for woman, and unmanly for man to make any man his father-confessor . . . I cannot understand the term. I can believe it and think them happy who have a husband-confessor, and a wife-confessor—but a father-confessor is a term I do not allow." He goes on to say that there is a Christian as well as a political liberty which is quite consistent with High Church principles "but which makes the clergy our teachers—not the keepers of our *consciences*, but of our *creeds*."

It is surprising to find Kingsley so often laying down the law to a woman of such intellectual ability. In fact the bewildering multitude of instructions, mainly as to what books she must read, or they must read together, would have tried the patience of any but a most devoted fiancée. He had begun the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary (mentioned in the last chapter), which he afterwards transformed into his only verse drama. She was his favourite saint—one need hardly say a married one. "For this we must read Tersteegen, Jacob Behmen . . . some of Origen and Clement of Alexandria, and Coleridge's 'Aids', etc., also some of Kant . . . In order to understand puritanism and evangelicalism, we must thoroughly understand asceticism and mysticism, which have to be eradicated from them in preaching our message." 'We' and 'our' seem already to assume an identity of religious belief and churchmanship.

Again: "Aim at depth. A thought is deep in proportion as it is near to God. . . . Study nature—not scientifically—that would take eternity, to do it so as to reap much moral good from it. Superficial science is the devil's spade . . . Read geology . . . Practise music . . . Use your senses much and your mind little . . . Keep a commonplace book."[1] In fact he seems to have been bent on making her a replica of his own busy, restless, all-absorbing mind, but for one exception. The woman's part should be, he held, to cultivate the affections and the imagination; the man's to cultivate "the intellect of their common soul" (hence, no doubt, the injunction to use senses more than mind.) Not that he approved of the common ideas of his time about the right way of bringing up 'young ladies'. "The

[1] *L.M.*, i, 87–90.

three most common causes of ill-filled lungs," he said later, "in children and young ladies, are stillness, silence, and stays."[1]

Many intellectual men are bent, in their first marital enthusiasm, on trying to mould their wives' minds into similarity with their own. Kingsley would seem to have succeeded better than most.

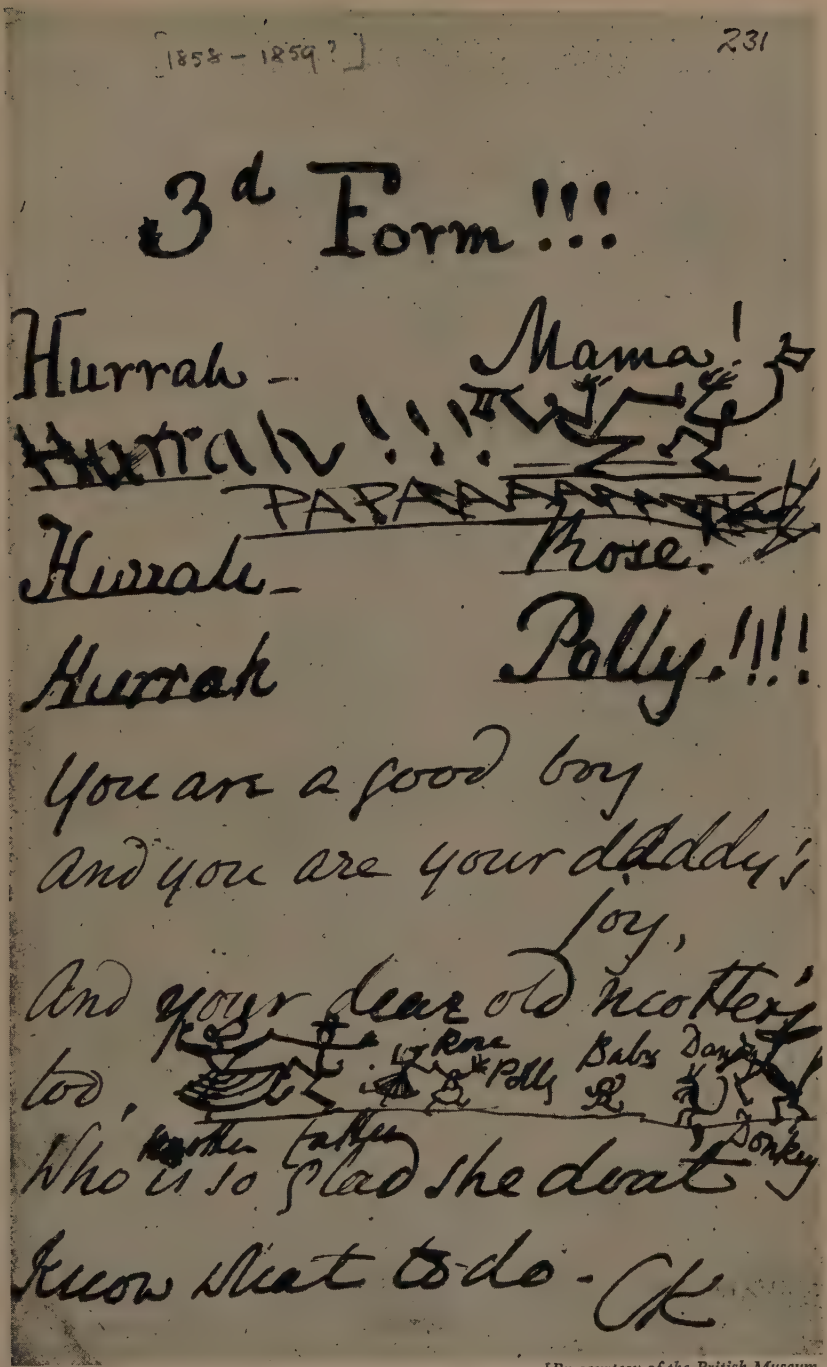
In May, 1841, during his last year at Cambridge, he wrote that he envied one of his friends who was about to be ordained. "I feel as if, once in the Church, I could cling so much closer to God. I feel more and more daily that a clergyman's life is the one for which both my physique and morale were intended—that the profession will check and guide the faulty parts of my mind, while it gives full room for my energy—that energy which had so nearly ruined me; but will now be devoted utterly to the service of God". Law had previously been his intended profession, and he had actually put down his name at Lincoln's Inn. That his decision was the right one cannot be doubted, both for the reasons that he gives and on general grounds of mental disposition. His rhetorical facility might have been useful in advocacy, but he was too impatient of small points in debate to make a good lawyer.

His pupil, John Martineau, says that Kingsley's belief in revealed truth deepened and increased: "yet never, I fancy, did the great and terrible battle of faith and doubt wholly cease within him". This can be verified here and there in his letters. For instance, the Indian Mutiny had the same sort of effect upon him as the two great wars of our own times have often had upon convinced Christians. "It raises such horrible images, from which I can't escape. What does it all mean? Christ is King, nevertheless. I tell my people so. But I want sorely some one to tell me that he believes too." Yet the reappearance of doubt was never a disaster. Like evil in general, he regarded it as something to try our mettle —something which when overcome could produce a greater good than was possible without it. The expression of doubt with him is the evidence of a mind that is continually alive.

He was ordained Deacon at Farnham in 1842, and Priest in the following year. It so happened that his first curacy was at Eversley, in Hampshire, on the border of Berkshire, the village in which he was to be Rector for thirty-one years; for he held the living even while successively Professor at Cambridge, and Canon, first of Chester and then of Westminster (his canonry of the Collegiate Church of Middleham, in Yorkshire, was honorary), working the parish by means of a succession of obviously very competent curates when his other duties required his absence. For a few months before he was presented to the living, he was curate of Pimperne, Dorset, presumably curate-in-charge, for the increased income which he enjoyed there enabled him to marry early in 1844.

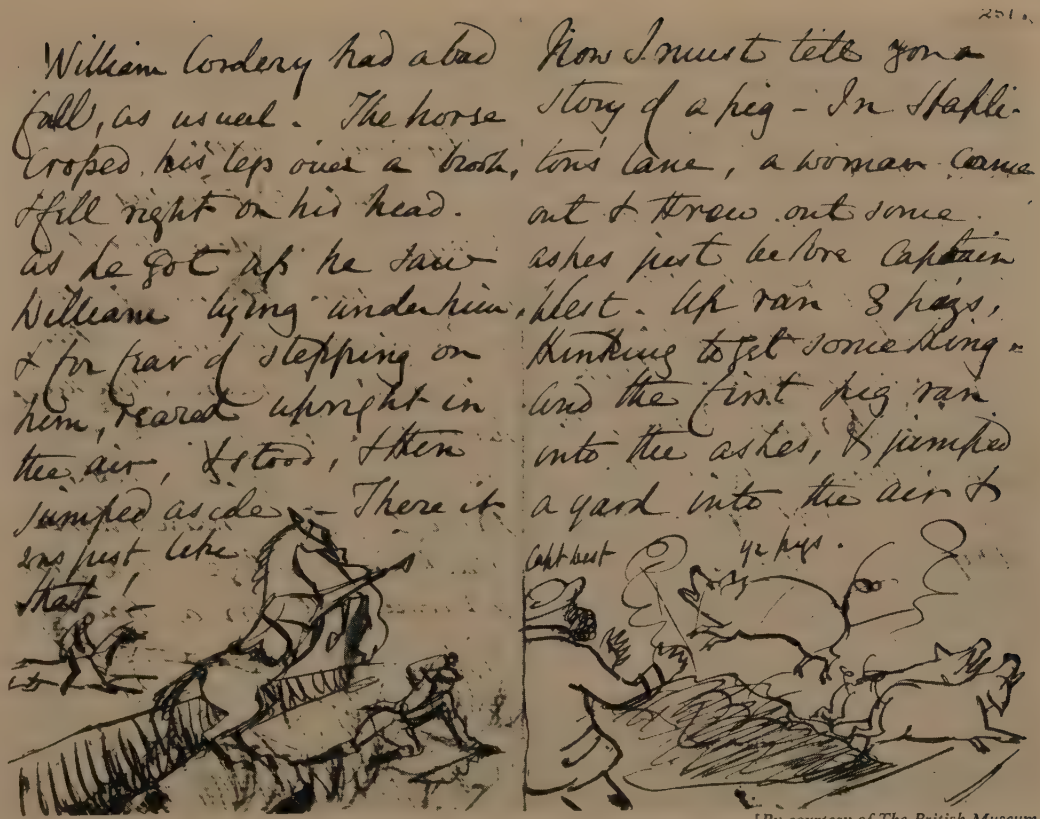
The Church and Rectory of Eversley lie on low ground in a sheltered position—from the viewpoint of the Rectory grounds one would call it a hollow; but it is open on one side towards the Manor farm with its great pond into which a series of fishing pools formerly drained, making the site of the Rectory at that time rather unhealthy. Of the original

[1] "The Two Breaths" in *Health and Education.*



[*By courtesy of the British Museum.*

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER (TO HIS SON MAURICE?) WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY KINGSLEY, AND SIGNED BY THE FAMILY


William Cordery had a bad
fall, as usual. The horse
croped his legs over a brook,
& fell right on his head.
as he got up he saw
William lying underhim,
& for fear of stepping on
him, reared upright in
the air, & stood, & then
jumped aside. — There it
was just like
that!
Now I must tell you a
story of a pig - In Hall-
ins lane, a woman came
out & threw out some
ashes just before Captain
West. Up ran 3 pigs,
thinking to get some Din-
ner, and the first pig ran
into the ashes, & jumped
a yard into the air &
Captain West
4 pigs.

[By courtesy of The British Museum.

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY KINGSLEY TO ONE OF HIS FAMILY

Gothic church only one fragment now remains in the south wall of the choir. The rest is 18th century. From the churchyard, as one stands near Kingsley's grave, but for the red-brick tower beyond, one might almost be looking at a farmhouse; such is the homely effect of the red tiles on the big gable of the nave. Within, the effect of the plain round arches is good; but the whole symmetry of the buildings has been spoiled by the disastrous 'restoration' which was carried out as a memorial to Kingsley. The result is that there are two parallel naves of about equal size, instead of the nave and side-aisle which Kingsley knew. The most pleasing feature is the pulpit with two reading-desks side by side below it, having the effect of a 'three-decker' with one deck missing. The circular sounding-board is gone, but otherwise, as one may see by drawings made at the time, it is much as it was when Kingsley preached in it.

The Rectory lies only a stone's-throw from the church. It is a largish but compact house, the greater part dating from the early 16th century and enlarged on one side by not incongruous additions of the 18th. By the energy and devotion of the last Rector, Kingsley's study has been restored as far as possible to what it was in his time. The old open fireplace has been uncovered, which suggested, it is said, the chimney which Tom ascended in *The Water-Babies*. The most striking feature of the garden is the group of three great Scotch firs on the upper lawn by the churchyard, one of them extending a vast lateral arm like a cedar only a few feet from the ground, and from this Kingsley hung the hammock which in winter was slung in the study, as you may see by the hooks which remain. Then there was the strip of garden on to which the Rector could walk straight out of his study. Let his elder daughter, Rose Kingsley, who has described it in her *Eversley Gardens*, speak for herself: "What had been a wretched chicken-yard outside the brick-floored room which my Father took for his study became the study-garden ('The quarter-deck', they called it), up and down which my Father paced bare-headed, composing sermon or novel, lecture or poem; for he never indulged in 'rough copy', every sentence being worked out first, and then written or dictated straight off with hardly a correction." (There, one cannot help thinking, lies the source of some of his defects of style—the overweighted sentences, the sometimes faulty grammar.) She speaks of the nightingale "who shouted so loud from a plane-tree[1] close to the window that I remember once hurling at the 'poor bird, as all forlorn' he sung the night through, anything that came handy from coals to boots." Still stands the magnolia against the housewall, serving the rats, she says, as a "ladder to an upper room". There were roses on each side of the strip of lawn that led away from the study window, and her father had them all catalogued in a list "decorated, of course, with an outline head in pencil".[2]

Over the road the ground sloped up to the copse-crowned hill known as "The Mount", then part of the glebe. There stood the old hollow oak

[1] Were it not the daughter of Kingsley the naturalist speaking, I should doubt the plane-tree as the abode of the nightingale. That bird prefers small bushy trees, hawthorns, hazel copses, and the like. It does not usually choose forest trees.

[2] At the Rectory may still be seen a vestry book decorated in this manner.

which the children used for reading or learning lessons. The latter prospered little, says Miss Kingsley, owing to the distractions of passing butterflies and the like. There, too, their Father had built them a thatched hut to play in; he was a 'handy' man, and the Rectory can still show some neat wooden models of a very early Victorian locomotive and luggage van, the work of Charles Kingsley.

There was the sand-pit, too, which the Rector himself endeavoured to clear, uprooting the brambles with some engine provided by the gardener; nor was he the only worker, for Rose Kingsley tells how Dr. Benson, then headmaster of Wellington and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Lightfoot, afterwards Bishop of Durham, were pressed into the service and toiled in their shirtsleeves. She speaks of memories of warm summer evenings, "when in the soft dusk, German part-songs and English glees would float up in the still air beneath the huge canopy of the fir boughs, and my Father would ask for one and another of his favourites or bid the singers listen to the chirring of the night-jar, or hold up a hand to point out the stealthy flight of a white barn-owl".

Under the same giant firs the visitors gathered, "to discuss the burning questions of the fifties and sixties" ,"philosophers, divines, poets, and men of action". Who were these? One would have thought that Mrs. Kingsley in her biography would have spoken with pride of many of them. But she has not, or of hardly any. One can only conjecture the reason. Was it because Eversley was, in her view, sacred to the family, and the figure of the Rector was to be represented there in company with his wife and children and some of his intimates like John Martineau, alone? The blank has been partly filled by her daughter.

"Strangely diversified were the visitors who found their way to the Rectory in those days. One Sunday, I seem to see a tired compositor from a great London printing-house, who had come to talk over the grievances of his fellow-workmen. Another Sunday, that Royal personage whom my father loved with such devoted loyalty,[1] sitting on his fine brown charger at the door, before riding back to the camp of his gallant 10th Hussars in Bramshill Park. Yet again gentle Queen Emma of the Sandwich islands, coming to see the man whose books she and her husband had read in their far-off Pacific kingdom, and to see what English boys' cricket was like at Wellington College. Or Alfred Tennyson—as he then was—smoking pipes in the study when he came to see whether the beautiful old Brick House Farm, close to the Mount, would be a fit place to settle in when he won his lovely bride"; or "that tiny and dainty lady, Frederika Bremer", the Swedish novelist and 'Christian Socialist', to see a furze bush "such as that before which her great countryman Linnaeus had fallen on his knees and given thanks".[2]

The parish lay then on the edge of Windsor Forest, and the population is said to have consisted of " 'heth croppers'[3] from time immemorial

[1] The Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII.

[2] Only two of these, Queen Emma and Frederika Bremer, are mentioned as visitors in *L.M.*; Tennyson not at all, though a visit *to* him at Freshwater is recorded.

[3] Men who made brooms out of (purloined) heather and birch.

and poachers by instinct and heritage". Church services had reached a very low ebb. Holy Communion was administered on the three great feasts only—the minimum prescribed by rubric. When Kingsley expressed his intention of having a monthly celebration, the churchwardens acquiesced only on the condition that the Rector provided the sacramental wine himself! Often, if the Rector was indisposed, there had been no service at all. The church music consisted of a trombone and two clarionets, though that was not necessarily worse than the efforts of the average village organist, whose instrument too often disfigures an ancient church or even conceals a beautiful arch or window.

Kingsley's predecessor had absconded and resigned the living. For this reason no repairs had been carried out in church or Rectory, and the living was for the first few years rather a burden than a source of income, owing to the charities which it was incumbent on the Rector to support. In fact at no time was he able to maintain his family without supplementing his income in various ways—by writing, taking pupils, lecturing, and the like. The overwork which resulted was the cause of more than one breakdown, and probably, owing to a weakened constitution, of his comparatively early death. The unhealthiness of the Rectory at one time caused the family to migrate to a house near by, situated on higher ground. There was no proper school, lessons being given in a very exiguous room ten feet by seven, occupied by the parish clerk. But he had a parishioner trained at the Winchester Training College, and before long the village had a properly housed and efficient school. Kingsley was later a member of the National Education League, which promoted the cause of compulsory education. Meanwhile he organized classes of all kinds—a Sunday School, an adult school, weekly cottage lectures, penny readings. But mostly he gave himself to assiduous house-to-house visiting. He not only got to know every man, woman and child in his scattered parish (there was then, as now, no 'church-town', as they call it in Cornwall) but he would sometimes visit the same sick person half a dozen times in one day, and on one occasion he refused an attractive invitation to lecture in the North of England because he thought that a sick parishioner would miss him.

It was by no means all easy or pleasant work. He was very susceptible to bad atmospheres; in fact this physical peculiarity may have contributed not a little to his zeal for sanitary reform. Kegan Paul, who was a visitor to the Rectory in 1849, relates how he accompanied Kingsley one day on a visit to a sick man suffering from fever. "The atmosphere of the little ground-floor bedroom was horrible, but before the Rector said a word he ran upstairs, and, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of the cottage, bored, with a large auger he had brought with him, several holes above the bed's head for ventilation." Kingsley wrote to Tom Hughes in 1857, "The best thing ever I've done has been my plain parish work." It is difficult to evaluate these things, even in the perspective of time. But who knows that he may not have been right?

From the evidence of his portraits, he does not seem to have commonly adopted any distinctive form of clerical dress, holding perhaps with the

late Dr. Horton that it was not good to wear any clothes to distinguish him from his ordinary fellow Christian. He once went up to Cambridge from Eversley "in a sort of sailor's dress".[1]

He supported strongly the movement for securing reasonable recreation on Sunday for the people, realizing, what the clergy have been so extraordinarily slow to perceive, that if their parishioners do not have that recreation, not the Church but the public house must be the gainer. He was, accordingly, among those who moved for the opening of the great Exhibition of 1851 on Sundays; and he carried out his principles in his own parish. One of his guests heard him, *à propos* of a Sunday game of cricket that was to take place, imitate one of his parishioners: "Eh, Paason, ee doan't objec'—not ee—as loik as not 'e'll coom and look on, and ee do tell 'em as it's a deal better to 'ave a bit o' 'elthy play o' a Sunday evenin' than to be a-larkin' 'ere and a-larkin' there hall hover the place a-courtin' and a-drinkin' hale."

Owing to his great interest in all things rural, he could converse with rustics about their work of every kind, and was a particular friend to the gypsies, who abounded on the heaths. Their community in all the surrounding districts is said to have regarded Eversley as their parish church. Though he could not afford to hunt himself, he used to attend the meets on a hired hack, and was popular with all the hunting folk, including the stablemen. When he gave out the notice of his first confirmation class, the stud groom came to him bringing a message from the whips and stablemen to say they had all been confirmed once, but if Mr. Kingsley wished it, they would all be happy to come again! Both gypsies and huntsmen were present in the end at his funeral.

Confirmations were conducted under Kingsley's régime in a more decent and edifying manner than had previously been customary. Formerly the party of candidates had made its own way on foot to some distant church, which often ended in a mere drunken holiday for boys and girls. Kingsley, after some weeks' careful preparation, would assemble them for refreshment at the Rectory, convey them in vans to the church, duly accompanied, and on their return home give dinner to the boys and young men. "They spent the evening in wandering over the glebe, or looking at curiosities and picture-books indoors, ending with a few words on their duty."

In a lecture delivered to women (1855) on the work of ladies in a country parish,[2] he gave some useful advice, based on his personal experience of visiting, which would have been worth a wider currency.

He advised that instead of reproving and fault-finding they should give encouragement. "Consider to whom you go—to poor souls whose life, compared with yours, is one long *malaise* of body, and soul, and spirit—and do as you would be done by." It was not for the lady who came rolling along in her carriage to say to the poor woman who tramped along "weary-hearted with half a dozen children at her back, 'you ought not to have fallen here, and it was very cowardly to lie down there.' " The visitor

[1] *Life of Alexander Macmillan*, by C. L. Graves, p. 28.
[2] *L.M.*, i, 451.

should speak as a woman to women. . . . "She knows what she is about perhaps better than you do. Speak comfortably and say to her, 'I cannot feel *with* you, but I can feel *for* you.' " All may be nullified by simply keeping a poor woman standing in her own cottage while you sit, or entering her house, even at her own request, while she is at meals. Some parishes have been demoralized by "officious and indiscriminate benevolence". It must be remembered, he said, that the poor woman has a life half made up of ill-usage, half of unnecessary self-willed martyrdom. The whole lecture throws a curious light on the method of *de haut en bas* which was commonly practised by the wives of the squirearchy. He ends by advising that in schools women should teach boys as well as girls, for "there is a latent chivalry at the heart of every untutored clod".

Mrs. Kingsley has given an interesting picture of her husband in the pulpit. In preaching he would try to keep still and calm, and free from all gesticulation; but as he went on, he had to grip and clasp the cushion on which his sermon rested, in order to restrain the intensity of his own emotion; and when, in spite of himself, his hands would escape, they would be lifted up, "the fingers of the right hand working with a peculiar hovering movement, of which he was quite unconscious; his eyes seemed on fire, his whole frame worked and vibrated". In the pulpit his reverence, says Clifford Harrison, "touched on a solemnity that was contagious and unquestionable". On Good Friday it was the local custom for the labourers to have a holiday on condition of their attending morning service (so strange a difference the passage of less than a hundred years has made). The inhabitants of outlying districts, and "a few strong Calvinistic Baptists", with some who seldom entered a church at all, filled every seat before him.[1] To these he would speak impressive words in simple language that all could understand. His Bishop had criticized the style of his earliest attempts at preaching as "too colloquial". But that, no doubt, was the real secret of his success. It seems strange that not till then had the necessity been realized of speaking to country congregations in words understood by the common folk. "We have to consider," says Kingsley himself,[2] "whether our sermons are not utterly unintelligible . . . and also of a dullness not to be surpassed."

Though he did not stammer in preaching, Martineau records "the strange, rich, high-pitched musical monotone in which he prayed and preached".[3] This may have been adopted as a means of avoiding the stammering, for it is sometimes possible for a stammerer to cure himself by the use of such an even and sustained monotone.

It would seem that he often, though not always, wrote out and read his sermons. At least the following story suggests it. Miss Violet Martineau tells how the Rector was to preach one festival Sunday on the Athanasian Creed. . . . Everything went wrong. The first mishap was that he said the Apostles' Creed by mistake. When the time for the sermon came, he walked

[1] *L.M.*, i, 359 ff.
[2] Introduction to fourth edition of *Yeast* (1859).
[3] *L.M.*, i, 314.

down the church to the tower to remove his surplice and don the black gown which was still customary for the preacher, except in 'Puseyite' churches. There was no music in those days, and consequently a long pause, which became so protracted that Mrs. Kingsley went out to see what had happened. Eventually she found the Rector sitting on a tombstone, "the picture of despair". "Fanny, what shall I do? What shall I do?" he moaned. He had lost his sermon. "Go and fetch an old one," she suggested; but the house was locked, the whole household in church, the key in the pocket of a male servant. Eventually the key was fetched, and the substitutionary sermon delivered. But in a letter to Alexander Macmillan he writes, "I am so addled with continual extempore preaching. . . ." Probably he wrote out his sermons for special occasions, and when he thought of publication; at other times he talked to his parishioners from the pulpit, as one would expect.

The type of sermon which he did not favour is indicated in ch. vii of *Two Years Ago*, where he speaks of ". . . one of those startling bursts of 'illustration', with which our most popular preachers are wont now to astonish and edify their hearers, and after starting with them at the opening of the sermon from the North Pole, the Crystal Palace, or the nearest cabbage-garden, float them . . . upon the gushing stream of oratory, to the safe and well-known shores of doctrinal commonplace, lost in admiration at the skill of the good man who can thus make all roads lead, if not to heaven, at least to strong language about its opposite". Where he did use the method of parable, as in "Human Soot", he did it with great effect.

The extant sketch of the church shows a plain Communion Table without Cross or candles, as one might expect under the régime of a strong anti-Tractarian. But this was not so much due to principle as to a regard for the prejudices of 'the weaker brethren'. In a letter to Powles about a projected magazine, he contemplates a set of articles on the Art of Worship, "which should show that the worshipless state of Evangelicalism is no more necessary than good, and that Protestantism can just as much inspire itself into a glorious artistic ritual of its own, as Popery and Anglicanism have into one of their own".

Again, in a letter to Derwent Coleridge, he confesses that if he followed his own inclinations he would long ago have adopted "daily service, the Litany read from the nave, ceremonials as gorgeous and intricate as I could afford: lights and censers—the whole machinery almost of St. Barnabas,[1] and emptied my church and driven God's poor back again to wander as sheep that have no shepherd. . . . Not a Sunday do I enter my own Church without longing to do a thousand things which I *dare not do for the sake of God's people*. . . . The sense of deadness, desolation, unreality (as far as the worshippers are concerned), Puritan Manichaean contempt of Beauty, Art, Symbolism in our modern worship, weighs me down, God forgive me, Sunday after Sunday. . . . All things are lawful for me—crucifixes, images, processions, chantings, incense, flowers, festivals, fasts—but all things are not expedient. And I will eat no meat—and have

[1] No doubt he refers to the church in North Oxford.

no daily service while the world standeth, if it cause my brother to offend as these things do."

This is all very reasonable, though it seems strange that the reading of the daily services in church, which the Prayer Book actually prescribes, should have to be omitted as a practice savouring of Romanism.

It was only to be expected that so original and vigorous a preacher would attract many visitors from others parts. His volume of *Village Sermons* was published in 1849. There we find some of his characteristic thoughts set down in the simplest language; for example, in the sermon on Psalm civ (God's works in nature). There were some, he said—and it may be that the Calvinistic Baptists aforementioned were in his mind—who would think that to the purely 'spiritually minded', the association of God with nature was unworthy. There follows a warning that religion is not necessarily godliness; there are too many people intent on the saving of their own souls. In other sermons he draws simple morals from the stories of Noah and Abraham, or touches on practical matters such as the importance of joining a benefit society. The text of this one was "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." It is entitled significantly "Association", for that was the term which he regularly used for the plans for Labour Co-partnership, which will be described in the next chapter.

In 1852 and 1854 followed the two volumes of *Sermons on National Subjects*. By this time *Alton Locke* and *Hypatia*, and his campaigns on behalf of sanitation and social reform, had made him famous, or, as some would have said at that time, notorious. To him the crowd of strangers (some, no doubt, drawn mainly by curiosity) was painful. "I cannot bear," he said, "having my place turned into a fair on Sundays, and all this talking after church." In fact, so embarrassing did it become, that this most sociable of men was obliged to have a back gate made from the churchyard into his garden.[1] Generally speaking, his sermons are not impressive to read; but few sermons are, though our forefathers had a great demand for volumes of them, to judge by the number of them published, probably for 'Sunday reading' in a day when a difference was observed between books for Sunday and for week-day reading. Kingsley's, with certain notable exceptions, which will be mentioned in due course, seem to be too emotional in proportion to the amount of solid substance in them. He published in all eleven volumes of sermons.[2] In some cases the introductions are more valuable than the sermons themselves. But when delivered viva voce, with that great earnestness which he was able to put into his delivery, they must have been far more impressive than they are to read, especially when addressed to the unlearned who have no theology.

At Eversley, it would seem, all Kingsley's four children were born. Rose Georgina, whose book, *Eversley Gardens*, has just been quoted, came first; then Maurice, named after "The Master", his godfather; Mary St. Leger, who married William Harrison, Kingsley's last curate, later Rector of Clovelly. Her marriage with him was not happy, and they

[1] *L.M.*, ii, 16.
[2] Including *Westminster Sermons*, published after his death.

separated. Under the *nom de plume* of 'Lucas Malet', she became a novelist like her father and uncle. Lastly, in 1858, Grenville Arthur, named after Sir Richard Grenville of the *Revenge*, from whom Mrs. Kingsley's family claimed descent, and after Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster.

Much of his spare time at Eversley was given to the pursuit of natural history in wood and hedgerow. He wished to extend the connotation of the term natural history, so that it should not be a matter of collecting "weeds and butterflies", but a true history of nature, to include geology and mineralogy and meteorology, "what the Germans call *Erdkunde*". To acquire knowledge within this large sphere, and to teach others the value and the interest of a close observation of nature, was one of the dearest objects of his life—and one which was happy in being beyond the reach of criticism, except perhaps the hearty welcome which he gave to Darwin's discoveries. As he explained to Alfred Russel Wallace, that did not conflict with his belief in "the whole universe as one infinite complexity of special providences". He urged upon the boys of Wellington College the importance of the knowledge that comes by observation, and helped them to found a museum; and one of the most delightful associations of his life was the Chester Natural History Society, which used to set out for long country excursions on Saturdays under his leadership.

At Eversley this interest was always present. His curate and son-in-law, William Harrison, in an account written after Kingsley's death, says: "It is almost needless to say that every natural object, from the stones beneath his feet to the clouds above his head, possessed a peculiar and never-failing interest for him. As he strode through the heather, across his well-beloved moors, he would dilate on all he saw and heard in his vigorous and poetic way." What he saw appealed not only to the scientist in him, but "he could find all an artist's contentment and pleasure in the mere beauty of its form and colours".

The eloquent introductory pages of *Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore*, should be read by all who care for either natural history or good writing. The character of the good naturalist which he gives there is his own. "Let no one think that this same Natural History is a pursuit fitted only for effeminate or pedantic men. . . . Our perfect naturalist should be strong in body; able to haul a dredge, climb a rock, turn a boulder, walk all day, uncertain where he shall eat or rest; ready to face sun and rain, wind and frost, and eat or drink thankfully anything, however coarse or meagre; he should know how to pull an oar, sail a boat, and ride the first horse which comes to hand; and, finally, he should be a thoroughly good shot, and a skilful fisherman; and, if he go far abroad, be able on occasion to fight for his life." The moral qualities, which he goes on to outline, are also largely his own. We notice especially "ready and able to ingratiate himself with the poor, the ignorant, and the savage . . . able to see grandeur in the minutest objects, beauty in the most ungainly . . . believing that every pebble holds a treasure, every bud a revelation . . . and looking at every object as if he were never to behold it again".

He once wrote to a correspondent: "Your work is utterly of the head;

and you go for amusement to fancy, to imagination, to metaphysic. My work, whether parish or writing, lies just in the sphere wherein you play; and if I played in that sphere too, I should go mad or soften my brain, like poor Southey. So when I play, I think about nothing; ride, fish, chat with the farmers over the crops, examine beetles and worms, and forget that I have a heart as much as I can."[1] One can hardly assent to his description of his scientific investigations of beetles and worms as 'thinking about nothing'. But it is the change of mental occupation rather than the cessation of thought that is the relaxation always.

Every natural feature in Eversley was extraordinarily dear to him. William Harrison says that he was passing along one of the Eversley lanes in company with his Rector, a few months before his death, when suddenly they came on a large tree, newly cut down, lying by the roadside. "He stopped, and looked at it for a moment or so, and then, bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'I have known that tree ever since I came into the parish.' "

Mr. Harrison also records how one Sunday morning, in passing from the altar to the pulpit, he disappeared, and subsequently it came out that he was assisting a lame butterfly, which by its beauty had attracted his attention, and was in danger of being trodden on. A similar incident occurred during a lecture which he was giving in America in 1874. "A bug of some species" alighted on his manuscript. Without interrupting his discourse, the lecturer caught it in his hand and examined it, till, satisfied as to its identity, he let it fly away.

Here are some characteristic reminiscences derived from the accounts, given by Martineau and Harrison, of Kingsley in his Rectory. There is the picture of the study: "its brick floor covered with matting, its shelves of heavy old folios, with a fishing-rod, or landing-net, or insect-net leaning against them; on the table books, writing-materials, sermons, manuscript, proofs, letters, reels, feathers, fishing-flies, clay-pipes, tobacco. On the mat, perhaps. . . . a long-bodied, short-legged Dandy Dinmont Scotch terrier, wisest, handsomest, most faithful, most memorable of its race. . . . When the rest of the household went to bed he would ask his guest in, ostensibly to smoke. . . . And then in the quiet of the night, when no fresh face could come, no interruption occur to distract him, he would give himself wholly to his guest, taking up whatever topic the latter might suggest, whatever question he might ask, and pouring out from the full stores of his knowledge, his quick intuitive sagacity, his ready sympathy. Then it was, far more than in the excitement and distraction of many voices and many faces, that he was himself, that the true man appeared."[2]

There was the great meteor-shower of November 1866, which was "of intense and, as he said himself, awful interest to him". In trembling excitement he paced up and down the churchyard, where he had a greater sweep of horizon than elsewhere, long before the time arrived, and when the shower began called his wife and children out of their beds to watch with him. Storms always excited him. "On one such occasion, a wild

[1] *L.M.*, ii, 20.
[2] *Ibid.*, i, 302.

autumnal night, after the thrilling recital of a Cornish shipwreck he had once witnessed, and the memory of which the turbulence of the night had conjured up, he suddenly cried, 'Come out! come out!' We followed him into the garden, to be met by a rush of warm driving rain before a south-westerly gale, which roared through the branches of the neighbouring poplars. There he stood, unconscious of personal discomfort, for a moment silent and absorbed in thought, and exclaimed in tones of intense enjoyment, 'What a night! Drenching! This is a night on which you young men can't think or talk too much poetry.'"

There was a Sunday when the warning of a neighbouring heath-fire was given in the middle of service; and we see the Rector rushing out and leaping the churchyard fence still clad in surplice, stole, and hood. Again, there was the alarm when Maurice was staying at the Rectory, at the time of the Frimley murder (of which Kingsley wrote later in the *Christian Socialist*). A burglarious attempt was made to force open the back door, and the family party, expecting something of the kind, had armed themselves and barricaded the doors. "Mr. Maurice, the only unarmed and the coolest man amongst us, was quietly going out alone, in the pitch darkness, into the garden in pursuit of them, when Mr. Kingsley fortunately came upon him and stopped him."

There was the evening when a professor was staying at the Rectory, and he and his host ran out into the garden and shinned up adjacent trees. We see the Rector, again, seated hatless on the grass outside his gate endeavouring eagerly to hear what a tramp had to tell him, "searching him, as they sat, in his keen kindly way with question and look". There was the fraudulent beggarman who fell on his knees on the doorstep and turned up the whites of his eyes in prayer. He was surprised at being taken by the seat of his trousers and thrown into the road.

Constantly we see the clerical tutor striding along over field and common with his pupil (who found it a little difficult to keep up the pace), noticing everything, discoursing on everything. It must have been a delightful, if severe, education for John Martineau.

III

ENTER 'PARSON LOT'

KINGSLEY must have seen much that horrified him in the sordid surroundings (as they were then) of St. Luke's, Chelsea. But it was probably what he saw in the rural parts around Eversley that definitely turned his mind towards social reform. In *Yeast*, which appeared in 1849, Tregarva, the Methodist gamekeeper, enlarges on the miserable life of the agricultural labourer and the inadequacy of the kind of assistance given both by the charitable and the Poor Law authorities. Of the former he says: "When they see poor folk sick or hungry before their eyes, they pull out their purses fast enough, God bless them; for they wouldn't like to be so themselves. But the oppression that goes on all the year round, and the want that goes on all the year round, and the filth, and the lying, and the swearing, and the profligacy that go on all the year round, and the sickening weight of debt, and the miserable grinding anxiety from rent-day to rent-day, that drives every thought out of his head but how he is to fill his stomach and warm his back, and keep a house over his head . . . oh, sir, they never felt this; and therefore they never dream that there are thousands who pass them in their daily walks who feel this, and feel nothing else!" Again, in answer to Lancelot, who had suggested that the poor might read in the evenings, or practise light handicrafts ("as the German peasantry do"): "Did you ever do a good day's farm-work in your life? If you had, man or boy, you wouldn't have been game for much reading when you got home; you'd do just what these poor fellows do—tumble into bed at eight o'clock hardly waiting to take your clothes off, knowing that you must turn up again at five o'clock the next morning to get a breakfast of bread, and perhaps a dab of the squire's dripping, and then back to work again; and so on, day after day . . . without a hope or a chance of being anything but what you are, and only too thankful if you can get work to break your back, and catch the rheumatism over." If the work stops, "they starve, or go to the house to be worse fed than the thieves in gaol. . . . They're born to be machines and machines they must be; and I think, sir," he said bitterly, "it's God's mercy that they daren't think. It's God's mercy that they don't feel." There is no chance for them to rise in life: "Day-labourer born, day-labourer live, from hand to mouth . . . and then, at the end of it all, for a worthy reward, half-a-crown a week of parish pay—or the workhouse. That's a lively hopeful prospect for a Christian man!"

But, as Kingsley came to know more of the condition of life and work

in the towns, and of sweated trades like tailoring, and the havoc that was caused by cholera and typhoid owing to the neglect of sanitation, his belief in the necessity for radical reforms was considerably sharpened. Before 1848, we are told, he had preached to his people on emigration, on poaching, and on the political and social disturbances of the day.[1]

In their plans for the advancement of 'Christian Socialism', the Rev. F. D. Maurice was the leader of the little group of enthusiasts, of whom Kingsley was perhaps the most enthusiastic—at least in its earlier days. It might be more accurate to call Maurice 'patron' rather than 'leader', for he was more concerned with general principles—to secure the dominance of Christian ethics in industry. When it came to practice, his was rather a critical and restraining influence. The Kingdom of God was clear in his mind as an ideal, but he said that he disliked discussions on Capital and Labour, preferring to discuss "men, their duties, and relationships".[2] Moreover he always disbelieved in leagues and the like. "The dread of societies, clubs, leagues, has grown up in me," he said,[3] perhaps thinking that they tended to create dissension rather than brotherhood. Maurice was a truly Christian man in the deepest sense of the term. Kingsley spoke of him as "the most beautiful human soul I have known". As is perhaps to be expected of a broadminded and charitable man, his chief fault would seem to have been an unwillingness to defend himself vigorously when his cause was a good one. This was evident both in the case of his dismissal from his Professorship at King's College, and in the similar attack which was made on him in connexion with his appointment to the living of St. Peter's Vere Street. Had it been Kingsley who was thus attacked, he would have laid about him to some purpose, knowing that it was the cause of religious liberty, rather than his own personal rights, that he was defending. At the time when Kingsley first came in contact with him, Maurice held the two Chairs of English Language and Literature and of Theology at King's College, London, and was Preacher of Queen's College, the new establishment for the higher education of women in Harley Street; and early in 1848 he was able to secure the appointment of Kingsley to the Chair of English Literature and Composition. He further attempted to obtain for Kingsley a lectureship in Theology at King's College, so that he might assist in the training of the theological students. By that time, however, Kingsley's sympathies with the Chartists had become notorious, and nothing came of the project. Their first acquaintance was in the form of a correspondence in 1844. Kingsley, as we have seen, had found Maurice's *The Kingdom of Christ* one of the chief works which had helped him through his period of doubt; and in his first letter to 'The Master', as he was fond of calling him, he said: "To your works I am indebted for the foundation of any coherent view of the word of God, the meaning of the Church of England, and the spiritual phenomena of the present and past ages."

Maurice had gathered together at Lincoln's Inn a group of young

[1] *L.M.*, i, 154.
[2] *Life of F. D. Maurice*, by Sir Frederick Maurice, ii, 113.
[3] *Ibid.*, ii, 23.

men who were anxious to do social and religious work among the poor in neighbouring parishes. Among other enterprises, a night school had been established in Little Ormond Yard, a very disorderly part of the parish of St. George's, Bloomsbury. In 1847 a young lawyer named Thomas Hughes called upon Maurice to say that he was interested in work among the poor, and was invited to join the group. When his name was announced at the next meeting as a new recruit, someone remarked, "Oh, you will get no good from that quarter; he will be no good for teaching, a very good fellow for cricket and that sort of thing." It was before the days of Saturday cricket in London parks. However, the author of *Tom Brown* soon proved that he could do more than play cricket, and became one of the most active members of the group, especially in the promotion of sanitary reform and in the co-operative associations which will be described later on. He became a fellow-worker and close friend of Charles Kingsley. They had a great deal in common, including their sporting interests, both of them being enthusiastic fishermen. In his letters to Hughes, Kingsley always uses cheery slangy language—evidently a sort of *lingua franca* between them, which shows the intimacy of their friendship. It was partly, no doubt, from his association with the author of *Tom Brown* that the term 'Muscular Christianity' became popular—"a clever expression, spoken in jest, by I know not whom", Kingsley called it.[1]

It is generally agreed that the ultimate object of Chartism was social reform and the improvement of the condition of the British worker, and that this reform was to be of a socialistic nature. The movement had been embittered during the 'hungry forties' by industrial distress, by the new Poor Law—especially by the inhuman methods of its administration—by the Irish famine, and above all by the realization that the Reform Act of 1832 had done nothing to enable the working classes to improve their position through their own vote. The 'six points' of their programme for the full enfranchisement of the people look harmless enough to a generation which has seen them almost completely carried into effect in successive Reform Acts, except the comparatively unimportant demand for annual Parliaments, a measure which certainly would not have facilitated social or any other legislation. But it took the better part of a century and a world war fully to convince the British electorate of the necessity of these reforms, and in the forties, when they were presented as a whole and demanded with some show of menace, the public generally, and especially the governing class, were seized with panic. What had been happening since the beginning of the year in Europe, with thrones tumbling everywhere, was now apprehended as imminent in England. On April 10, 1848, a monster demonstration took place, and 30,000 people assembled on Kennington Common, with the intention of presenting to Parliament a petition for the adoption of the Charter. On the same day Kingsley went to London, accompanied by Mr. John Parker, jun., a member of the firm which had published *The Saint's Tragedy* at the beginning of the year. He left his friend at his place of business, which Parker

[1] *L.M.*, ii, 212. See pp. 177–8 of this book.

had half humorously, but quite likely with some seriousness, declared to be no safe place, so great was the general tension; and he proceeded to Maurice's house at Lincoln's Inn. There he was introduced to J. M. Ludlow, a young barrister, who had been investigating French ideas and experiments in socialism. Educated in France, Ludlow had been influenced a good deal by the ideas of Prudhomme and of Louis Blanc, whose principal work, *L'Organization du Travail*, probably inspired the whole scheme of 'Association', or co-operative production, which became the goal of the Christian Socialists. Blanc ascribed all industrial evils to unrestricted competition, for which he proposed to substitute co-operation. He is reputed to have been the author of the phrase, which became a slogan of socialism, '*A chacun selon ses besoins, de chacun selon ses facultés.*' This has produced a distant echo in our own times in the phrase 'production for use, not for profit', but he may have taken it from Fourier. The debt to Blanc explains why one of the objects of the Christian Socialists was the amalgamation of trades unions, for Blanc had proposed the formation of a combined trade union and co-operative society for each trade, wherein the workmen were to unite their efforts for the common benefit.[1] Ludlow had impressed on Maurice the importance of "christianizing French socialism", and had had a project for setting up in Paris a journal to be called *La Fraternité Chrétienne.*

The experiments which Ludlow is said by Kingsley to have seen in France and to have described as doing 'really magnificent work', were not the abortive *ateliers nationaux* set up by the Lamartine Government in 1849, but some of the genuine *ateliers sociaux* designed by Blanc. Fifty-six of these were set up under Blanc's direction, and thirty-eight of them survived till 1851. The last perished in 1875, the year of Kingsley's death. They at least survived a good deal longer than the 'Associations' of the Christian Socialist group.

In company with Ludlow, Kingsley set out in the afternoon for Kennington Common. How the general panic was allayed is now a matter of history. The enthusiasm of the meeting was damped by a drenching rainstorm, and no attempt was made to storm the bridges, barricaded by order of the Duke of Wellington, to whom the defence of London against riot and rebellion was entrusted. Only the legal number of delegates approached the Houses of Parliament.

On the following day Kingsley wrote home: "All as quiet as a mouse as yet. The storm is blown over till tomorrow, but all are under arms—specials, police, and military. Maurice is in great excitement. He has sent me to Ludlow, the barrister who wrote those letters from France, and we are getting out placards for the walls, to speak a word for God with."

All that Kingsley subsequently did was characterized by the enthusiasm and incaution of youth. As the result of it all he had to face much abuse and misrepresentation in the next few years. In some of the more conservative circles, and in Church life especially, the prejudice against him almost lasted out his lifetime. But no doubt the cause of social reform benefited by the uncompromising vigour of his propaganda, which gave

[1] See Hughes' introduction to *Alton Locke*, at the beginning.

him the air of a revolutionist, though in reality he was far from it. Perhaps it is true to say that his method was to call attention, by the vigour of his language, to outstanding abuses, and (to use the phrase of a statesman of later times) 'damn the consequences'.

On the night after the demonstration, Kingsley was up till 4 a.m., writing placards for posting "under Maurice's auspices". One of them was to be produced that morning, the rest when the money could be obtained. "Could you not beg a few sovereigns somewhere," he writes to his wife, "to help these poor wretches to the truest alms—to words—to a few texts from the Psalms, anything which may keep one man from cutting his brother's throat tomorrow or Friday?" Further they were to bring out "a new set of real 'Tracts for the Times', addressed to the higher orders". "If the Oxford Tracts did wonders," said Maurice, "why should not we?" The placard was duly posted. Dr. Raven has called it "the first manifesto of the Church of England, her first public act of atonement for half a century of apostasy, of class prejudice and political sycophancy".

WORKMEN OF ENGLAND,

You say that you are wronged. Many of you are wronged; and many besides yourselves know it. Almost all men who have heads and hearts know it—above all, the working clergy know it. They go into your houses, they see the shameful filth and darkness in which you are forced to live crowded together; they see your children growing up in ignorance and temptation, for want of fit education; they see intelligent and well-read men among you, shut out from a Freeman's just right of voting; and they see too the noble patience and self-control with which you have as yet borne these evils. They see it and God sees it.

WORKMEN OF ENGLAND! you have more friends than you think for. Friends who expect nothing from you, but who love you, because you are their brothers, and who fear God, and therefore dare not neglect you, His children; men who are drudging and sacrificing themselves to get you your rights; men who know what your rights are, better than you know yourselves, who are trying to get for you something nobler than charters and dozens of Acts of Parliament—more useful than this 'fifty thousandth share in a Talker in the National Palaver at Westminster' can give you. You may disbelieve them, insult them—you cannot stop their working for you, beseeching you as you love yourselves, to turn back from the precipice of riot, which ends in the gulf of universal distrust, stagnation, starvation. You think the Charter would make you free—would to God it would! The Charter is not bad; if the men who use it are not bad! But will the Charter make you free?

Will it free you from slavery to ten-pound bribes? Slavery to beer and gin? Slavery to every spouter who flatters your self-conceit, and stirs up bitterness and headlong rage in you? That I guess is real slavery; to be a slave to one's own stomach, one's own pocket, one's own temper. Friends, you want more than Acts of Parliament can give. . . . Who would dare refuse you freedom? for the Almighty God, and Jesus Christ, the poor Man, who died for poor men, will bring it about for you, though all the Mammonites of the earth were against you. Another day is dawning for England, a day of freedom, science, industry. But there will be no freedom without virtue, no true science without

religion, no true industry without the fear of God, and love to your fellow citizen.

Workers of England, be wise, and then you must be free, for you will be fit to be free.

Perhaps, in a way, it was not surprising that some of the critics of the Christian Socialists accused them of having aristocratic prejudices. How was the working man to know the number of these sympathisers, clerical and lay? Among the clerics they had probably not met many of them. And how were the 'intelligent and well-read' among the Chartists, who were worthy of a vote, to be distinguished—by a 'fancy' educational test, as in the first draft of Disraeli's Bill? As for the conclusion, it amounts to the old cliché (old at least in our time) that socialism will not come till all are good, and then it will not be necessary.

In fact, most of our social legislation, at least in the last half century, has come through the popular vote, directly or indirectly, though many workmen are still not very wise, and few of us, perhaps, are very virtuous. The freedom for which we have been fighting *was* achieved very largely through the same popular vote.

It is a noble exordium, but somehow we are conscious of an anti-climax in the conclusion. However, at a time when the Chartists were believed to be aiming at the overthrow of the Government by force, it was a bold step to sympathize with them and their aims in any way.

Immediately after the Chartist crisis arose, Maurice began to plan a weekly journal, to express the views of the group and to take the place of the defunct *Saturday Magazine*. The principal contributors were to be Maurice, Archdeacon Hare of Lewes, who was doubly related to Maurice by marriage,[1] Ludlow, Kingsley, and C. B. Mansfield, who had been at Rugby with Hughes and seems to have had a most attractive character.

Kingsley afterwards wrote, in a biographical introduction to a posthumous work by Mansfield, how his friends had been crushed at Winchester by the bullying which he suffered as a new boy. This told on his mind in after life for good and evil; first by rousing in him a stern horror of injustice, which made him, when he rose to seniority, "the loving friend and protector of all the lesser boys; and next, by arousing in him a doubt of all precedents, a chafing against all constituted authority, of which he was not cured till after a long and sad experience". No doubt such a man would make the ideal social reformer. It would be interesting to discover how many champions of the oppressed and unfortunate owe this propensity to maltreatment at school. He had another point of contact with Kingsley in his enthusiasm for natural science. An untimely death cut short his career in 1855.[2]

[1] Hare married Maurice's sister Esther, and Maurice's second wife was Georgina Hare, the Archdeacon's sister.

[2] Kingsley's account of him is given in full, *L.M.*, i, 441–4. He may have been the inventor of the 'cigar-shaped' balloon. At least his diagrams in *Aerial Navigation*, to which Ludlow prefixed a preface, show that type. In that case he was the progenitor of the Zeppelin, though naturally, as the internal combustion engine was still 50 years away in the future, he thought the problem of mechanical propulsion insoluble. But some trace the idea of dirigible balloons as far back as to Leonardo da Vinci.

Hare proposed that the paper should be on the lines of Cobbett's *Political Register*, "short, weekly, pithy comments on the great questions of the day", but in a religious spirit. He wrote to Kingsley, suggesting that he might write "a working country parson's letter about the right use of the Bible—I mean protesting against the notion of turning it into a book for keeping the poor in order".[1]

This, of course, was quite in accordance with Kingsley's ideas, but he did not propose to be confined to the rôle of country parson. So vigorous were the *Letters to Chartists* which he wrote for the first few numbers of *Politics for the People* (as the journal was eventually named) alongside of Ludlow's articles on 'The True Democracy', that Hare spoke of both of them, after the first few numbers, as "conceited young men".

Kingsley's contributions bore the pseudonym of 'Parson Lot', which he continued to employ for several years, even after it had become rather a thin disguise. It had its origin in one of the meetings at Lincoln's Inn, when he found himself in a minority of one, and remarked that he felt much as Lot must have felt in the cities of the Plain, when "he seemed unto his sons-in-law as one that mocked".

Parson Lot's first letter to Chartists begins by informing them that he is a radical reformer. "I am not one of those who laugh at your petition of the 10th of April. I have no patience with those who do. . . . Suppose the Charter itself were all stuff, yet you have still a right to fair play, a patient hearing, an honourable and courteous answer, whichever way it may be. But my only quarrel with the Charter is *that it does not go far enough in reform.* I want to see you free; but I do not see how what you ask for will give you what you want." He tells them that they have fallen into the same mistake as the rich of whom they complain—the mistake of "fancying that legislative reform is social reform, or that men's hearts can be changed by Act of Parliament". In his view the French cry of 'Organization of Labour' is worth a thousand of the Charter. He then charges them with being their own enemies, and describes the kind of literature he found in one of the Chartist bookshops, when he went to buy a Chartist newspaper, as 'French dirt'.[2] He blames them for making common cause with the 'United Irishmen' party and their schemes of murder; and echoes, in his conclusion, the slogan of the poster: "Be fit to be free, and God himself will set you free. Do God's work and share God's wages, Trust in the Lord and be doing good; dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. . . ."

The words in italics (they are Kingsley's) were often brought up against him. Why did he use them if he thought the Chartists, as a body, not yet fit to be free? It was a dangerous hyperbole; and what he would seem to mean is not that the Charter does not go far enough, but that it does not go *deep* enough in reform, which must be, in the first instance, moral reform. But surely the rich, who were already politically free, were themselves not without need of moral reform. At first sight it hardly seems to have

[1] *Life of Maurice*, i, 463.

[2] *L.M.*, i, 164. It is curious that the instances he gives of 'French dirt' are " 'Voltaire's Tales', 'Tom Paine', and . . . 'The Devil's Pulpit'."

been worth his while to use such compromising words if he was not really in favour of the Charter as a project capable of immediate fulfilment, which was what its authors meant it to be.

But shortly afterwards he committed himself still more deeply and unequivocally in a public speech. Tom Hughes tells in his introduction to *Alton Locke* how a meeting had been arranged at the Cranbourne Tavern to give an opportunity to the Chartists to justify their claims, which, as some thought, had not been fairly heard.

"After the President's address several very bitter speeches followed, and a vehement attack was specially made against the Church and the clergy. The meeting waxed warm and seemed likely to come to no good, when Kingsley rose, folded his arms across his chest, threw his head back, and began—with the stammer which always came at first when much moved, but which fixed everyone's attention at once—'I am a Church of England parson'—a long pause—'and a Chartist'; and then he went on to explain how far he thought them right in their claim for a reform of Parliament; how deeply he sympathized with them in their sense of the injustice of the law, as it affected them; how ready he was to help in all ways to get these things set right." Finally he denounced their methods of violence.

Kingsley's declaration, "I am a Chartist", raises much more acutely the question as to the wisdom of his utterances during these critical times in the political world. His previous statement that the Charter did not go far enough was explicable and justifiable. But for a man in those times to declare himself a Chartist without qualification could not reasonably bear any other explanation than that he demanded the immediate acceptance of the Charter and the whole Charter. It was certain, when reported, to have that meaning put upon it, and justifiably. Yet it is hardly possible, if we take the evidence of the three *Letters to Chartists* and compare them with 'my political Creed' in the *Christian Socialist*,[1] to conclude that this was Kingsley's meaning. Probably Hughes' explanation is right that "Charles Kingsley was a born fighting man and believed in bold attack . . . and he felt most strongly at this time that hard fighting was needed". The general strategy of his 'hard fighting' was this. He accepted the six points of the Charter as the *political* basis of that freedom to which he held the people to be entitled. But he held that *by itself* the Charter could not fulfil the ideals of its promoters. They must reform their minds on the lines of the Bible precepts which he had quoted, and abandon threats of violence. Till that was done, neither could the Charter find general acceptance, nor would it be effective even if it were passed into law.

Kingsley was justified in the long run, as he did succeed in winning the sympathies of the working class, at any rate of a considerable section of it, though the group led by G. J. Holyoake was consistently hostile to him and his friends. Utterances in speech or writing, such as have just been quoted, certainly set the richer classes and most of the clerical world in opposition to Kingsley, and probably to Maurice through his association with Kingsley, for some years. Youth always tends towards extremes, and must pay the price of its indiscretions. But it is by no means

[1] See p. 69.

certain that in the long run Kingsley's indiscretions did not serve his cause best.

In the second of the *Letters to Chartists* 'Parson Lot' pursues further the subject of the Bible as the working man's Charter. "There are two sides to the Bible", he says; "instead of being a book to keep the poor in order, it is a book, from beginning to end, to keep the rich in order. I say it gives a ray of hope—say rather a certain dawn of a glorious future, such as no universal suffrage, free-trade communism, organization of labour, or any other Morrison's-pill-measure can give—and yet of a future which will embrace all that is good in these things—a future of science, of justice, of freedom, when idlers and oppressors shall no more dare to plead parchments and Acts of Parliament for their iniquities, when the laws shall be God's laws, and God shall take the matter in his own hands, when 'he shall keep the simple folk *by their rights*, and punish the wrong doers'." Idlers and oppressors! The critics in the Press, ecclesiastical and secular, duly took note.

The third letter was devoted to documenting these statements by very relevant quotations from the prophets, psalmists (always, quite uncritically, 'David') and the Gospels, where the oppression of the poor by the rich is denounced. He ends with, "I adjure you to trust the Bible." What did he mean by 'trust the Bible'?—wait until God should 'take the matter into his own hands' and themselves remain politically inactive. Or 'trust the clergy'? The apocalyptic method was not more likely to appeal to the Chartist than the suggestion that the Church of England would suddenly turn revolutionary in the spirit of Amos.

The rather hysterical vapourings of the *Letters* are in strong contrast to Ludlow's reasoned papers on the suffrage and similar subjects, with their sane historical background. It might be argued that Kingsley's style was more likely to attract the attention of the working man. But the intelligent Chartist could certainly understand and appreciate Ludlow, and the more ignorant labourer would not read *Politics* at all. So there was little need of so 'popular' a style.

A working man wrote a most acute reply to Ludlow's arguments against universal suffrage—'a working man but no Chartist', he called himself—pointing out that if the ignorance of those at present unfranchised was the objection to their getting the vote, why not disfranchise such of the present voters as were ignorant?

Parson Lot's best contribution was his *Letters to Landlords*, for there he was able to use his own personal experience about the working of the game laws. He defends the existence of these laws as a natural consequence of the private ownership of land, and then enumerates all the evils that arise from them, the chief evil being that they create the poacher. "The hapless field-drudge, 'dragging up' his family on 9 or 10 shillings a week, in debt sometimes £20 or £30 to the village shop . . . unable to exist without the demoralizing degradation of alms—what a temptation to him is every hare and pheasant, raised as it is by your monopoly to an unnatural value in the market." Did they not know the superstition that game is not property? and that a poacher does not lose caste among his

own rank? that the man who would shrink with horror from stealing a chicken or a faggot conscientiously considers a pheasant as fair game? Could landlords conscientiously justify a form of property that frequently was the cause of actual bloodshed? Characteristically he urges them to petition of their own accord for "the abolition of all laws which put game on a different footing to other property". It was on account of the facts about poaching exhibited in this paper that, though he hunted and fished, he never took part in a shoot.

He also made some contributions in verse—doggerel for the most part, and not all good doggerel. There are three versified fables called *Old saws new set.* The first is a version of 'King Log and King Stork'.

> . . . The stork surveyed his subjects with a true Malthusian air;
> "Ah, over-population; there's the mischief, I declare.
> The bog will get quite pauperized!" He stretched two yard-long bills,
> And sucked down luckless frog on frog, and as he pulped his pills,
> "Your individual suffering, my brothers, must be great,
> But then, like starving artizans, your suffering feeds the state."

Not so bad satire on the economists. But what of this, from *The Golden Goose*?

> So he pulled out a penknife, performed the Caesarean,
> Looked for eggs in the dead bird and found, of course, ne'er a one.

And the moral:

> Keep Mammon until we've got something instead of him;
> Let's first settle well what to do when we're rid of him.

Though Ludlow is sometimes regarded as having been more of a genuine socialist than Kingsley ever was, he could write of the Tory, in *Party Portraits*, "Rail though he may at Jacobins and their watchwords, the real old Tory is the man of all others who has helped to keep up the spirit of freedom, of equality, of brotherhood."

That is quite in the manner distinctive of the later and ex-socialist Kingsley.

There were also articles by 'Parson Lot' on the National Gallery and the British Museum—the kind of thing that might certainly interest an intelligent working man, and make him wish to see the things described. The British Museum he describes as "a truly equalizing place in the deepest and most spiritual sense"; and he explains why. Once in Oxford Street he was admiring a case of stuffed humming-birds, when he looked round and discovered "a huge brawny coal-heaver" equally absorbed by the same sight. Their eyes met, and both simultaneously exclaimed, "Isn't that beautiful?" "Well, that is." "I never felt more thoroughly than at that minute . . . that all men were brothers; that fraternity and equality were not mere political doctrines, but blessed God-ordained facts."

Kingsley was an art-lover, but it is doubtful if he understood art.

At least one feels that it is Kingsley speaking through the mouth of Claude Mellot the artist in *Two Years Ago*, who says, "I am tired of painting nature clumsily, and then seeing a sunpicture out-do all my efforts—so I am turned photographer." At the end of the first essay in *Prose Idylls* he speaks of the passage in Tintern Abbey beginning:

> Therefore am I still
> A lover of the meadows and the woods,

as being "truly scientific". That passage contains the words

> The mighty world
> Of eye and ear—both what they half create,
> And what perceive.

But it is doubtful if Kingsley realized that the eye of the artist does create and not merely reproduce. He says of the National Gallery, "There in the space of a single room the townsman may take his country walk." But the phrase must not be pressed. He was writing for the uninitiated, and he does somewhere else express scorn for the story of Zeuxis and the bunch of grapes painted by him which someone attempted to pluck.

Though Maurice did not share his brother-in-law's view of Kingsley and Ludlow as conceited young men, he found their contributions a little too plain-spoken, and feared lest tender consciences might be hurt by "strong, piquant phrases". His own contributions to *Politics for the People* consisted mainly of dialogues, and he wrote one tale, *The Recollections and Confessions of William Millward, a Chartist.* It is a little safer to preach through fiction, though even there a critical reading public is only too prone to interpret the sentiments of fictitious characters as the author's own, even if he does not, as Kingsley so often did, interlard his stories with moral comments delivered in the author's own person. Maurice's writings on social matters were usually moderate in tone and safely couched in general terms of Christian principle. But it was not possible for him to dissociate himself from the opinions of his collaborators, especially as he was joint editor with Ludlow of *Politics.*

It may have been partly due to this publication that the *Morning Chronicle* in the summer of the following year brought out a series of articles by H. Mayhew on "London Labour and the London Poor" which startled and roused its readers not a little by representing how entirely incapable were the London poor to remedy the appalling conditions in which many of them lived.

In the latter part of 1848 Kingsley was writing *Yeast* for *Fraser's Magazine*, was busily occupied with his parish, and delivering his lectures at Queen's College. *Yeast* actually had to be written at night, and it is not surprising that after his labours on *Politics for the People* he had a breakdown, and was advised to spend the winter in the West Country. Owing to his superabounding mental vigour, and his association with 'muscular Christianity', people came by the idea that Kingsley was physically a

strong man. But on his fortieth birthday he wrote to Hughes, "Silly fellows that review me say that I never can have known ill-health or sorrow. I have known enough to make me feel very old—happy as I am now, and I am very happy."

Later he wrote to Maurice in 1863, "I have to preach the divineness of the whole manhood, and am content to be called a Muscular Christian, or any other impertinent name, by men who little dream of the weakness of character, sickness of body and misery of mind, by which I have bought what little I know of the human heart."

The truth is that he was constantly living beyond the margin of his strength and using up his nervous reserves much too fast. Hence came his several breakdowns, of which this was the first. He spent his time for the most part at his favourite Clovelly, paid a visit to Lundy Island, and indulged his favourite pastime of fishing in the moorland streams.

From there comes a glimpse of the excited state of mind into which Kingsley had worked himself up over the events of the last year. It is from J. A. Froude, who was with them in North Devon during part of their stay there, and is written to R. C. Powles, Kingsley's former schoolfellow at Helston, on 10 April, 1849, just a year after the great Chartist gathering. "Kingsley," he writes, "is such a fine fellow—I almost wish, though, he wouldn't write and talk Chartism, and be always in such a stringent excitement about it all. He dreams of nothing but barricades and provisional governments and grand Smithfield bonfires, where the landlords are all roasting in the fat of their own prize oxen. He is so musical and beautiful in poetry, and so rough and hard in prose, and he doesn't know the least that it is because in the first the art is carrying him out of himself, and making him forget just for a little that the age is so entirely out of joint."[1] That is an acute criticism, for Kingsley is always best in his prose when the poet has hold of him.

Kingsley first made acquaintance with Froude in 1845 (probably through Powles, for they were both Fellows of Exeter), when he was pursuing a project to make the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* the vehicle of his ideas on Church and State, or, alternatively, to found a new review. Nothing came of this project except the foundation of a friendship between them. While the Kingsleys were in North Devon in that spring of 1849 Froude came to stay with them and became engaged to Kingsley's sister Charlotte. Shortly afterwards he published his book *The Nemesis of Faith*, which Mr. Herbert Paul describes as "not a novel, not a treatise; it is not poetry, it is not romance". The unorthodox sentiments expressed in it brought down on him the wrath of the authorities of Exeter College and the Senior Tutor burned a copy of it in the course of a lecture. Although the sentiments complained of were all put into the mouths of fictitious characters, Froude was asked to resign his fellowship, to which he, perhaps weakly, consented. Kingsley's parents were much concerned at his maintaining a friendship with one who was practically a condemned heretic, and he felt it necessary to make explanation and defence in a letter to his mother. "I honestly believe you," he wrote, "one of the most

[1] Quoted in *The Life of J. A. Froude*, by Herbert Paul, p. 47.

thoroughly liberal-minded persons I ever met with. I owe to you, under God, much of my own liberalism." He explained that Froude was no atheist, nor infidel, nor even Unitarian, "though he has very wrong views about our blessed Lord's divinity, while he admires and loves his character and the revelation which he believes was made through him". But he felt it unnecessary to promise his mother either to get rid of Froude or to leave Lynmouth immediately, "and not to remain in his company longer than the common courtesies of life require".[1] But these measures were only temporary, and the friendship remained.

'Parson Lot' was deliberately provocative, and could not complain if he received hard blows in return. But no impartial referee could have regarded them as fair. The criticisms of his writings, which appeared in *Politics* and other publications of this period, were nearly all spiteful, and some of them inaccurate. For instance, 'Presbyter E', writing of *Alton Locke* in *The Record*, invented a sub-title, 'the autobiography of a Chartist', whereas it really ran 'Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet, an autobiography'. In 1851 there appeared an article in the *Quarterly Review* in the form of a review on 'revolutionary literature'. The author was J. W. Croker, who had the curious privilege of inserting articles whether the editor (at that time Lockhart) approved or not. Various French books were included in the list. Among the English examples were *Politics for the People*, Kingsley's pamphlet, *The Message of the Church to Labouring Men*, *Alton Locke*, *Yeast*, and a lecture on Associations; also a sermon by Maurice. Instead of describing and criticizing the works mentioned, Croker referred to a leading article in *The Times*, in which the very opinions which Kingsley and Maurice constantly denounced had been exposed and condemned. He continued, "Incredible as it may appear, there is, it seems, a clique of educated and clever, but wayward-minded men—the most prominent of them *two clergymen of the Church of England*—who from, it seems, a morbid craving for notoriety or a crazy straining after paradox, have taken up the unnatural and unhallowed task of preaching, in the press and from the pulpit, not indeed such open and undisguised *Jacobinism and jacquerie* as we have just been quoting, but, under the name of '*Christian Socialism*' the same doctrines in a form not the less dangerous for being less honest." He proceeded to name Maurice and Kingsley, adding his surprise "to find the reputed editor of *Politics for the People*, and the avowed author of other works, theological as well as political, of a still more heterodox character, occupying the professorial chair of Divinity in *King's College, London*".

The article was probably actionable, if the two persons named had chosen to take action, and had been written out of spite because Croker had been worsted in a minor passage of arms with Maurice previously.[2]

Dr. Jelf, the Principal of King's College, a man of weak judgment and little courage, at once took alarm. In November he wrote to Maurice telling him that a discussion had taken place on the Council of the College about the article in the *Quarterly*. "The impression seemed to be that you

[1] Quoted by Miss Thorp, pp. 37–8.
[2] See *Life of Maurice*, II, 71–4.

were unconsciously identifying yourself with language and designs of which you would be the first to disapprove." He assured Maurice that he saw nothing in any writings, avowedly Maurice's own, inconsistent with his position as a professor of divinity in the college. "I wish," he continues, "I could end here, or that I could speak in similar terms of Mr. Kingsley's writings; but it is unfortunately a part of my duty to speak plainly about *him*, and I confess that I have rarely met with a more reckless and dangerous writer. His mode of using Scripture is, to my mind, indescribably irreverent." The reference was to a sermon which had caused much stir and will be described presently. As the Bishop of London had eventually approved of this sermon, the Principal was not on very good ground at the outset. He continued to protest that, whether Maurice agreed with Kingsley's utterances or not, his name had been "paraded in conjunction with his [Kingsley's] on large placards in inky characters in Fleet Street". Kingsley, he said, was associated "with several notorious infidels, as contributing articles to the *Leader*, a paper, I believe, advocating Socialism and Communism".

Maurice was able to assure the Principal, in reply, that Kingsley had written nothing for that paper except a letter to refute certain opinions expressed therein, and that his friend lived "for no other purpose than to assert the truths which Mr. Holyoake and the writers in the *Leader* deny".

The rest of the controversy belongs to the life of Maurice rather than to that of Kingsley, and can only be stated briefly. Strangely enough, there is no allusion to it in Kingsley's published letters. A committee was appointed by the Council of King's College to enquire into the 'tendency' of certain of Maurice's writings. A report was sent by this committee to the Council of a very moderate and sensible nature, on the whole. The signatories recognized that the scheme that was set forth under the designation of Christian Socialism was believed by its devisers to be "the most effectual antidote to 'socialism commonly so called'." They ended with quite a mild expression of regret that Maurice's name had been mixed up with publications on the same subject which they considered to be "of very questionable tendency". Plainly Kingsley—and maybe Ludlow too—was made the black sheep.

The Council, however, after receiving the report of the committee, passed a set of resolutions of a severer kind, which omitted the approval given by the committee to the motives underlying Christian Socialism. Maurice's biographer thinks that the more stiff-necked of the Tory members of the Council, mainly lay peers, were so incensed at the failure of the committee to condemn Maurice's social activities out and out that they determined on the next occasion, when his theological orthodoxy was called in question, to keep the matter in their (largely) amateur hands, rather than risk a report by expert theologians. On that occasion it was probably Maurice the Christian Socialist, rather than the theologian, whom they were determined to crush.

The incident of the sermon referred to above took place in 1851. It was the year of the Great Exhibition, of which the Prince Consort was

the chief promoter, a man for whom Kingsley had a deep admiration; for both of them were supporters of the advancement of science and the development of popular education. Some London incumbents arranged for special sermons to be preached in their churches for the occasion, and Kingsley, at Maurice's suggestion, was invited by the Rev. G. S. Drew, Rector of St. John the Evangelist, Charlotte Street, to preach one of these. It was arranged that it was to be on the subject of "The Message of the Church to Labouring Men". Many of his supporters from the working class were present. The text was from St. Luke iv, 18-21, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the poor. . . ." It did not contain any very startling sentiments. The preacher said that the business of the Christian priest was "to preach freedom, equality, and brotherhood in the fullest, deepest, and widest meaning of those three great words". But there was always a counterfeit to those terms. There were two freedoms—freedom for a man to do as he liked, and freedom to do what he ought. There were two equalities—one reducing all intellects and characters to a dead level—the other "wherein each man had equal power to educate and use whatever faculties God had given him. Two brotherhoods—one in which each man chooses who is to be his brother—the other in which a man believes that all are his brothers, by the will of God."

At the end, the Rector rose in his place and declared that, while he agreed with much that the preacher had said, it was his painful duty to add that he believed much to be dangerous and much untrue. "He had been led to believe that the sermon would have had an entirely different character."[1] This was a scandalous and inexcusable proceeding. Kingsley had come to preach on the Rector's invitation, and he must have known that the Christian Socialists held what were then considered advanced views.

Kingsley "discreetly bowed and said nothing", which shows that, though fiery and irritable by nature, he had considerable self-command. But those of his sympathisers who were present were with difficulty restrained from disorderly conduct. Hearing of the incident, the Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield, whose failure to uphold Maurice in the matter of his dismissal from King's did him no credit, without making further inquiry forbade Kingsley to preach in his diocese. In fact he acted in much the same way as Dr. Jelf did afterwards—he took action first, and ascertained the facts afterwards. Kingsley requested him to suspend judgment till he had read the sermon. When he had received and read it, he at once withdrew the prohibition. Whether he also did as was only right and reproved the incumbent for his improper conduct, we are not told. Kingsley's working-class supporters held a demonstration on his behalf on Kennington Common. They even went so far as to propose that he should start "a free church independent of episcopal authority". But, though he made friends with Nonconformists, he had no inclination

[1] Maurice in *The Christian Socialist*. No one but Maurice could have 'led him to believe, anything about it, and Maurice disclaimed having said anything about the content of the sermon in advance.

towards schism, holding that no Church had greater freedom than the Church of England, which to a great extent was, and still is, true.

Kingsley's feelings about this incident were expressed in a strange way. He returned home that evening "wearied and worn out". The same evening he showed his family a poem which he had (it would seem) written down on his arrival. It was 'The Three Fishers': "and then he seemed able to put the matter aside, and the current of his life flowed on as before".

That his thoughts should have recurred at that time to the tragic scenes which he had witnessed as a boy on the coast of North Devon shows how deeply, beneath a calm appearance, he was moved by this incident.

IV

ASSOCIATION—'OUR ONLY HOPE'

Ludlow had personally investigated the experiments in Labour Co-partnership which Louis Blanc had initiated in France, and it was he who turned the attention of the Christian Socialist group towards the 'association' of working men. Their enterprise lasted for five or six years. Kingsley took little part in the organization and direction of the work, his contribution being mainly literary. But he held that "Association is our only hope"—for the salvation of industrial Britain, that is to say. He admitted that he knew nothing about the practical working of the scheme; but his name was from the first connected with it, and has been ever since. History speaks of the Christian Socialist movement promoted by 'Maurice and Kingsley', or even 'Kingsley and Maurice'. In our own day their connexion with it is regarded as an honourable distinction; but Kingsley's enemies called it 'Parson Lot's Scheme', in the hope of discrediting the experiment at the outset. In either case his name is irrevocably associated both with the principles of Christian Socialism and with the forlorn attempt made in the early fifties to put those principles into practice in the sphere of industry. It will be well, therefore, to give a brief account of the practical experiment known to Kingsley's circle as 'Association'.

The object of the group was the regeneration of our industrial system and even of society generally, and they naturally turned to production first. It was there that competition and the motive of self-interest, which the *laissez faire* school commended, was most obviously dominant, with disastrous results to the life and welfare of the workman. It was there, too, that the sweating system began.

There are many possible forms of labour co-partnership, and most of them have been tried and found wanting. The chief difficulty is the necessity for obtaining capital, which no enterprise, however co-operative, can avoid. It is obvious that no group of workmen who propose to run a factory, or even a tailor's shop of any size, can hope to provide the necessary capital for starting a productive enterprise out of their own savings. They might borrow from benevolent sympathisers, and other working-class associations, such as benefit societies and trade unions; and if such bodies had decided to finance the movement it would have had a good chance of success. Were the capital to be provided charitably by well-wishers, the lenders to receive no interest or share in the profits, it would do nothing for the solution of the industrial problem. It is a form of public benevolence. The alternative is to conduct it on ordinary

'capitalist' lines, and give the workmen *a share* in the profits, in which case it is not labour co-partnership in the fullest sense. The great problem, and one which has proved the ruin of many, if not most, experiments of this kind, is about management. Are the workers—the 'hands'—to have any say in the management? Have they, or can they possibly acquire, the necessary experience and judgment to assist in the direction of a commercial enterprise, especially if it is on a large scale and needs the exercise of foresight? Again, how is the sharing of profits to be arranged? Will all share alike, or will the industrious workman be paid on a higher scale than the shirker? If the latter, then who shall decide as to the merits of the various working shareholders in this respect? Such are only a few of the difficulties of this kind of enterprise, and they are well known to students of political economy.

The plan actually adopted was that loans should be made by sympathisers for starting each enterprise. In the first instance, until the 'Slaney Act' was passed, these funds had to be invested in the manager, a most insecure method of procedure; but it was too expensive a procedure to obtain registration under the Joint Stock Companies Act. Wages were paid on different scales according to the nature of the work,[1] and profits, after setting aside enough for working capital, were divided among members of the Association.

Dr. Raven, in *Christian Socialism*, has argued that Ludlow, not Kingsley or Maurice, deserves the title of founder of the movement, and quotes Maurice's son and biographer as having stated that "he brought in my father, by the force of his strong will, after the first meeting had been held". Sir Norman Moore, in the article on Ludlow in *The Dictionary of National Biography*, has described his relation to the other two chief founders thus: "Of the three, Ludlow seemed to me the gravest but less clear, Kingsley the least profound. Ludlow left me with a clear impression of the whole group; Maurice seemed fit to be his colleague; they seemed to have mysteries and arcana which Kingsley held less seriously. In the Christian world I would have compared Ludlow and Maurice to holy abbots, Kingsley to an itinerant preaching friar, and Hughes to a lay-brother of some attainments." The classification of the first two together is perhaps a little surprising, for all the accounts of the movement suggest that Ludlow was intensely practical and business-like, while Maurice was moving almost entirely in the region of the ethical and spiritual.

After these three the next in importance was undoubtedly Edward Vansittart Neale, the only man of wealth who joined the movement. He spent it unsparingly on the cause, and sustained very serious losses in the end. He came late into the movement, and, unlike the other leaders, made no profession of orthodox churchmanship, though his religious sympathies were with them. Like Ludlow, he was a barrister, as also was F. J. Furnivall, who came in as a very young man, and wrote a pamphlet on "Association as a Necessary Part of Christianity", but afterwards

[1] In the model Constitution for Associations, set out in No. V of *Tracts on Christian Socialism*, "a periodical allowance representing the wages of the competitive system" is to be made, "according to the talent and industry of the individual", either by time or piece-work.

abandoned the religious basis of the social undertakings. Among others who subsequently joined, the most interesting persons were C. E. Ellison, a member of Disraeli's 'Young England' party, who held in politics the same kind of position that Kingsley came to adopt. But there does not seem to have been much intimate contact between the two. There was a Tractarian clergyman, which shows that the religious basis was not narrow or exclusive; and from the realm of letters were David Masson and A. H. Clough, the poet, who at many different times and places was to be found as the helper "of men contention-tost, of men who groan".[1]

Lastly there were Daniel and Alexander Macmillan, who, starting with bookshops in London and Cambridge, developed the business, with encouragement from Maurice and some financial assistance from Archdeacon Hare, into one of the greatest publishing firms. They became Kingsley's regular publishers.[2]

The first experiment in Association was in the tailoring trade. Early in 1849, a Chartist tailor, Walter Cooper, had come to hear Maurice preach at Lincoln's Inn. He explained to Ludlow that he had been "driven into infidelity from the feeling that there were no Christians to meet the wants of the mind". On Cooper's suggestion, Maurice and Ludlow were invited to meet and discuss social questions with a number of Chartists at a London coffee-house. The meetings seem to have been successful on the whole, though one nearly terminated in a riot. It was arranged by Maurice and his friends that the National Anthem should be sung at the end of the meeting. There were loud protests from many of the Chartists when it began, and Tom Hughes at once jumped on a chair and offered to fight anyone who hissed at the Queen. Whether through fear of so muscular a champion or not, the incident ended without disaster. These meetings were continued for some time, and through them the Christian Socialists were enabled to gain some understanding of the views of Chartists and other London working men.

Walter Cooper was appointed manager of the first co-operative undertaking of the group, the Association of Working Tailors in Castle Street. There is no mention of him in *Letters and Memories*. In fact Mrs. Kingsley exhibits in the book a tendency to avoid anything scandalous, and Cooper, though he seems to have begun well, was afterwards found guilty of fraudulent mismanagement. He must not be confused with Thomas Cooper, Chartist, shoemaker, and poet, the author of a poem which had some vogue, 'The Suicide's Purgatory', described by Kingsley as 'brilliant'. Thomas floated a periodical called *Cooper's Journal*, in which he preached the doctrines of Strauss' *Leben Jesu* to working men. Kingsley became interested in him, and they exchanged many letters on the subject of Christian Theology, till eventually Cooper was won over to the orthodox creed. He was almost certainly the original of Alton Locke, as Miss Thorp has shown by the many coincidences between the novel and *The Life of Thomas Cooper, Written by Himself* (1872). But it must have been

[1] Matthew Arnold, *Thyrsis*.

[2] The first work of his which they published was the not very successful Platonic dialogue *Phaethon*. *Westward Ho!* was the first novel for which they were responsible.

from *Walter* Cooper, who, as far as is ascertainable,[1] was no relation to Thomas, that Kingsley obtained the details of the tailoring 'slop shops' for his pamphlet *Cheap Clothes and Nasty*, and for the description of the tailoring shop in Alton Locke. The pamphlet, which was published in the series of *Tracts on Christian Socialism*, and later prefixed as an introduction to the novel, describes an appalling condition of sweating in the clothing trade, even among 'fashionable' tailors. The 'slop' system was a process of sweating within sweating; for clothes were given out to an intermediary, who subdivided the job among various small workers. Sometimes there would be several intermediaries before it came down to the ultimate sweated worker, who stitched and hemmed, or sewed on buttons, working a seven-day week for the merest pittance, and if they complained of the conditions—"Well, take it or leave it; there's another will be glad of the job if you don't want it." At the top of the tree was usually a Jew, who might be seen driving out in a well-appointed carriage. One of these is related to have started as a street-seller of sponges.

Similar conditions obtained in many trades—the matchmakers and the chainmakers for example—even within our memory, till the establishment of Wages Boards at the instance of the Anti-Sweating League in 1909. Such legislation by Parliament, however, was unthinkable in those days, when even Gladstone refused to consider any measure which would interfere with the so-called freedom of the workman "to sell his labour in the dearest market", and of the employer "to buy it in the cheapest".

Other trades in which Associations were formed—all of them in London—were shoemakers, builders, pianoforte-makers, and bakers. On the women's side were two Associations of Needlewomen, among the supporters of one of them being Lord Shaftesbury. Later the movement spread to the provinces through the aid of an Owenite socialist and master-tailor, Lloyd-Jones, who had connexions with the industrial parts of the North. The Manchester Working Hatters' Association, which was affiliated to the Christian Socialist foundation, carried on till 1873.

In 1850 an important Committee was appointed by the House of Commons to enquire into "investments of the savings of the middle and working classes". The Christian Socialists took the opportunity to present the case for Associations, and were able to give valuable evidence gathered by them in the course of their conferences with working men. Most important was the support given by John Stuart Mill. He was of opinion that there was no more beneficial way in which the savings of the working classes could be invested than in co-operative associations . . . "provided always that experience should show that these associations can keep together".

One obstacle, however, appeared. They must be legally corporate bodies, and this could not be effected without overwhelming cost. Ludlow was asked by the group to draw up a draft Bill. In 1852 Mr. Slaney, the chairman of the former committee, obtained a new committee to consider the law of partnership; and in the same year the

[1] At least I have been unable to discover any relationship.

Conservative government of Lord Derby facilitated the passing of a private Bill[1] which enabled the Associations, after some slight modification in their constitution, to set their finances on a securer basis. The evidence given before the committee by the Christian Socialists, mainly their legal members, did much to advertise the movement and make it respected in the eyes of the public, who had hitherto regarded it as "revolutionary and seditious conspiracy".

Hughes said in his preface to *Alton Locke* that the movement towards Association developed "in two directions, and by two distinct methods—represented respectively by the amalgamated Trades Unions and the Co-operative Societies". These lines of approach were to be brought together under the Louis Blanc plan, which aimed at converting each trade ultimately into one vast co-operative society and trade union combined.

The unions had already shown some interest in co-operative production, and in 1851 the first step was taken towards the consolidation of labour by the fusion of all, or nearly all, the engineering and iron-working trades in the "Amalgamated Society of Engineers". Delegates were sent by the new society to the Council of Promoters of Working Men's Associations to consult them as to the policy of investing some of their surplus funds in co-operative production associations for their own members, and the Amalgamated Society resolved to invest £10,000 in such businesses. Plans were set on foot for the purchase of the Windsor Ironworks in Liverpool, a big undertaking which would have required an initial capital of £50,000. This would have been an invaluable opportunity for testing the possibility of associative working on a large scale; but the whole scheme was killed by the outbreak of the great engineering strike in 1852.

The issues of the dispute were the questions of overtime and piece-work, and it must be remembered that the normal working day was twelve hours, so that the imposition of overtime was a much more serious burden than it is today. But the employers, who were thoroughly alarmed at the recent amalgamation, made it an opportunity for a fight to the death with the trade unions. They declared that no striker would be reinstated unless he signed an undertaking not to belong in future to any trade union. Ludlow, Hughes, and Neale, convinced of the injustice of the employers' position on every count, proceeded to support the men's cause with the utmost vigour. Unfortunately, in three months' time more than the whole of the Amalgamated Society's surplus funds had been expended on strike pay, and an ignominious and complete surrender took place. But Neale, with the assistance of his cousin A. A. Vansittart, set up works in East London for the benefit of members of the A.S.E. These flourished at first, but when they were in difficulties a few years later the Union refused to help, and they were closed with great financial loss to their promoters. This was the more deplorable because just after the end of the strike the Executive of the Union had passed a resolution "that hostile resistance of Labour against Capital is not calculated to

[1] Industrial and Provident Partnerships Bill. See *Life of Maurice*, ii, 51–3 and 119–21.

enhance the condition of the labourer", and that their efforts for the future should be devoted to "promoting the system of self-employment in associative workshops".[1]

The opinions of the other members of the group were divided. Some were for conciliation; others advised less courageously that advantageous offers made by individual firms should be accepted, a course which naturally made for the disruption of the trade unions.[2] Maurice himself took the strange view that if the men were beaten it would be an example to impress public opinion in their favour, as had happened in the case of Hampden and Ship Money. Kingsley thought it inadvisable to interfere; first, because they had not sufficient knowledge of the matter; secondly, because in his opinion the workmen were on the wrong tack. They ought, he wrote, to argue that they had a right to be protected against unskilled labour, which came in and used the tools and machinery in which skilled labour had often invented the improvements, thereby increasing the profits. He added that the Manchester School would complain that the Christian Socialists were interfering with the men's independence and self-help, and, when they set up co-operative workshops, turn round and say, "The men can't be independent of capitalists." What they mean is that "the men shall be independent of everyone but themselves . . . the slaves of capitalists".[3]

Moreover, the strikers were "not distressed needlewomen or slop-workers, but men capable of looking after themselves. . . . Our business is to tell the truth about them and fight manfully with our pens for them." But he suggested that the group should only fight for the men in proportion as they became Associates. Altogether it is rather a confused position. For the purposes of the public he summed up his views in a pamphlet, *Who Are the Friends of Order?*

But, though he could use such strong words to and about employers, Kingsley never had much belief in the trade unions, and above all hated the idea of strikes, which he regarded as a tyrannical method of dealing with industrial disputes. "Emigrate, but never strike" was his formula, which seems like a counsel of despair. At the same time he made suggestions towards what has been the modern solution. "I look forward to a time in which such things will be righted by a general labour-news[4] and wages arbitration."

It was the violent action which so often accompanied strikes at that time that he so much deplored. Were not the leaders of the unions capable of putting down such abuses? Possibly, as a country parson, he was a little foreign to the reality of industrial disputes. "With the demand of the workmen on their masters," he wrote, "we have had simply nothing to do; except, that is, to get a fair hearing for the men." He attacked the principle that a "man can do what he likes with his own", as being the maxim of a master of slaves. "Proudhon's *Qu'est-ce-que la Propriété* contains no

[1] Raven, *Christian Socialism*, p. 255. The facts in this summary of the history of the strike have mainly been obtained from Dr. Raven's book.

[2] *Life of Maurice*, ii, 103.

[3] *L.M.*, i, 311–13.

[4] By this obscure expression did he mean something like 'Labour Exchange'?

such anarchic doctrine as this." As to the principle of Association, "the employer hires his capital as well as his workmen; why should not the workman hire the capital and be an employer too?"

In the history of the nineteenth century it was distributive, not productive, co-operation that succeeded. The Christian Socialists were less interested in this side of the movement, but they did not ignore it. Largely in order to secure reasonably cheap and unadulterated goods for the Associates, Neale established a central co-operative agency in London to act as a marketing centre for the goods produced by the Associations, as well as to provide them with their necessities. To a certain extent it may be regarded as the forerunner of the Co-operative Wholesale Society of today, and Kingsley felt sure that if the method of the People's Stores at Rochdale were generally carried out, "the saving to wages, to public honesty, and (considering the present adulteration of goods) to public health, would be immense."[1] Present-day critics, take note!

The Associations failed rather suddenly after two or three years' running, with the exception of the Atlas Engineering Works which Neale kept going against immense difficulties for several years after the dissolution of the other enterprises. He is said to have lost upwards of £60,000 altogether. The causes of failure were many. The managers were often incompetent, and sometimes dishonest. Cooper, the manager of the first Tailors' Association, gave, as we have seen, a bad example in this respect. There was often an internal dispute as to the distribution of the profits. Eventually the Central Board regulated these matters and fixed the prices which should be charged by different Associations in the same trade; for attempts at competition between the Associations themselves were made here and there. Maurice wrote of "the godless, warring tendencies in each of our hearts, which are keeping us apart, and making co-operation impossible."[2] Possibly the promoters, who were almost entirely professional men, had not the necessary business experience; and specially trained managers were needed to make such experiments possible.

In 1857 Kingsley wrote that the Associations had failed, "because the working men are not fit for them, I confess". But he did not cease to believe that their principle was right, nor could he see how they had infringed any law of nature. For he held strongly that the 'laws' of political economy, as generally conceived by the *laissez faire* school, were not laws of nature in the proper sense. This view, as we shall see, he elaborated at some length in his inaugural lecture as Professor of History at Cambridge. The privilege of man, he held, was "to counteract one law of nature by another". He added that he had learned "priceless truths" in the course of his work for the Associations.[3]

He further set down in a letter to a Manchester manufacturer the reasons in detail why, in his opinion, the Associations had failed.

"As for the prospects of 'Association', on which you touch so fairly and

[1] *L.M.*, i, 474.
[2] *Life of Maurice*, ii, 77.
[3] *L.M.*, ii, 35–7.

candidly, my experience goes with yours as to associations for *production*. The failure, in those which I have seen fail, has always been their democratic constitution and anarchy. The secret of success, in those which I have seen succeed, has been the presence of some one master-mind; and even he has had hard work, unless backed by benevolent capitalists, who have been able to say to refractory members, 'Well, *we* hold the supplies, and if you kick, we withhold.' Association will be the next form of industrial development, I doubt not, for production; but it will require two generations of previous training, both in morality and in *drill*, to make the workmen capable of it."

We seem somehow to be rather far from "I am a Chartist", but we must remember in fairness that Kingsley had insisted on that occasion, as on many others, that the workman was not yet ready for full democracy.

Did any good result from these experiments, despite their failure commercially? From the first it was insisted that the movement was moral and religious in its intention—an attempt to christianize industry and socialism. It was carried on fearlessly, especially by Ludlow, Hughes, and Neale, in the face of much public obloquy, and it forced its very critics, such as Greg of the *Edinburgh Review*, to give it publicity. The main object of the promoters, to substitute a co-operative commonwealth for the prevailing anarchy of individualism and *laissez faire*, was taken up in the next generation, not only by Christians of Kingsley's own variety of churchmanship, such as Bishop Westcott of Durham, but also by Anglo-Catholics of the school of Gore and Scott Holland. The vigorous preaching and writing of the latter on social subjects was much in the manner of Kingsley.

Above all, the movement brought the professional classes in touch with the labour world. Hughes in the following years became the trusted legal adviser of the trade union movement. Writing about the fruits of Christian Socialism he says: "The great movement towards association has . . . in the intervening years entirely changed the conditions of the labour question in England, and the relations of the working to the upper classes." Ludlow's opinion of the co-operative working as tested by practice was similar. "It is felt to be to the interest of all that all work should be good, that no time should be lost. Fixity of employment coupled with a common interest creates new ties between man and man, till there grows up a sort of family feeling, the only danger of which is that of its becoming jealous and exclusive towards the outsider. Let this state of things last awhile and there is evolved a new type of working man, endued not only with honesty and frankness, but with a dignity, a self-respect, a sense of conscious freedom which are peculiar to the co-operator. . . . This development may be confidently looked forward to as a normal result of co-operative production." Such a testimony makes one feel that co-operative production has never had a fair trial. It may be that even yet it will be tested again.

After the failure of the Associations, and his expulsion from King's College, Maurice threw himself into the project for the encouragement of adult education, which resulted in the foundation of the Working Men's College. "It is certainly *the* thing that is wanted," Kingsley wrote in 1854

from Bideford, where he was spending the spring for his wife's health, and gathering local colour for *Westward Ho!*, "and you are the man to get it done . . . but I am shut up like any Jeremiah here, living on the newspapers and my old Elizabethan books".[1]

His name appeared among the promoters and he was a member of the first Council of the College, but he does not appear to have taken much active part in its educational work, no doubt for the same reason that prevented him from taking much part in the work of the Associations —his parish work, his novel-writing, and his pupils.

W. R. Greg, reviewing *Alton Locke* in the *Edinburgh*, made a searching criticism of the principle of Association. "The advocates of Association as a cure for competition," he wrote, "are caught between the horns of a dilemma, which half Mr. Kingsley's sagacity, if united with a less vivid fancy and a less copious vocabulary, would from the first enable him to see—in case you have many Associations, you retain all the evils of competition; in case you merge them all into one, you encounter all the evils of monopoly." A reply was made to the review by Furnivall in *The Christian Socialist*. The prices of the manufactured article were, he pointed out, controlled by the Central Board. But it may be doubted whether that answer was sufficient. Supposing the trade unions had seriously taken up co-operative production, and succeeded in driving the capitalist out of the field, was there no danger of monopoly and its attendant evils? To that, no doubt, the reply would have been that the object of the Associations was to conduct industry on Christian principles, which would have excluded the possibility of plundering the public by means of monopoly. Greg might still have remained unconvinced; Holyoake on the other hand, from a different angle, maintained that the Associates were in reality just competitive and profit-making establishments as much as the ordinary firms which made no parade of Christian principle.

In 1850 there were new literary enterprises on behalf of the Associations. A series was brought out of *Tracts on Christian Socialism*, followed later by *Tracts by Christian Socialists*; and *Politics for the People* was abandoned in favour of a journal with a rather wider appeal called *The Christian Socialist*, which was to serve also as the organ of the Society for the Promotion of Working Men's Associations. Like *Politics* each issue had eight pages, but the pages of *The Christian Socialist* were twice the size (quarto). Kingsley's ideas for its contents were that it should "touch the workman at all his points of interest. First and foremost at Association; but also at political rights as grounded on the Christian idea of the Church and on the historic facts of the Anglo-Saxon race; then National Education, Sanitary and Dwelling-house Reform, the Free Sale of Land, and corresponding Reform of the Land-Laws, moral improvement of the family relation, public places of recreation, on which point I am very earnest." But when the time came, he found that pressure of work at home made other calls on his time embarrassing.

We see him down at Eversley in 1851 absorbed in *Hypatia*, trying hard to earn enough to keep the family going and send his son to a good

[1] *L.M.*, i, 433.

school—longing to live in two worlds (or more) at once, but warned by the lesson of his breakdown two years before not to attempt the impossible. He writes to Maurice on January 16: "I don't know how far I shall be able to write much for *The Christian Socialist.* Don't fancy that I am either lazy or afraid. But, if I do not use my pen to the uttermost in earning my daily bread, I shall not get through this year." His income had already been reduced by £200 per annum by his resignation of the clerkship in Holy Orders of St. Luke's, Chelsea. As this was a sinecure, he did not feel morally justified in holding it longer. He had felt it necessary, too, to return ten per cent of his tithes owing to the agricultural distress. His available income was only £400. "I cannot reduce my charities, and I am driven either to give up my curate, or to write."

Still, he did contrive to exercise a vigorous pen on behalf of the cause. Unequal in quality, shorn of the extremer revolutionary language of *Politics*, which had provoked so much resentment in Church and Press, 'Parson Lot's' second venture occupies no little space in the pages of *The Christian Socialist.*

To the first series of the magazine in 1850-51 his chief contributions were four numbers on "The Frimley Murder", eight on "Bible Politics", or "God justified to the people". Mr. Holles, Rector of Frimley, Surrey, had been murdered by a gang who called themselves "Rogues Harbour", with their headquarters at Guildford. It was the occasion on which Eversley Rectory, only some dozen miles distant from Frimley, had been barricaded against possible assault. Kingsley took the opportunity to point the social and political moral of such outrages. What made them possible? He described the condition of the hop-pickers who squatted in foul camps, dens of filth and immorality. Some had formerly infested the immediate neighbourhood of the episcopal palace at Farnham, until Bishop Wilberforce, more conscious of his social duties, had a sort of hostel built for them. Were not such social abuses the consequence of *laissez faire*? Those who held that doctrine were "like anatomists who should try to prove their scientific knowledge by cursing a doctor for interfering with the irresistible laws of nature when he attempted to set a broken leg or heal an ulcerous intestine". Economic law cannot do duty for moral law. "The blood of good Mr. Holles cries from the ground, not merely against these three poor, untaught barbarians, but against the conceited and boastful society which allows the possibility of such men's existence."

On his longest contribution it will not be necessary to dwell. "Bible Politics" opened with the same theme that he had broached in *Politics for the People.* But in developing the theme of God's provident dealings with humanity, as seen in both Old and New Testaments and throughout history to the present day, he justified the extermination of the Canaanites by the Jews. This was too much for many of his working-class readers, and produced some vigorous interchange of letter and reply. The Jews, he argued, may have been right or wrong. God allowed them to exterminate the Canaanites just as He allows wolves in France to exterminate children; and in the case of the Canaanites the destroyed were worse than

the destroyer. Yes, but in the book of Joshua the Israelites were commanded by God to do it—and to that objection Kingsley, who did not accept any sort of "higher criticism" even of the Old Testament, had no adequate reply. "What, do you then justify conquest?" "God forbid, if you mean conquests undertaken by the ambition or avarice of men. My object is to justify God and the Bible, not England and the Jews."

The most important of 'Parson Lot's' contributions was *My Political Creed*. It happened to appear in the same number (14 December, 1850) as an article by Ludlow on *True Democracy*, which began, "The truest democracy appears to me to be socialism." This seems to be in contrast, if not in conflict, with Kingsley's opening fanfare: "Having been accused of revolutionary principles, I beg to state that *I am a monarchist*; and that so strong a one that I am inclined to prefer, for an old country at any rate, a despotism to a republic; a rule which is above all classes and interests, to one which will become, as in America, the puppet of the Press, or, as in so-called monarchic England, the slave of the moneyed classes. I believe that as, without the complete enfranchisement of the people, there can be no righteous and Christian monarchy, so without monarchy there can be no enfranchisement of the people. I believe the Crown has now too little, not too much power . . . that the ancient balance between King, Lords, and Commons is destroyed; that the only element of English society now represented in either house, or by the Queen's ministry, is Capital. . . . It monopolizes the whole representation." But to revolution by physical force he is utterly opposed. It would be ruinous to poor as well as rich. He concludes: "Finally I believe that the modern French dogma that the will of the people is the source of power is Atheistic in theory and impossible in practice as the history of France for the last two years has sufficiently proved. I believe there is no authority but of God."

Perhaps no passage better illustrates Dr. Martineau's remark about Kingsley that "the truths which move him most he reads off at a glance; and the attempt to exhibit them to others as the result of intellectual elaboration naturally fails."[1] 'Parson Lot' accurately diagnoses the defects of the social and political evils of England in his day, but his remedies are consistent neither with one another nor with what he has elsewhere stated. "There can be no righteous and Christian monarchy without the full enfranchisement of the people".—Well, enfranchise them fully now.—No! "if, as at present, any class remains unenfranchised, I believe that such a state will ultimately be found to have been for their good, a wholesome, necessary and divinely appointed preparation for enfranchisement." The balance of the constitution is destroyed and Parliament monopolized by Capital—Yes, and I am prepared to resort to a despotism, if necessary, to restore it. The Bible is the charter of democracy.—Then you believe in the sovereignty of the people, as a sacred principle?—By no means; I believe in the sovereignty of God alone!—and so on.

The second series, which began in July, 1851, reverted to the eight

[1] Quoted in full in Chap. xii of this book, p. 176.

pages octavo of *Politics*. 'Parson Lot's' chief contributions were (1) three papers called 'The Long Game', in support of the principle of Association, and (2) a story called "The Nun's Pool".

"The Long Game" contained little of importance; but we turn the pages of *The Christian Socialist*, and lo, "The Three Fishers", like a delicately coloured and convoluted shell among a tangle of seaweed thrown up by a storm. Was there ever a writer more versatile? The poems he contributed to this magazine are all serious. The doggerel has gone. In its place is the apocalyptic mood of "The Day of the Lord".

> Gather you, Gather you, hounds of hell—
> Famine, and Plague and War;
> Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule,
> Gather, and fall in the snare!
> Hireling and Mammonite, Bigot and Knave,
> Crawl to the battle field, sneak to your grave,
> In the Day of the Lord at Hand.

"The Nun's Pool" has some importance, as being perhaps his earliest work of fiction. It was offered to Maurice for *Politics*, but rejected as too dangerous. The story is referred to in *Yeast*, and possibly it was Kingsley's trial run—the first time he felt his feet in narrative prose apart from the attempts of childhood. It is good narrative, but the reason why Maurice rejected it was probably because it opened with the secret love-making of a yeoman (who professes Lutheran principles and therefore thinks monkish vows not binding) with a young nun whose only profession of principle is that natural desires are implanted by God, not the devil—in short, that they were made to be gratified, and this she has come to realize. Maurice was no doubt right in anticipating that the *Guardian* and its satellites would have seized on this and denounced it as immoral. As it was, by the time "The Nun's Pool" actually appeared, the *Guardian* had fleshed its teeth on *Yeast*, which had been published in book form in May of the same year, and the controversy had died down. The story may have escaped the notice of the Puseyite reviewers.

On 28 June, 1852, he bade farewell to the journal, then expiring from financial starvation, in a poem entitled (as it appears in the collected *Poems*) "On the Death of a Certain Journal". It was in the metre and style of *In Memoriam*, containing at least one distinct echo of Tennyson's poem:

> So die, thou child of stormy dawn,
> Thou winter flower, forlorn of nurse;
> Chilled early by the bigot's curse,
> The pedant's frown, the worldling's yawn.

But, the poem continues, its roots will endure and may yet "bud to flower and fruit again" in other lands,

While honour falls to such as we
From hearts of heroes yet unborn,

Who in the light of fuller day,
Of purer science, holier laws,
Bless us, first heralds of their cause,
Dim beacons of their glorious day.

The Christian Socialist was succeeded by *The Journal of Association*, edited by Hughes, which concerned itself almost exclusively with the co-operative undertakings, and lasted only for a few months.

V

A CHANGING OUTLOOK

It is plain that Kingsley's political opinions underwent some modifications during the latter part of his life. With people of his ardent and impulsive nature this is almost certain to happen. Years bring greater responsibility and with them caution; there is a tendency to make the best of existing institutions rather than attempt to bring in 'socialism in our time'. But he was a man of very varied outlook and temperament, involving inward contradictions. Hughes remarks, "He was by nature and education an aristocrat in the best sense of the word, "believing, that a landed aristocracy was a blessing to the country, and that no country would gain the highest liberty without such a class, holding its own position firmly, but in sympathy with the people." It was, he says, a trial to Kingsley to find himself in opposition to scientific men and economists, as well as to traders and employers of labour. Not that he refrained from speaking plain and direct words to the latter class when he thought that they neglected their duties to their workpeople, as his correspondence with a Manchester manufacturer shows.[1] He asked him if 'the commutation of profits' (i.e. wages) was fairly carried out, when the master's share raised him to every luxury, while the man remained where he was, and must remain so as a class—for no abstinence from drink would give him a chance of developing his fortunes, similar (in its degree) to that which his master had. At the time he was unaware that his correspondent was a manufacturer.

He admitted that (to quote his own words) "we have not yet reached the true aristocracy, when the ἄριστοι [aristoi], the best men, shall have the government of the country." More than once he shows a leaning towards Plato's specially trained 'Guardians' as the right solution of the problem of government. He sometimes had to suffer fools in the shape of the cranks who always dog the social reformer, for Hughes tells us that the promoters of Associations were often "bearded men, vegetarians and other eccentric persons".

He was probably expressing a permanent opinion, not a change of view, when he wrote in 1851 that he was opposed to workmen rising above their class. A tailor, or a costermonger, "can be every inch of him a saint and scholar". He went further, in one of his sermons, when he said that he had seen among plain sailors and labouring men "as perfect gentlemen (of God's sort) as man need see".[2] John Martineau was inclined to think

[1] *L.M.*, i, 474–76.
[2] *Sermons for the Times*, p. 268, (c.p. *L.M.*, i, 247).

that the radicalism of Kingsley's earlier career was due to his conviction of the indifference of the legislature and his sympathy with the suffering poor, but that in his later years some definite change took place in his political outlook, it may be because the legislature had become less indifferent. At any rate, Kingsley was not, in those later years, at open war with the outside world—politicians and press, and still more with the religious world—as Martineau had known him in earlier days. The strongest testimony to a change of view is to be found in his declaration[1] made in 1855 in a letter to Hughes: "If I have held back from the Socialist movement, it has been because I have seen that the world was not going to be set right in any such rose-pink way, excellent as it is, and that there are heavy arrears of destruction to be made up before construction can even begin; and I wanted to see what those arrears were. And I do see a little. At least I see that the old phœnix must burn, before the new one can rise out of its ashes."

It is difficult to decide what he means by "the Socialist movement". He had never been an advocate of State Socialism. If he means Christian Socialist, he must refer to the disillusionment caused by the associative experiments in their latter stages.[2]

Hughes's Prefatory Memoir to the new edition of *Alton Locke*, published in 1879, not only gives evidence of a general belief that Kingsley's views changed in a conservative direction, but is almost entirely devoted to a refutation of it. He quotes from the obituary notice which appeared in *The Times* on Kingsley's death: "He was understood," said the article, "to be the 'Parson Lot' of those *Politics for the People* which made no little noise in their time, and as 'Parson Lot' he declared in burning language that to his mind the fault in the 'People's Charter' was that it did not go nearly far enough." "And so," said Hughes, "the writer turns away, as do most of his brethren, leaving probably some such impression as this on the minds of most of their readers, 'Young men of power and genius are apt to start with wild notions. He was no exception; "Parson Lot's" sayings and doings may well be pardoned for what Charles Kingsley said and did in after years; so let us drop a decent curtain over them, and pass on.'" He adds: "If it were only as a protest against the *surtout point de zèle* spirit, against which it was one of Charles Kingsley's chief tasks to fight with all his strength, it is well that the facts should be set right." Does he make out his case? Those who are interested should read the whole Preface. The facts there given cover the period 1848-56. One thing is certain. Kingsley never gave up his position that a Christian country was bound in duty to give a fair wage for a fair day's work, to give a man a sanitary dwelling and the opportunity to bring up a family in decency. All that is noticeable is an increasing emphasis on the conservative side of his belief —in the virtues of the British squirearchy and peerage, for example—and a weakening of his belief in democracy.

But the waning of his activities on behalf of the Christian Socialist Group was not, in the first instance at least, due to a change of mind.

[1] *L.M.*, i, 439.
[2] See pp. 65–66.

We have seen that in the years which succeeded the appearance of *Politics for the People* he was occupied not only with his parish, but with novel-writing and private tuition for the maintenance of his family. His health was never really strong, and to keep up with the work of the Associations and the Christian Socialist movement generally was physically beyond him. He wrote to Hughes in 1851, "If I had £100,000 I'd have and should have [sic] staked and lost it all in 1848-50. I should, Tom, for my heart was and is in it, and you'll see it will beat yet." Nevertheless we have Kingsley's own words in testimony to his change of opinion with regard to democracy, both in the passage quoted above and in the reasons he gave, as mentioned in the last chapter, for the ultimate failure of the Associations.

As to the suffrage, he had by 1867 reached the same stage as Disraeli, who in that year carried the second Reform Act—or had Disraeli 'educated' him along with the Tory party? In January, 1867—that is to say, between the rejection of Gladstone's Reform Bill and the passing of Disraeli's Act ('the dishing of the Whigs') Kingsley gave four lectures on 'The Ancien Régime' as it existed in France before the revolution. His main object was to prove that the defect of that régime was that it was based on caste, which, he thought, no longer existed in England. In the introduction he applied the moral to the contemporary demand for the extension of the suffrage in England. He maintained that there existed in England at the time of writing, as far as he knew, no one of those evils which brought about the French Revolution—"no wide-spread misery, and no wide-spread discontent, among the classes who live by hand-labour". The legislation of the last generation had been steadily in favour of the poor, as against the rich. There was a minority of malcontents, but far fewer than in 1848, and their habits and notions were "temperamentally alien to that of the average Englishman". His main argument for the extension of the suffrage was that every man who is admitted to the vote is "one more person withdrawn from the temptation to disloyalty." Every Englishman, he held, was conservative by nature, "slow to form an opinion; cautious in putting it into effect; patient under evils which seem irremediable; persevering in abolishing such as seem remediable; and then only too ready to acquiesce in the earliest practical result; to 'rest and be thankful'." Like Matthew Arnold[1] he thought the Englishman generally too dull to take in a great idea, and, if he did take it in, too selfish to apply it to any interest but his own.

If, he concluded, at that moment the Englishman demanded an extension of the suffrage eagerly and even violently, the wiser statesman would give at once, gracefully and generously, what the Englishman would certainly obtain one day, if he had set his mind on it. The very negative character of the reasons advanced for the change is noticeable. One wonders, too, when he denies the existence of widespread misery and discontent, whether his knowledge of the working classes of the towns

[1] Possibly he is indebted to Arnold for this. The first series of *Essays in Criticism* had appeared in 1865, though *Culture and Anarchy*, which Kingsley admired, was yet to come. The point about the selfishness of the Englishman in applying ideas is certainly Kingsley's own.

was the same as when he had attended the meetings with Chartists in Cranbourne Street. The whole essay is characteristic of the later Kingsley, with something of his old enthusiasm for reform here and there appearing, but tempered with an increased respect for the aristocracy.

There is, moreover, definite evidence of a move away from democracy in a letter written in 1866 to Professor Lorimer of Edinburgh. He is criticizing the doctrine that all men are born "congenitally equal". "I have some right," he says, "to speak on this subject, as I held that doctrine strongly myself in past years, and was cured of it, in spite of its seeming justice and charity, by the harsh school of facts. Nearly a quarter of a century spent in educating my parishioners and experience with my own and other's children . . . have taught me that there are congenital differences and hereditary tendencies which defy all education from circumstances, whether for good or evil." There follows a slightly vulgar and not very convincing defence of the House of Lords, as "representing every silver fork in Great Britain". That is to say they represent indirectly "all heritable property, real or personal, and also all heritable products of moral civilization, such as hereditary independence, chivalry, etc."

Nemesis came of such talk in that it provided the public for some time with their typical picture of Kingsley. For in his latter days, and particularly in obituary notices such as that which appeared in *The Times*, there was a tendency to slur over the bolder democratic Kingsley of *Politics for the People*, and even the hard words which he used to speak in the course of his sanitary campaign against owners of slum property, insanitary country cottages and the like.

In 1857 he wrote to John Bullar, "I see one work to be done ere I die in which . . . nature must be counteracted, lest she prove a curse and a destroyer, not a blessing and a mother; and that is Sanitary Reform. . . . If I can help to save the lives of a few thousand working people and their children, I may earn the blessing of God."

There were various outbreaks of cholera in England, some of which spread throughout the country, during the 'forties and 'fifties of the last century. Eversley had had its share of it. The first was at the end of 1848, and, when Kingsley returned from wintering in Devonshire, he preached a series of sermons, afterwards published under the title, *Who Causes Pestilence?* He could not endure to hear such afflictions spoken of as divine visitations, when it really lay within the power of men to prevent them. As he described it in *Two Years Ago*, he found the poor in general utterly fatalistic about illness.

It had been proposed that there should be a day of national fast and confession of national sins. Kingsley opposed it. "Did they", he asked in one of his sermons, "repent of the covetousness, the tyranny, the carelessness, which in most great towns, and in too many villages also, forces the poor to live in undrained, stifling hovels, unfit for hogs?" He was delighted when Lord Palmerston refused to proclaim a national fast. "The Maker of the universe," said the Prime Minister, "has established certain laws of nature for the planet on which we live, and the weal or woe of mankind depends on the observance of those laws." He urged that

people should occupy themselves in planning measures for improving the sanitary conditions of cities. This was Kingsley's view exactly.

His first experience of the state of sanitation in our great towns was gained on a visit to Bermondsey in 1849. Apparently the people were drawing their drinking-water from a sort of open sewer. This, he said, "stagnated full of . . . dead fish, cats, and dogs, under their windows. At the time when cholera was raging, Walsh saw them throwing untold horrors into the ditch, and then dipping out the water and drinking it!"

Ludlow tells one amusing incident in connexion with the Bermondsey campaign. Hughes had taken part in the crusade, and with his characteristic energy and impulsiveness proposed a plan for waylaying the Prince Consort while on his way by river to attend some function, and presenting to him a petition setting forth the state of sanitation of Bermondsey. But he was overruled by more cautious counsels.

C. B. Mansfield is said to have been the original organizer of the campaign. Probably his inventive, scientific mind naturally turned to the possibility of the improvement of drainage in cities.

It is typical of the confusion in local administration at the time that there seems to have been great difficulty in discovering what body was responsible for this state of things. The Health of Towns Act, 1848, had established a central Board of Health with powers to appoint local Health Boards if requested by ten per cent of the inhabitants. The first president of the Central Board was Lord Ashley (afterwards Lord Shaftesbury), and in three of its members, Sir Edwin Chadwick, Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Simon, and Mr. Southward Smith, Kingsley found wholehearted collaborators. But the permissive character of the legislation lessened its effect, and it only applied to such towns as had no municipal corporation. Kingsley writes to Ludlow in the following month: "You must go to the higher powers; 1st to the Chairman of Bermondsey Improvement Commission. Now, what is this Commission? By what authority does it pretend to act? If it is one of the New Local Commissions under the Health of Towns Act, it can serve nuisance notices, and make people obey them. . . . Find out whether a majority of these Commissioners *will* serve nuisance notices, etc. 2nd. On whom? Whom does the ditch belong to? The Commissioners of Sewers or the Landlords? Find out that and tell me, and try for indicting the Commissioners of Sewers, whose names I saw painted up."[1]

It is no wonder that there was confusion. As a historian has put it, "In the urban areas responsibility for such primary services as paving, cleansing, lighting or drainage devolved sometimes on a municipal corporation, sometimes on an improvement commission, sometimes on a local board, sometimes on a London vestry", sometimes on a combination of two of these.[2] Various Acts gradually improved the administration, sanitary inspectors being made compulsory in 1866, and in 1875, the year of Kingsley's death, a most important Public Health Act established the Local Government Board and made it responsible for maintaining

[1] *L.M.*, i., 218.
[2] *England, 1870–1914*, by R. C. K. Ensor.

a decent standard of sanitation everywhere. No doubt the effect of continual agitation by Kingsley and his friends and its effect on public opinion contributed to this result.

As early as 1848 there was talk among the group about the formation of a sanitary league. In the introduction to *Yeast* Kingsley wrote: "If half the money which is now given away in different ways to the agricultural poor could be spent in making their dwellings fit for honest men to live in, then life, morals, and poor-rates would be saved to an immense amount. . . . Meanwhile cottage improvement, and sanitary reform, throughout the country districts, are going on at a fearfully slow rate. Here and there high-hearted landlords, like the Duke of Bedford, are doing their duty like men; but in general the apathy of the educated classes is most disgraceful."

In *Two Years Ago* Kingsley described an outbreak of cholera, as it happened in the early fifties, and the incompetence of a local Health Board. The original of 'Aberalva' is supposed to be Megavissey in Cornwall, where a fearful outbreak of cholera occurred.

In 1872 he was made President of the Midland Institute, and delivered a lecture on 'The Science of Health' at Birmingham. A gentleman of Birmingham was so struck with what the lecturer said that he gave £2,500 to endow classes and an annual lecture on Human Physiology and the Science of Health. Kingsley regarded it, hyperbolically we may reasonably think, as the greatest achievement of his life. But this event measures the distance, and the progress made, since he had written in his struggling years that "public opinion has declared against the necessity of sanitary reform". In those times he had blamed ministers of religion, whose congregations consisted largely of houseowners and ratepayers, for being more interested in low rates than in sanitary habitations. Sanitary reform, he remarked sarcastically, interfered with "the *Deus ex Machina* theory of judgments and visitations".[1]

It was in the same lecture on 'The Science of Health' that he used the much-quoted expression "divine discontent". This is generally taken to mean that he encouraged the poor to be discontented with their lot in general; and, as 'Parson Lot' of the Christian Socialist days, he would have been quite likely to use the phrase in that sense. But what he actually said in the lecture was: "I should like to awaken in them, about their physical, their intellectual, their moral condition, that divine discontent which is the parent, first of upward aspiration and then of self-control, thought, effort to fulfil that aspiration even in part." By 'them' he referred, not to the poor in particular, but to "every man, woman and child whom I meet". It is possible, however, that Kingsley quoted the expression from someone else. In his 'In Memoriam' article[2] he applies the expression to Maurice, putting it in inverted commas; though it may be that an expression of his own coinage had become popular enough to be so treated.

[1] "A mad world, my masters", *Fraser's Magazine*, cccxxxvii, reprinted in *Miscellanies*, as also is the lecture next referred to.

[2] *Macmillan's Magazine*, May, 1872.

Perhaps his most interesting treatise on the subject is his lecture on 'Great Cities and Their Influence for Good and Evil', delivered at Bristol in 1857, for there he sets forth the idea of something like the Garden City movement of the present century. He said that "the social state of a city depends directly on its moral state, and . . . the moral state of a city depends, how far I know not . . . on the physical state of that city". These were bold statements, bolder perhaps than was realized by his audience, for the view that the material condition of the poor is accountable very largely for their moral condition has since been upheld by orthodox socialists and vehemently denied by their opponents. Drunkenness, according to Kingsley, was largely due to bad air and bad lodging, and among the cures for it were better education and chances for recreation and the cold bath. Speaking in more general terms of the temperance question, he said: "If this present barbarism and anarchy of covetousness, miscalled modern civilization, were tamed and drilled into something more like a Kingdom of God on earth: then we should not see the reckless and needless multiplication of liquor shops, which disgraces this country now." Possibly he had not thought out the problem. His was the 'common-sense' view. "What," he asked, "is the use of talking to hungry paupers about heaven?"[1]

Similarly, in a lecture entitled 'The Two Breaths', he said: "From ill-usage we get not bodily disease but folly, ill-temper, laziness, intemperance, madness, and let me fairly tell you, crime."

How far environment and how far heredity were responsible for these defects is perhaps not so easy to determine as Kingsley supposed, especially in regard to weakness of intellect. The congenitally feeble-minded will always tend to drift into the worst surroundings; though that is no defence for the existence of those bad surroundings which cause deterioration among the physically fit and unfit alike. But it seems a little inconsistent, in view of the stress which he laid in the passage quoted above on the importance of heredity, that he should have laid the whole blame on environment.

He stated in the same lecture that in coming up from the country he had been struck by the intellectual vigour of the townsman, whose principal need, he thought, was for more athletics and country expeditions. And were there not abundant opportunities in the neighbourhood of a great city like Bristol for living in fresh air—so far only available to the rich? Finally he drew a picture of the future, when there would be "model lodging-houses (for the working men) on the hills around", in the form of flats with common dining-rooms, baths, gardens, and everything necessary for a clean and healthy life. Then the city would become what it ought to be, "the workshop, not the dwelling house, of a mighty and healthy people".

In his essay 'The Air-Mothers'[2] with its really beautiful allegory of the clouds for introduction, he outlines a scheme for the conveyance of water

[1] Quoted by Miss Thorp, p. 65.

[2] Published (as also 'The Science of Health' and 'The Two Breaths' referred to above) in the volume *Health and Education*.

from the mountains and moors to the great cities, which in its general features, and sometimes in detail, corresponds to what has since been done.

Though he approved of and justified the abolition of the Corn Laws, Kingsley saw the evil effects of a general policy of *laissez faire* in such matters as water supply, which at that time were left to the open competition of the commercial market, with disastrous results. It was, to him and Maurice, the embodiment of the principle that "my neighbour's welfare is no concern of mine. His welfare is best promoted by my pursuit of my own self-interest". This was the evil legacy of Adam Smith's doctrine, just as the abolition of the Corn Laws represented the good.[1] Already, in Kingsley's day, the fiction of a labourer "free to sell his labour in the best market", was shown up for the hollow fiction that it was, seeing that the real labourer was a 'wage-slave' obliged to put up with miserable and degrading conditions or to let another take his job and himself enter the workhouse.[2] Here is a typical passage where his views are expressed with his usual uncompromising vigour. "Was it under free-trade, or under the forty-five years of corn-law monopoly, that there arose the present deep, sullen discontent of that class whom Professor Low calls quiet and contented? Quiet and contented? Look in their faces, sullen, averted, suspicious, spiritless, whose

> hungry eyes
> Glare dumb reproach, and old perplexity
> Too stale for words,

and judge for yourself. Look at their homes, which the last forty-five years have handed over to the farmers' possession, and see whether they ought to be contented; worse housed than the horses they dress, the pigs they feed. You hear their complaints?—no. Englishmen are no babblers. They are a dumb, dogged people, to whom misery has become a thing inevitable, elementary like the rain and hail."[3]

Possibly it is a little inconsistent that Kingsley should write thus of the over-patient agricultural labourer, and on the subject of strikes say such hard words of his far more vigorous and self-respecting brother of the industrial districts if he became a little rough sometimes in the waging of war against a scarcely less gross oppression. On the other hand, he can write no less fiercely of the Manchester School. "A Manchester ascendancy," he thought, "would be fatal to intellect, morality and freedom, and will be more likely to move a rebellion among the working men than any Tory rule which can be conceived". They pretend to be the workman's friend, keeping down the price of bread, "when all they want

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[1] But with this reservation on the part of the present writer, that the abolition should have been more gradual and perhaps not quite complete.

[2] See the essays on 'The Agricultural Crisis' and 'The Water Supply of London', in *Miscellanies*, Vol. ii.

[3] 'The Agricultural Crisis', p. 162. See also *L.M.*, i, 314–15.

thereby is to keep down wages, and increase profits. . . . The Church, the gentleman, and the workman should be ranged against the shopkeepers and the Manchester School." Perhaps the combination of these extracts gives exactly the middle position which Kingsley took up; something like that of the Tory democrats, holding to each side of his belief, the Radical and the Tory, with equal vehemence.

In general one may say that Kingsley had a clear idea of the social ideal for which he worked. What changed was his belief as to the means by which it could be achieved. More constant, perhaps, than his views about politics were his convictions as to the way in which children should be brought up, both in the home and the school. There we find no contradictions or inconsistencies.

In the rural peace of Eversley Rectory we see Kingsley at his wisest and best in directing the upbringing of his family. His wife has given a delightful picture of their joint efforts in this sphere. She says that their object was to create an atmosphere of joyousness, "to strengthen the young creatures to meet the inevitable trials of the future". This might seem obvious and unoriginal, but it is the exact opposite of the common opinion, so often expressed in support of old-fashioned ways in schools, that children will have to do unpleasant things in after life, and had better become accustomed to it now. This is not to say that the parents at Eversley spoiled and indulged their children. Kingsley was no advocate of the soft life. But he believed in developing a taste for healthy activities, especially in a love for nature and living things. They learned (perhaps we should say he inspired rather than taught them) his own love of life in every form. Apart from domestic animals, there was a favourite family of toads in the garden bank. A pair of sand wasps lived in a crack of the window in his dressing-room, one of which he had saved from drowning in a hand-basin, taking it tenderly out into the sunshine to dry. There was a slow-worm in the churchyard, which the parishioners were warned not to kill. He taught his children to handle gently all living things—even those which are apt to rouse a feeling of disgust, such as toads, frogs, and beetles—and to regard them "as works and wonders from the hand of a Living God". Curiously, he could not cure himself of a strong antipathy to the common house-spider, as he admits with regret in a passage in *Glaucus*.

The children would spend long happy days on the moorland, "and there he would join them when his parish work was done, bringing them some fresh treasure picked up in his walk, a choice wild flower or fern, or rare beetle, sometimes a lizard or a field-mouse; ever waking up their sense of wonder". Their Sundays were happy, never associated with gloom, but with their special picture books, and a subject—either some Bible story, or bird, beast, or flower mentioned in Scripture—for the father to draw.

The wisest feature of this home upbringing was a comparative absence of punishment. The ability to reduce punishments to a minimum is one of the surest signs of a good education. "He held," says Mrs. Kingsley, "that children have their 'days and hours of rain' . . . and here his knowledge

of physiology and that delicate organization of the brain, which had given him many a sad experience in his own childhood,[1] made him keen to watch and detect such symptoms. Weariness at lessons, and sudden fits of temper or obstinacy, he would say, often spring from physical causes, and must not be treated hastily as moral, far less spiritual, delinquencies, being merely, perhaps, phases of depression, which will pass over with change of occupation, air and scene, and the temporary cessation of all brain work."

Kingsley had, from recollections of his own childhood, a horror of corporal punishment administered by parents, which he thought inconsistent with right relations between parent and child. "More than half the lying of children," he said, "is, I believe, the result of fear, and the fear of punishment. . . . The boy learns not to fear sin, but the *punishment* of it." He also avoided the multiplicity of small rules, preferring to lay down certain broad, distinct laws of conduct. He thought it mere laziness to insist on absolute quiet in a house full of children. "Let it be said once and for all that children and young people cannot make too much noise. The parents, who cannot bear the noise of their children, have no right to have brought them into the world."

Idleness he thought rightly to be due to lack of vitality. Up to the nineteenth century, lack of application to school work was always regarded as a manifestation of original sin. The only cure was the rod. The modern educator looks rather to the physical condition of the pupil, or the nature of his curriculum, to find the probable cause of it. Kingsley went most of the way with the modern schoolmaster in believing that young people are naturally keen to learn, if you do not go out of your way to kill their enthusiasm for knowing. He himself, as soon as he was free to study the things which he thought really worth while, was an untiring devourer of learning, and he knew that the same appetite existed in more or less degree in every young person, ready to be awakened.

He found many of the defects of his adult contemporaries to spring from "intellects stunted by Procrustean attempts to teach them all the same accomplishments, to the neglect, most often, of any sound practical training of their faculties".[2] Teaching and educating were, to his mind, not synonymous. Revolving his plans for the education of his first pupil, he wrote, "In my eyes the question is not what to teach but how to educate; how to train not scholars but men; bold, energetic, methodic, liberal-minded, magnanimous."

For *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, as might be expected, Kingsley had a great admiration. "I have puffed it everywhere I went," he wrote to Hughes in 1857, "but I soon found how true the adage is that good wine needs no bush, for everyone has read it already, and from everyone, from the fine lady on her throne, to the red-coat on his cock-horse and th schoolboy on his forrum (as our Irish brethren call it) I have heard but one word,

[1] Possibly she may refer to the strange nightmares described in *Hypotheses Hypochondriacae*. But these were probably themselves evidence of some disharmony in his home circumstances and upbringing.

[2] "Science" in *Health and Education*.

and that is, that it is the jolliest book they ever read." Certainly on the distinction of teaching from education the two friends were at one, for did not Tom Brown's father tell the boy on his departure for Rugby that he did not care much about the amount of Greek or Latin learned, but he was anxious above all that the boy should grow up a Christian gentleman? Kingsley, and even Hughes, were too wise and sensible, and cared too much for the things of the mind, to take the dangerous next step and declare with nearly every Old Boy orator on Speechdays that the true education takes place not in the class-room but in the playing-fields. Kingsley would certainly have said (and did often say) that a very valuable part of education could take place by common, stream, and hedgerow. But that is another story.

He kept his own moods of depression from his children. "When he came out of his study, and met his children and guests at breakfast, he would greet them with bright courtesy and that cheerful disengaged temper acquired by strict self-discipline, which enabled him to enter into all their interests, and the joy and playfulness of the moment. The family gatherings were the brightest hours of the day, lit up as they were with his marvellous humour. 'I wonder,' he would say, 'if there is so much laughter in any other home in England as in ours.' "

Sensitive and even sentimental as he was, and much given to tears, it is not surprising to hear that the griefs of children were among the hardest things he had to bear. But he shared in all their delights and they in his.

His views on the education of girls were much in advance of his time. He startled the public by announcing in his inaugural lecture at Queen's College (on English Literature) that he intended to teach his women students to write English in both prose and verse. He even held that verse composition should come first, thinking, as many subsequent psychologists have thought, that the order of development in human history was also the right order for the individual. Woman's natural interest should be in personalities, and by cultivating her natural interest in that aspect of the life-drama "she would teach us men to look at it thus likewise. . . . Woman's heart would help to deliver man from bondage to his own tyrannous and all-too-exclusive brain—from our idolatry of mere dead laws and printed books." "I beg you to remember," he said in his first lecture on English composition, "that it is the primary idea of this College to vindicate women's right to an education in all points equal to that of men; the difference between them being determined not by any fancied inferiority of mind, but simply by the distinct offices and character of the sexes."

There was something which he called "young ladies' English" that he was determined to eliminate. Probably he meant the style of those letters which appear, only slightly caricatured, in the pages of Scott and Jane Austen. He characteristically compared it to the 'washy prolixity' into which the monks fell—presumably in the chronicles which he so diligently studied for the purpose of *The Saint's Tragedy* and afterwards of *Hypatia*.

"Our teaching," he said, "must be no sexless, heartless abstraction, but the unfolding to woman of her own calling in all ages; her especial calling in this one." He wished them to become "true women, and not bad imitations of men". That the warning conveyed in the last words was needed has been amply shown by the 'Girls' Public Schools' of our own time, at least in their earlier phase, with their exaggerated cult of games, and some other of the less desirable features of the boys' schools.

He advocated for girls "something analogous to our public school games; if, for instance, they will insist on that most natural and wholesome of all exercises, dancing, in order to develop the lower half of the body; on singing to expand the lungs and regulate the breath; and on some games—ball and what not. . . ." If those responsible for the education of girls "will sternly forbid tight stays, high heels and all which interferes with free growth and free motion . . . they will earn the gratitude of the patriot and the physiologist."

Lastly, here is, in full, the remarkable passage from which an extract was quoted in the Introduction. He has been arguing that science fosters social equality. He continues: "Whatever equality may or may not be just, or possible, this, at least, is just, and I hope possible; that every man, every child, of every rank, should have an equal chance of education; an equal chance of developing all that is in him by nature; an equal chance of acquiring a fair knowledge of those facts of the universe which specially concern him and having his reason trained to judge of them. I say, whatever equal rights men may or may not have, they have this right. Let every boy and every girl have an equal and sound education. If I had my way, I would give the same education to the child of the collier and to the child of the peer. I would see that they were taught the same things and by the same method. Let them all begin alike, say I. They will be handicapped heavily enough as they go on in life, without our handicapping them in their first race."

In regard to public education, we have seen[1] that as soon as he was appointed to the living of Eversley, he set to work to improve the miserable conditions of the village 'school'. A few years after that, in 1853, he was able to boast that " the first good National school " had been opened in his parish. When 1870 approached, he was on the side of compulsory education for all; nor was he afraid of the bogey of secularism. In fact, as President of the educational section of the Social Science Congress in 1869, he argued, in his inaugural address, that the teaching order and the priesthood should be altogether distinct, and expressed a dislike for denominational education—a very unusual opinion for a cleric of the Church of England in that day.

The inadequacy of the voluntary system—at that time doubly voluntary, for it was not only provided mainly by private benevolence, but attendance was not compulsory—lay in the fact that "those who need education most, care for it least; and the struggle to enforce regular

[1] P. 35.

attendance was a process that transformed the clergyman from a minister of the Gospel into a judge and a policeman".

Denominationalism in education he thought disastrous, as injuring that internal unity which is the great strength of a state, leading children of the same race to regard the children of other denominations "as less their fellow-citizens than children of their own school". Did not those same divisions of denomination still shut out many of Her Majesty's subjects from the higher schools and the Universities? In the country, under the voluntary system, the worst defaulters were "children, not generally of the very poor and miserable, but mostly of able-bodied, reckless, profligate persons, who are perfectly able to pay for their children's schooling a sum probably double of what would be charged", but preferred to exercise the rights of free-born Britons to spend their money in beer and fine clothes. In the towns, moreover—well, in Birmingham alone there were 21,000 children out of 45,000 who were without any schooling at all. He therefore supported the National Education League in its demands (1) that education should be compulsory and paid for by the rates, and (2) that it should be unsectarian and free, without payment from the parents. This freedom from fees he justified on the ground that if the parents paid they regarded schooling "as an article which they may buy or not . . . like beer or fine clothes, or any other luxury"; and that they would persist in thinking that they were doing the managers a favour by sending their children and even putting money in the managers' pockets.

It will be noticed that he says 'unsectarian' education, but he seems to have meant even secular. For he thought that the duty of the state was to give instruction in all such matters as are common to all citizens, "that is in all secular matters and in all matters also which concern their duties to each other as defined by law". The clergy of all denominations would (presumably in their Sunday schools)[1] have enough work to do in teaching "those higher duties which the law cannot command or enforce". But Kingsley's solution has never found favour with the clergy in general even to this day. Eversley Sunday schools may have been equal to the task which Kingsley apparently would have laid on them. But there were not many Eversleys about the country, and it is unlikely that the general ignorance of the Bible and of the Christian religion, which is now so greatly deplored, would have been avoided by his plan, though it could hardly have been worse.

When Forster's Act was passed in the following year, he acquiesced in the compromise that it embodies. In Eversley at least all went well. A few years later he writes: "Our educational matters are, thank heaven, in excellent train without a School Board, but I have no antipathy to one." It is curious to find him casting a passing jibe at the certificated teacher. It is true that the preparation given in the training colleges at that time amounted to little more than continual cram for examinations.

[1] He may have been in favour of 'right of entry' for the ministers of religion, in order to give religious instruction, in schools completely secular, for those whose parents demanded it, but he does not say so.

But the 'dames', and other amateurs to be found in elementary schools, were mostly far from resembling Kingsley's Dame of Vendale. Surely it was better to have, in the ordinary case, a certificated teacher rather than one who, in the words of a Code which is not far behind us in time, has reached the age of 17 years, and been vaccinated.

In the first preface to *Alton Locke* in the edition of 1862, addressed to the undergraduates of Cambridge, he takes a great step ahead. In the novel he had given a picture of the discomfort of a member of the working classes when brought into contact with undergraduates, and the shame which was felt by an undergraduate relative of the same when obliged to entertain him in his rooms. He asked, in the preface, "Does not the increased civilization and education of the working classes call on the Universities to consider whether they may not now try to become, what certainly they were meant to be, places of teaching and training for genius of every rank, and not merely for that of young gentlemen?" He proposed that wealthy churchmen should found fresh scholarships and exhibitions, confined to the sons of working men and administered through the National Society, who would bestow them on boys who had been educated in their schools. Had not some of the most distinguished and most popular men at Cambridge risen from the ranks? He does not suggest how the intermediate education of the boys, between the elementary school and the University, should be contrived. No beginning had yet been made of the organization of secondary education, though there were, of course, a good many endowed Grammar Schools, many of them very inefficient. Still less could he have anticipated that fifty years ahead a steadily increasing stream of boys would be proceeding with aid out of the public funds to the University, till now it is only a minority of the undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge who are not dependent on public assistance of some kind.

Later in life he modified his views about corporal punishment, but still held that, in the case of boys, it should only be used for cruelty or bullying, since fear of such punishment often led to lying. He was afraid that public opinion was weakening unduly with regard to the punishment of crime, and ascribed this weakening to the effeminacy of the middle class who "even in the prime of youth shrink from . . . fatigue, danger, pain, which would be considered as sport by the average public schoolboy". Was there not a dangerous tendency in contemporary theory to ascribe a man's faults to his circumstances, and make him responsible for his virtues only? Even Dickens was not free from this defect, and he feared that the half-educated masses in England were inclined towards "an irrational and sentimental leniency".[1] Once again we seem to find the two sides of Kingsley's character in conflict—the sensitive and tender with the muscular and robust.

Hughes says that "the Crimean war weighed on Kingsley like a nightmare"; and we have seen that the horrors of the Indian Mutiny were even a trial to his faith. But no reader of his novels needs to be told that

[1] *L.M.*, ii, 275–6.

Kingsley had nothing of the pacifist in him. He described *Westward Ho!* as "a sanguinary book, but perhaps containing salutary doctrine for these times", and he admitted to Maurice that he had "something of the wolf-vein in him". In one of the finest of his *Sermons for the Times*, on 'Public Spirit', he described a village boy (surprisingly no doubt to his audience at Bideford, to whom he was preaching on behalf of the Provident Society of the town) as "one of the worst and idlest lads", unwilling to work steadily, haunting the public-house and the worst of company, given to poaching. This lad enlisted, and a remarkable change came over him. "He walks erect, he speaks clearly, he looks you boldly in the face, with eyes full of intelligence and self-respect." Plainly Kingsley thought that the military profession had a good effect on character.[1] Moreover, he acknowledged, reluctantly, it must be noted, that war was an inevitable feature of human society. In fact he held that "two classes . . . will have an increasing, it may be a preponderating, influence on the fate of the human race for some time . . . the man of science and the soldier". Had he been able to anticipate what the combination of science and soldiering would accomplish in the way of human devilry within a century from the time when he wrote, he might have hesitated to pronounce this judgment. War, he thought, brings us "face to face with the realities of life, as it has been in all ages . . . giving us sterner and yet more loving, more human, and more divine thoughts about ourselves, and our business here, and the fate of those who are gone, and awakening us out of the luxurious, frivolous, unreal dream in which we have been living so long—to trust in a Living Father who willeth that none should perish—and therefore has not forgotten, or suddenly begun to hate or torment, one single poor soul who is past out of this life into some other, on that cursed Crimean soil". Kingsley belonged to a generation separated from us by more than can be measured by time. The difference between war in his day and ours is significantly plain from this extract from his lecture, "The Massacre of the Innocents", delivered to the Ladies' Sanitary Association in 1859[2]: "We talk of the loss of human life in war. We are the fools of smoke and noise; because there are cannon-balls and gunpowder, and red coats, and because it costs a great deal of money, and makes a great deal of noise in the papers, we think—what so terrible as war? I will tell you what is ten times, and ten thousand times, more terrible than war, and that is—outraged Nature . . . she gives no warning note of preparation; she has no protocol, nor any diplomatic advances, whereby she warns her enemy that war is coming. . . . Man has his courtesies of war, and his chivalries of war: he does not strike the unarmed man; he spares the woman and the child. But Nature has no pity. . . . Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand."

He wrote (anonymously, for fear that his name might prejudice readers) a pamphlet entitled *Brave Words to Brave Soldiers and Sailors*, which was circulated at the Crimean front in 1855. It is written in the

[1] See his pamphlet, *Brave Words to Brave Soldiers and Sailors*.
[2] Reprinted in *Sanitary and Social Essays*.

same rather hysterical style as the 'Letters to Working Men' in *Politics*. He must have conversed with such men, and even preached to them, better than he wrote. "The Lord Jesus Christ is not only the Prince of Peace: He is the Prince of War too." Whether he was right or wrong in this affirmation, it seems strange that he never saw that any problem was raised by the 'non-resistance' passage in the Sermon on the Mount; for had he seen the difficulty he would hardly have failed to discuss it. Probably the comfortable doctrine that the passage referred to private and not public injuries had become so fixed that he did not think of questioning it. Some salutary advice, however, he did give to the men in 'the Forces'. He bade them be chivalrous. "If any of you are maddened by hearing of the enemy murdering some of your wounded, recollect that revenge is one of the devil's works, of which the brave men cannot be too much afraid". Thus far he did preach the doctrine of the great Sermon.

One recommendation which he gives for the soldier's life is most unexpected. The military career qualifies him to be a good naturalist! In *Glaucus* he mentions the names of one or two soldiers who had been great naturalists, particularly the Devonshire squire, Colonel George Montagu, of whom it had been said that "had he been educated a physiologist, and made the study of nature his aim and not his amusement, his would have been one of the greatest names in the whole range of British science". To this Kingsley adds: "I question, nevertheless, whether he would not have lost more than he would have gained by a different training. It might have made him a more learned systematiser, but would it have quickened in him that 'seeing' eye of the soldier, which makes Montagu's descriptions indelible word-pictures, instinct with life and truth? . . . It is God's gift wheresoever educated: but its true schoolroom is the camp and the ocean, the prairie and the forest."

In general, Kingsley's view was that this world is no soft place. Who indeed could deny it now, though a century of protected insular life blinded us in England to the fact? But those who killed the body could not kill the soul. He himself was deeply conscious of "that longing to get rid of walls and roofs and all the chrysalis case of humanity", which is "the earnest of a higher, richer state of existence". Though "the whole world groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now", it is in expectation of the glorious liberty of the children of God; and it will not groan or travail long.[1]

His firm and constant belief was that this life is a gateway to another more glorious existence. But it would be a life of work still ("I trust one's not going to be idle up there, Tom", he wrote to Hughes),[2] and he never had the 'other-worldly' temptation to neglect his duty to human society here, or to give up this world as hopeless and place all his faith in the possibilities of another and better. It was just because there is so much beauty and goodness and opportunity for joy here, that he awaited its greater fulfilment for those who can—

[1] Letter to his wife, *L.M.*, i, 455.
[2] *L.M.*, ii, 26.

See in every hedgerow
Marks of angels' feet;
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet.

It is natural to refer, in this connexion, to Kingsley's views on contemporary Germany. He liked the Germans as much as he disliked Napoleon III, as indeed might be expected of the author of *The Roman and the Teuton.* No doubt he was influenced somewhat by his close personal friendship with the Chevalier Bunsen, and perhaps by his admiration for the Prince Consort. He had indeed one rather strange criticism to make on the Germans, reported by Hughes from a personal conversation: "All this talk of genius and high art . . . will be the ruin of us as it has been of Germany. They have been fifty years finding out, and showing people how to do everything in heaven and earth, and have done nothing. . . . Goethe was, in great part, the ruin of Germany. He was like a great fog coming down on the German people, and wrapping them up." As to the meaning of this, Hughes does not enlighten us. Was it an outbreak of the spirit of philistinism which here and there shows itself in Kingsley? To us who deplore the disappearance of the genius and high art of the old Germany, and would gladly bring back Goethe from the dead, the criticism has a strange sound.

He hailed the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war as a welcome event, and with strangely blind eyes as to the real implication of Bismarckism —but then so did many sane Englishmen at the time: "Property, life, freedom have been insecure in Germany for two hundred years, because she has been divided. . . . Would that the old man [Bunsen] were alive, to see the 'battle of Armageddon', as he called it, fought, not as he feared, on German, but on French soil. . . . My suspicion is that, when all is over, and can be seen more *en masse*, at a reasonable distance, Bismarck will not look the worst figure in Europe."

But his views of the Prussian government were not always thus. In the preface to *Alexandria and Her Schools*, written just after the outbreak of the Crimean War, he had described Prussia and Austria as "two Tyrannies, the one far more false and hypocritical, the other even more rotten than that of Turkey".

He was, as has already been mentioned, in his latter days at least, a supporter of Women's Suffrage, and joined a committee, organized by J. S. Mill, for promoting the cause. But he resigned from it on the ground that he did not approve of propaganda conducted on public platforms by women themselves. He would not therefore have approved of what was eventually felt to be the necessary corollary to the suffrage, the right of women to sit in Parliament.

The movement towards the medical education of women, their admission to medical degrees, and the right to practise in the profession, had his whole-hearted support. He believed that if once women could be allowed to practise as freely as men, the whole question of the relation of the sexes, "according to natural laws", would be made clear. More-

over, as women, "they knew a hundred women's secrets, which no one but a woman can know truly, and which it is a disgrace to modern civilization that a man should have the right to interpret".

This is one of the many passages which make it difficult to remember that Kingsley in his prime lived in the age of crinolines.

VI

THE POET

KINGSLEY wrote to Ludlow in 1852: "I do feel a different being when I get into metre—I feel like an otter in the water instead of an otter ashore. He can run fast enough ashore . . . but when he takes to water, then indeed he becomes beautiful, full of divine grace and freedom, and exuberance of power. . . . When I have done *Hypatia* I will write no more novels. I will write poetry—not as a profession—but I will keep myself for it, and I do think I shall do something that will live. I feel my strong faculty is that sense of *form*, which, till I took to poetry, always came out in drawing: but poetry is the true sphere, combining painting and music and history all in one."[1] But, like Scott, he found that the novels paid better, and necessities of the home decided in favour of prose fiction.

Elsewhere he expressed the opinion that, apart from *Hypatia*, his poetry was all of him that would last. Possibly he was right in singling out *Hypatia* from among his novels proper as the one which was worthiest to last; but it is doubtful whether his poetry is more durable than his novels. Most probably *The Water-Babies* and *The Heroes* will outlast both. Little of his verse has any vogue now except some songs like *The Three Fishers* and *The Sands of Dee*, which have set to music well. Poetical composition came to him easily, perhaps too easily. His novels, though he must have enjoyed writing these too, were a source of livelihood and often composed under pressure of time, but writing poetry was a real joy to him. "Often a time of trouble and sadness," says Martineau, ". . . would result in the birth of a lyrical poem or song, on a subject wholly unconnected with that which occupied him, the production of which gave him evident relief, as though in some mysterious way his mind was thereby disburdened and set free for the reception of new thoughts and impressions." It was immediately after the painful scene in St. John's, Charlotte Street,[2] as we have seen, that returning to Eversley worn out and depressed he sat down and wrote *The Three Fishers*.

His own knowledge of the poets was extensive. "I never wrote five hundred lines in my life before the 'Saint's Tragedy', but from my childhood I had worked at poetry from Southey's 'Thalaba', Ariosto, Spenser, and the 'Old Ballads', through almost every school, classic and modern, except the Spanish, and, alas! a very little German, and that by transla-

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[1] *L.M.*, i, 338.
[2] See p. 58.

tions. And I have not read half enough."[1] Perhaps he was wrong in the last opinion, for wide reading by a poet of other men's works sometimes results in a derivative type of poetry, and much of Kingsley's is unquestionably derivative.

In his youth he was much influenced by Wordsworth, and he has related how as a boy he had emotions not unlike those experienced by Wordsworth in youth. In the first instance he was attracted by "the beautiful inanimate in all its forms". His boyhood was fed on "the unexpressed and incomprehensible emotions which these raised, of strange dilation and excitement, and often strange tenderness and tears without object". Later the animate and human began to attract him. "After lonely wanderings and dreamings," he says, and "contemplation of every work of art and every specimen of life which fed me with the elements of beauty, the Ideal began to expand, dim but glorious, before my boyish eyes." Later still he discovered the ideal lying even beyond that—"the reflected image of God's mind". He writes, while in his twenty-fifth year, "I have been reading Wordsworth's 'Excursion', with many tears and prayers too. To me he is not only a poet, but preacher and prophet of God's new and divine philosophy." In passing, it may be noted how strangely prone, for a man who in the popular mind stands for all that is masculine and robust, Kingsley was to tears. Thus he writes during his visit to the Rhine in 1851, about the stained glass windows in Cologne Cathedral: "At them I did not cry; but at the choir I did, and cried too like a child, at the head of the Virgin in that great triptych of Koloff's, the Adoration." —Just as if to shed tears at such sights were the natural and normal procedure. We feel a slight surprise, as when we read of the frequent tear-shedding of the "good Aeneas" in Virgil.

It is among his very earliest experiments in verse that we see the influence of Wordsworth strongest. It appears in the simple ballad *Trehill Well* written at school at the age of sixteen[2]:

> The fountain's face lay still as glass—
> Save where the streamlet free
> Across the basin's gnarlèd lip
> Flowed ever silently.

That is the true Wordsworthian rhythm. About the same time was written that rather strange poem *Hypotheses Hypochondriacae*, which in its rhythm and manner comes very near to *The Prelude.*

> And should she die, her grave should be
> Upon the bare top of a sunny hill,
> Among the moorlands of her own fair land,
> . . . . .

[1] *L.M.*, i, 186.

[2] The poem was not included in the volume of his collected *Poems*, perhaps because it was thought to be childish in the sense of immature, which it is not, but it will be found in *L.M.*, i, 27–8.

And we would come on summer days
When all around was bright, and set us down
And think of all that lay beneath that turf
On which the heedless moor-bird sits and whistles
His long, shrill, painful song, as though he plained
For her that loved him and his pleasant hills;

. . . .

And when the sullen clouds rose thick on high
Mountains on mountains rolling—and dark mist
Wrapped itself round the hill-tops like a shroud,
When on her grave swept by the moaning wind
Bending the heather-bells—then would I come
And watch by her in silent loneliness.

One could wish that there had been more of this—that if his verse had to be derivative, Wordsworth might have remained the model; for where Wordsworth is best there is least of conscious style, and so to follow him is to be an imitator less of style than of manner, if the distinction is possible.

In the latter part of the poem are described some curious dreams and fancies, possibly morbid in origin, which gave the name to the poem.

Then strange and fearful thoughts flit o'er
my brain,
By indistinctness made more terrible,
And incubi mock at me with fierce eyes
Upon my couch: and visions, crude and dire,
Of planets, suns, millions of miles, infinity,
Space, time, thought, being, blank nonentity,
Things incorporeal, fancies of the brain
. . . trouble me,
And lead my soul away from earth and heaven
Until I doubt whether I be or not!

In *Palinodia* (1841) we meet the Wordsworthian influence again.

Winds . . .
Whose tremulous whispers through the rustling glade
Were once to me unearthly tones of love,
Joy without object, worthless music, stealing
Through all my soul, until my pulse beat fast
With aimless hope, and unexpressed desire. . . .

But what is this that follows?

Thou sea, who wast to me a prophet deep
Through all thy restless waves, and wasting shores,
Of silent labour, and eternal change; . . .
To me alike thy frenzy and thy sleep
Have been a deep and breathless joy: Oh hear!

Is it possible that Shelley, of whom the best that Kingsley could say was that if once his self-opinion had deserted him, he "would probably have ended in Rome as an Oratorian or a Passionist"[1]—that this same Shelley has crept subtly, as a literary nemesis, into the verse of his despiser?

It was characteristic of Kingsley that his favourite saint should be St. Elizabeth of Hungary, because, being a married saint, she was free from the taint of what he called Manichaeism, that is to say a dualism which holds that the flesh and all its desires are absolutely evil, the work of the devil. In fact Manichaeism became a sort of obsession with him, along with popery, monks, and Jesuits. Soon after he went down from Cambridge he began to write a life of the saint—presumably in prose—but changed his plan and eventually wrote it as a tragedy in blank verse. The fragment was illustrated "with his own exquisite drawings in pen and ink". He contemplated also a companion life of St. Theresa, "a specimen of the dreamy mystic . . . to contrast the celibate saint with the married one".

The Saint's Tragedy found a publisher in Messrs. Parker, who also published *Politics for the People*, and it appeared in 1848, with a preface by Maurice, whom Kingsley had consulted about some details. "The writer of this play," says Maurice, "does not differ from his countrymen generally as to the nature and requirements of a drama. He has learnt from our Great Masters that it should exhibit human beings engaged in some earnest struggle, . . . which in itself is for the study and the sympathy of those who are struggling themselves. A drama, he feels, should not aim at the inculcation of any particular maxim; the moral of it lies in the action and the character. It must be drawn out of them by the heart and experience of the reader, not forced upon them by the author. The men and women whom he presents are not to be his spokesmen. . . . A clergyman, it seems to me, should be better able than other men to cast aside that which is merely accidental, either in his own character, or in the character of the age to which he belongs, and to apprehend that which is essential and eternal."

It would have been well for Kingsley if he had always followed the suggestion of his 'Master'. In his novels, again and again, his characters are his own spokesmen, where he does not go still further and give his views in his own person as author. In *The Saint's Tragedy*, though the didactic purpose is often obvious, the characters themselves are not so often purveyors of his opinions.

Kingsley's own view of dramatic quality is to be found in an essay in *Plays and Puritans* (p. 58): "The highest aim of dramatic art is to exhibit the development of the human soul; to construct dramas in which the conclusion shall depend, not on the events, but on the characters; and in which the characters shall not be mere embodiments of a certain passion, or a certain 'humour': but persons, each unlike all others, each having a destiny of his own by virtue of his own peculiarities, and of his own will; and each proceeding towards that destiny as he shall conquer, or yield to, circumstances." Quite likely Kingsley had in mind *Hypatia* when

[1] *Miscellanies*, i, 311.

he wrote those words. They certainly strike one as better illustrated by the novel than by *The Saint's Tragedy*.

However it was to be conveyed, Kingsley leaves us in no doubt as to the moral of his play. "Elizabeth," he says in his 'Introduction', "is a type of two great mental struggles of the Middle Age; first of that between Scriptural or unconscious and Popish or conscious purity . . . next between healthy human affection, and the Manichaean contempt with which a celibate clergy would have all men regard the names of husband wife, and parent. . . . To exhibit this latter falsehood in its miserable consequences . . . is the main object of my poem." His book, he tells us, will have done its work, "if it shall deter one young man from the example of those miserable dilettanti, who in books and sermons are whimpering meagre, second-hand praises of celibacy—depreciating as carnal and degrading those family ties to which they owe their own existence, and in the enjoyment of which they themselves all the while unblushingly indulge". There is a mystery about this. What the books were, and where the sermons might have been heard, Kingsley never tells us. Finally he claimed to have found unconscious Protestants of the Middle Age, "witnesses against the two Anti-christs of their age—the tyranny of feudal caste, and the phantoms which Popery substitutes for the living Christ".

Elizabeth had been affianced in her infancy to Lewis the Landgrave of Thuringia. After her marriage she devoted herself to the care of the poor, on whom she lavished money without stint, rousing thereby the opposition and indignation of many of her husband's subjects. Led by what he believes to be a call, Lewis joins a Crusade, in the course of which he is killed. She is separated from her children by the machinations of Sophia, the dowager Landgravine, and Conrad the monk. Eventually she is persuaded by Conrad, who is "the Pope's Commissioner for the suppression of heresy", to become a hermit—not a nun, for that would mean, presumably, her withdrawal from his influence—and finally to give up her very works of charity, in order to complete her renunciation. She dies of neglect, and is duly canonized, and miracles are reported to have occurred at her tomb. Conrad is assassinated by avenging heretics, to the delight of the populace (these are presumably the "unconscious Protestants" already mentioned), while another contrast is provided by Walter of Varila, who represents the breezy animalism which Kingsley had known in the earlier part of his career at Cambridge.

Here are some passages in which the author's characteristic ideas appear. Lewis is the conscientious landlord, resenting the power which the feudal law gives him over his serfs.

> Those men
> O'er whom that one word 'ownership' uprears me,
> . . . if I sold them, life and limb,
> There's not a sow would litter one pig less.

Elizabeth describes the state of the rural poor in words that recall *Yeast*:

I saw one laid in childbed
These three cold weeks upon the black damp straw;
No nurses, cordials.

Professor Conington of Oxford, in the course of a rather severe but not unfriendly criticism (which incidentally was the beginning of a long-lasting friendship between the two men), found fault with what he called a "sweeping denunciation of political economy" in Act II, Sc. viii. It sounds a strange phrase, implying as it does an attack on a whole science; but political economy in those days was identified with certain particular views—those associated with the names of Ricardo and Malthus in particular. Kingsley, writing to Conington in reply, admits an intentional anachronism.[1] But is certainly rather startling to hear pure Adam Smith from the mouth of a mediaeval Abbot.[2]

Count Hugo: Well I'm a practical man, and I say, the sharper the famine, the higher are prices, and the higher I sell, the more I can spend; so the money circulates, sir, that's the word. . . .
Abbot: Strongly put, though correctly. For the self-interest of each it is which produces in the aggregate the happy equilibrium of all.

. . . . .

Count Walter: The dulness of the court has ruined trade,
The jewellers and clothiers don't come near us;
. . . she has
. . . made the ladies starve and wear old clothes,
And run about with her to nurse the sick,
Instead of putting gold in circulation
By bulls, shamfights and dinners.
Lewis: She will not throw away the substance, Abbot,
To save the accident; waste living souls
To keep, or hope to keep, the means of life.

The "silly women . . . who fall in love with the preacher instead of his sermon" whom Kingsley found at Chelsea are criticized by Conrad himself:

You know their rage for shaven crowns—
How they'll deny their God—but not their priest—
Flirts, scandal-mongers; in default of both come
Platonic love—worship of art and genius—
Idols that make them dream of heaven.

And here is a typical passage about 'Manichaeism'. Elizabeth has been seeking a middle path between the abandonment of her children and her devotion to asceticism to keep her "love for them and God at once unstained".

[1] *L.M.*, i, 152–3.
[2] *L.M.* gives the ref. as Act II, Sc. ix, but it is II, viii in the collected *Poems*.

Conrad: If this were God's world, Madam, and not the Devil's,
It might be done.
Elizabeth: God's world, man! Why, God made it.

Finally the dying Elizabeth:

> You will not let the mob, when I lie dead,
> Make me a show—paw over all my limbs—
> Pull out my hair—pluck off my finger-nails,
> Wear scraps of me for charms and amulets,
> As if I were a mummy, or a drug?

Her last words are dignified and effective:

Elizabeth: I must be gone upon a long, long journey
To him I love.
Conrad: She means her heavenly bridegroom—
The Spouse of souls.
Elizabeth: I said, to him I love.

The dramatic irony of the Abbess' question about the deathbed scene is perhaps exaggerated:

> But tell me, in her confession
> Was there no holy shame,—no self-abhorrence
> For the vile pleasures of her carnal wedlock?

The plot can hardly be said to be worked out satisfactorily. There is a certain obscurity about it. One wonders at times what Elizabeth, or what Conrad, was really aiming at. But if the dramatization is crude, the blank verse is above the level of that of his contemporaries. He has emulated, and to some measure attained, the freedom and rapidity of the Elizabethan measure. It is a pity that he employed Elizabethan English for the prose passages. Why on earth should the English of the sixteenth century convey to us the atmosphere of mediaeval Germany better than modern English can? The result is to make the dialogue at once sound unreal. Kingsley said once that he tried to avoid 'poetic diction'. He should have avoided conventional prose diction too.

Here are some normal specimens of his verse:

> Mark what a door is opened. Give but scope
> To this her huge capacity for sainthood—
> Set her, a burning and a shining light
> To all your people—Such a sacrifice,
> Such loan to God of your own flesh and blood,
> Will silence envious tongues, and prove you wise
> For the next world as for this; will clear your name
> From calumnies which argue worldliness;
> Buy of itself the joys of paradise;
> And clench your lordship's interest with the pontiff.

[*By courtesy of The National Portrait Gallery.*

'MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY"

'Whoop, like boys, at pounders
Fairly played and grassed'.

(*The Invitation.*)

[*By courtesy of The National Portrait Gallery.*

CHARLES AND MRS. KINGSLEY AT THE STUDY WINDOW

Or again:

> How like a marble-carven nun she lies
> Who prays with folded palms upon her tomb,
> Until the resurrection! Fair and holy!
> Oh, happy Lewis! Had I been a knight—
> A man at all—What's this? I must be brutal,
> Or I shall love her: and yet that's no safeguard;
> I have marked it oft: ay—with that devilish triumph
> Which eyes its victim's writhings, still will mingle
> A sympathetic thrill of lust—say, pity.

Occasionally he gives freedom to the line by a hypermetrical syllable at the caesura.

> His sins were gentle. That's one cause left for living.

Or he will experiment interestingly with alexandrines:

> You saw her bound forth: we toward her bower in haste
> Ran trembling: spell-bound there, before her bridal-bed
> She stood, while wan smiles flickered, like the northern dawn,
> Across her worn cheeks' icefield; keenest memories then
> Rushed with strong shudderings through her.

He could make good use, too, of similes from nature, with which his observant mind was so plentifully stocked.

> Oh, prayer, to her rapt soul,
> Is like the drunkenness of the autumn bee,
> Who, scent-enchanted, on the latest flower,
> Heedless of cold, will linger listless on,
> And freeze in odorous dreams.

But, notwithstanding the undoubted merits of *The Saint's Tragedy*, the Chevalier Bunsen, who became a great friend to Kingsley, over-valued the poet's capacity when he expressed a hope that he might continue Shakespeare's historical plays. It is probably well for his reputation that he did not waste his time in attempting so impossible a task and challenging such a comparison.

Another saint was the theme of a later poem, *Saint Maura*. She also was married and was among the martyrs of Diocletian's reign. The form of it at once suggests the dramatic monologues in Browning's *Men and Women*.

He met Browning once, in 1853, and wrote of him later, "He will never be a poet. He was born and bred a Dissenter of the *trois état*, and though he is a good fellow, nothing will take the smell of tallow and brown sugar out of him. He cannot help being coarse and vulgar, and is naïvely unaware of the fact. However, if he had been born a gentleman (of course I mean a churchman, for all gentlemen owe that name to

Church influence over themselves or their parents) or a hard-handed working-man, in contact with iron fact, he might have been a fine poet."[1]

Yet in their optimistic philosophy they should have had something in common. *Men and Women* appeared in 1855, the year before Kingsley wrote *The Invitation*. He must have found in Browning's volume something more than "beggars, fleas, and vines".

Kingsley had high hopes of *Santa Maura*. He wrote to Alexander Macmillan, in 1856, when *Andromeda and other poems* was ready for the press, "Santa Maura is the poem, and Andromeda only the stalking horse. If my poetry lives, it will be by that and a song or two."[2]

The style of the poem suggests now Browning, now Tennyson. It is on the whole a successful experiment, but there seems an incongruity in the fact that these smooth allocutions are addressed by wife to husband while each is suspended from a cross.

> Ah God! these shoots of fire
> Through all my limbs! Hush, selfish girl! He hears you!
> Who ever found a cross a pleasant bed?

Kingsley strangely thought Tennyson far more mystical than Wordsworth. He speaks of him as "a poet who promised not only to combine the cunning melody of Moore, the rich fulness of Keats, and the simplicity of Wordsworth, but one who was introducing a method of observing Nature differently from that of all the three, and yet succeeding in everything which they had attempted, often in vain". But when he invites the "poets of the new school" to "consider carefully Wolfe's 'Sir John Moore', Campbell's 'Hohenlinden', 'Rule, Britannia', Hood's 'Song of the Shirt', and 'Bridge of Sighs', and then ask themselves, as men who would be poets, were it not better to have written any one of those glorious lyrics than all which John Keats has left behind him",[3] we turn no more to Charles Kingsley for criticism of poetry.

After *The Saint's Tragedy* his most ambitious poem was *Andromeda*. He had expressed admiration for Clough's *Bothie* on its appearance in 1848, and four years later produced his own narrative poem in accentual hexameters. Several pages in the *Letters*[4] are occupied by his exposition of his views on classical scansion as applied to English verse, but the theory which he tries to formulate is no better than those of the other predecessors to Robert Bridges, who exposed the fallacy in nearly all of them of supposing that stress and quantity are the same thing. For example, Kingsley says of the phrase "sighed at each plunge", that the *ch* and *pl* make 'each' all but long—as though the vowel sound of 'each' were not long enough in any possible theory of metrical length, without the consonants to make a double hedge beyond. Clough was probably not under such illusions. Apart from the *Bothie* he did compose some verses in what

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[1] Quoted by Miss Thorp from a letter to A. W. Gurney (1855).
[2] *Life of Alexander Macmillan*, p. 117.
[3] *Miscellanies*, i, 116, and 301.
[4] i, 341–5.

he considered to be true quantitative metre, and these, though they would not conform altogether to the careful canons which Bridges and Stone set up, are quite different in metrical structure from the *Bothie*, the lines of which are treated as frankly accentual scansion. Kingsley's poem ambles on with a superabundance of dactyls. Though there is some colourful description, one feels that the metre is an obstruction rather than an aid, and one sighs for the honest prose-poetry of *The Heroes*, in which the same story was afterwards treated so much more successfully. Perhaps the fallacy of this 'classical' scansion is best illustrated by some 'Elegiacs' which he wrote—the dreadful hustle and scramble of the syllables in such lines as

> Sing not thou skylark above! even angels pass hushed by the weeper
> Scream on ye sea-fowl! my heart echoes your desolate cry.
> Sweep the dry sand on, thou wild wind, to drift o'er the shell and the seaweed; . . .

What will people remember besides *The Three Fishers*, *The Sands of Dee* and *My Fairest Child*, and the songs from *The Water-Babies*, which used to be the favourites? Perhaps if he had written more ballad-songs like *Earl Haldane's Daughter*, or full ballads, provided as in the last-named he used common English and not the conventional ballad diction, he might have left more poetry of value. *A New Forest Ballad* shows how well he could do it:

> They wrestled up, they wrestled down,
> They wrestled sore and still.
> The fiend who blinds the eyes of men
> That night he had his will.
>
> Like stags full spent, among the bent
> They dropped a while to rest;
> When the young man drove his saying knife
> Deep in the old man's breast.
>
> The old man drove his gunstock down
> Upon the young man's head;
> And side by side, by the water brown,
> Those yeomen twain lay dead.

There is the same directness about the last piece he ever wrote—strange to say, while recovering from a very serious illness in Colorado, for it seems full of physical vigour. It is just action transformed into sound:

> Are you ready for your steeplechase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree?
> Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.
> You're booked to ride your capping race today at Coulterlee,
> You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
> To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me.
> Barum, Barum, etc.

And so it gallops on. It is the kind of thing Kipling excelled at, and those who excel in that kind are rarely content to do so, preferring to attempt with indifferent success what only first-rate poets can achieve, rather than be masters in their own order, though that may not be an exalted one.

Perhaps the purest Kingsley, so to speak, is to be found in the *Ode to the North-East Wind*, for that is one side of the man exactly—his gusty temperament, his vigorous joy in nature, his Teutonism, his robust religion; at least if it does not represent every side of this multilateral man, it represents most; and its expression is naturally successful, as always happens when we are just ourselves. But it was not the whole of Kingsley—like Proteus, you can never catch the whole of him. Clifford Harrison assures us in *Stray Records* that "for one day when he was in the mood that cried 'Welcome wild North-easter,' there were twenty when his heart sang:

> Oh that we two were maying
> Over the fragrant leas."

But he is more remembered for blowing what Andrew Lang has called "his chivalrous and cheery horn".

It is strange that the "Poems connected with 1848-9", as they are designated in the collected edition of 1878, should have produced nothing first-rate, when they should have come white-hot from the fire of the Chartist days. *The Bad Squire* from *Yeast* is good, regarded as the kind of verse that a gifted keeper might compose (it was the poem which caused the dismissal of Tregarva) and *The Day of the Lord* has vigour, but there is nothing to class with the great songs of revolt, such as Shelley's 'Men of England, wherefore plough?' Perhaps the most interesting of them is *A Thought from the Rhine*, engendered by an eagle,

> crying all alone
> Above the vineyards through the summer night,
> Among the skeletons of robber towers:
> . . . So, I thought,
> The great devourers of the earth shall sit,
> Idle and impotent, they know not why,
> Down-staring from their barren height of state.
>
> On nations grown too wise to slay and slave,
> The puppets of the few, while peaceful lore
> And fellow-help make glad the heart of earth.

Can that be from the author of *Westward Ho*? Truly there is, even when we allow for the changes of years, a double mind and character here.

Lastly, what of *The Invitation*?[1]

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[1] This does not appear in some editions of the collected *Poems*, but will be found on pp. 490–2 of *L.M.*, i, and pp. 183–5 of the one-vol. edition.

Come away with me, Tom,
Term and talk is done;

Just a joke? and, regarded as such, it is very good; it almost makes one think that his place was with the satirists and the purveyors of light verse. But was any serious criticism intended?

Leave to mournful Ruskin
Popish Apennines,
Dirty Stones of Venice
And his Gas-Lamps Seven;
We've the stones of Snowdon,
And the lamps of heaven.

Those lines have made many sensitive literary souls squirm and writhe and blaspheme at the philistinism of them.

The Invitation is a joke, but one of those jokes that reveal something of earnest. It is the 'healthy animalism' of his undergraduate days lifting its head for one unregenerate moment. For Ruskin the artist Kingsley seems to have had some admiration. He appreciated "On the Nature of Gothic" (from *Stones of Venice*), and wrote on the same subject himself in "Grots and Groves" (*Health and Education*). Characteristically he thought Gothic more in harmony with Protestantism than "the very foreign and unnatural style which Rome taught our fathers". But Ruskin the man filled him with disgust. He confesses to being irrationally repelled by his physiognomy, while admitting, "for aught I know, he is a far better man than I".[1]

It is strange that he has nothing to say of *Unto this Last*, for it must have reminded him of his own sentiments in the days of 'Parson Lot'. In *Thoughts on the Frimley Murder* he had written of political economy (in the true meaning of the term), "I believe Political Economy to be all but the highest and most spiritual of sciences; the science of organizing politics and of making good citizens; of realizing outwardly the ideas of the Kingdom of God."

It has been well said that the average man takes his theology from the hymn-book, and therefore it is of the first importance that the hymns should be accurate in their theology as well as sincere in their sentiments. Kingsley was well aware of that, and did not hold with another school that it is the tune that matters, since nobody pays much attention to the words.

In 1872, Dr. Monsell, of St. Nicholas, Guildford, sent him a specimen[2] copy of a new hymnary which he was compiling for his church and requested advice and comment. To judge from the specimens

[1] From a letter to John Bullar, 27 June, 1857, quoted by Miss Thorp.
[2] So *L.M.*; but surely it must have been a proof.

quoted, the compiler must have included all the worst. Here are a few of Kingsley's more characteristic comments.

O Paradise, O paradise,
The world is growing old.

"Whence did the author of this hymn learn that the world is growing old"?

For thee, O dear, dear country,
Our eyes their vigils keep.

"Congregations do not *lie* awake or weep thinking of heaven."

Apropos of 'Holy Jesus, grant us tears', he remarks: "It savours of the old '*donum lachrymarum*', which had a special virtue in itself; wherefore witches could never cry." He abhorred, of course, any hymns which savoured of Romanism, such as those addressed to 'The Sacred Heart of Jesus'. They were quite "alien in tone", he thought, "to any speech of St. Paul or St. John concerning our Lord's Person". All paraphrases of the Song of Songs he condemned with a right instinct, though he was not, of course, familiar with the modern exegesis, which expounds it literally as a royal love-song; and of course he could not tolerate anything which savoured of 'Manichaeism', as in the hymn 'Art thou weary?': "I am heartily glad that you have put 'martyrs' in the last verse for the utterly inadmissible 'virgins' of the original."

"He deplored," says Mrs. Kingsley, "words being put into the mouths of a general congregation which were unreal to them—individual confessions of sin, too solemn to be sung, and ardent expression of a love almost amounting to passion, which if not felt must therefore be an unconscious insult to Him to whom they were addressed."

But strangely, as it would seem in a poet, he does not seem to have condemned any hymns for their specific faults as literature, their mawkishness, their blatancy, their vulgarity, except so far as to condemn their insincerity, which is certainly the worst of literary faults. Nor did he open the very necessary question, what is the differentia of a hymn? For not every religious poem is a hymn, and at least one recent collection has given us nothing indeed that is not poetry, but includes many poems that cannot possibly be hymns.

He wrote some remarkable prayers, so poetical in character that it may not be out of place to quote one here:

Grant, O Lord God, that we may utterly believe in Thy Presence;

That we may wait, reverently and anxiously, as servants standing in the presence of their Lord, for the slightest sign or hint of Thy will;

That we may welcome all truth, under whatever outward forms it be uttered;

That we may have grace to receive new thought with grace—gracefully, courteously, fairly, charitably, reverently;

That we may believe firmly that, however strange or startling, it may come from Thee whose ways are not as our ways or thoughts as our thoughts;

That we may bless every good deed, by whomsoever it be done;

That we may rise above all party strifes and cries, all party fashions and shibboleths, to the contemplation of Thy Eternal Truth and Goodness, O God Almighty, who never changest.

VII

THE NOVELIST

MANY of us must have had the experience of taking up a novel which was a favourite of one's youth, and suffering a sad disillusionment. It is difficult to believe that it ever had any fascination; impossible to recover the delight that it gave. This raises an æsthetic problem of some difficulty, especially to those who have passed in their lifetime from one literary epoch to another. Is it that one's judgment has matured, and rightly condemns that which never was good literature, but had only some adventitious attraction? That was true, no doubt, of one's early attitude towards pictures, before æsthetic training and experience had made clearer what are the true qualities of art. Or is it that the fashion has altered, and the new fashion is somehow more in harmony with the mental habit of today, but so far as good or bad art is concerned there is not much to choose between them? There may be a subjective element in the process; but there can be little doubt that it goes beyond that into the sphere of the absolutely good and bad. The Victorians in general suffered from a false romanticism, which implies a wrong emotional emphasis. Even the greatest, such as Dickens, were not free from it; but their real greatness and mastery of the fundamentals of their art was able to transcend the defect.

The best novelists of today have returned to the realism of Fielding, and even when they have less genius than the Victorians many of them have command of an artistic method which is more consistently sound. Kingsley had no real genius as a novelist, though he could tell a story well enough when he simply treated it as a story. He wrote *The Heroes* mainly as a series of fine stories worth telling; and it is quite possible that *The Heroes* will still be read when *Westward Ho!* and *Hypatia* are forgotten.

His two main faults are (1) that he can never refrain from moralizing; (2) so often, though the hands may be the hands of Amyas Leigh or Tom Thurnall, the voice is the voice of Charles Kingsley.

To discuss fully the legitimacy of 'a novel with a purpose' must involve raising the interminable and perhaps insoluble problem of 'Art for Art's sake'. But a 'purpose' in fiction may mean more than one thing. The intention may be to embody a moral saw, such as that virtue is always rewarded, or the courageous man is happier than the coward. Or it may have the object of calling attention to the need for some social or political reform. Such, for instance, is the exposure of the workhouse in *Oliver Twist*, or of the injustice of the game laws in Mrs.

Humphry Ward's *Marcella*, or of the spiritual poverty of the East End in Besant's *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. The question that must always be asked by the critic is this: Does the presence of this purpose divert the novelist from his proper function of creating real life, of exhibiting characters in conflict, and the reactions of persons to circumstance?

It is improbable that Dickens set out to write *Nicholas Nickleby* or *Little Dorrit* with the primary intention of showing up the scandals of the schools for unwanted children or of the debtors' prisons. He did it in such a way as to make the school and the prison integral parts of a work of art. The value of the novel would have been just the same if nothing like Dotheboys Hall or the Marshalsea had actually existed.

Nor is it certain that *Alton Locke* and *Two Years Ago* are any the worse as novels for their exposure of industrial evils and the need for sanitary reform. The fault of Kingsley's novels is rather different. Either in his own person as narrator, or through the mouths of his characters, he is always preaching the good life, as it appears to him, with a heartiness which is particularly repugnant to many readers of the present day.

Moreover, he can rarely let his characters be themselves and speak for themselves, but must help them out with comment and ejaculation and criticism. Yet he could present character well enough in a plain way, as is seen in Tregarva, Saunders Mackaye, and Salvation Yeo, not to say Grimes. All authors of fiction are at their best when their men and women are of the kind that is familiar to them in daily life. That is why *The Heart of Midlothian* and *The Antiquary* are fresh and alive, while *The Talisman* and even *Ivanhoe* have some smell of the museum and the study. Had Kingsley chosen to write a plain objective tale (he insisted strongly that the ballad must be purely objective in character) of clerical life, without thought of politics, theology, or even of moral values, he might have written novels that would have lived. As it is, they are not always good documents of his age.

When criticized, on the appearance of *Two Years Ago*, for his custom of putting his own opinions into the mouths of his characters, he defended it with some vigour, appealing to the 'parabasis' in Greek comedy, when the principal actor came forward and made a long comment on some matter of public importance, speaking sometimes undisguisedly in the character of the author. It would not so much matter if Kingsley had confined himself to that. The real trouble is that, especially in his earlier novels, these comments come from the ordinary characters in the drama even when they are not in harmony with that character; or the author will interpolate tiresome parenthetic comments here and there in his own person. "The general tone," said Kingsley of his novels, "shall be such as never to make the reader forget the general purpose of the book." But there is much more than 'the general tone' in question.

One can imagine him arguing with a purist critic of the 'Art for Art's Sake' school thus:

Critic. You destroy the artistic value of your novels, Mr. Kingsley, by intruding a moral at every point.

Kingsley. But I deny that there can be any true art that does not bear

a moral value. Without it you can only achieve an anæmic dilettantism, which I call 'mere art'.

C. It is not a question of 'mere art', but of art or not art. When the moral purpose is dominant, art simply disappears.

K. But is the good, then, not also beautiful? I hold with Plato that it is.

C. They are both supreme and absolute values. But they must be kept distinct. As federated members of the Kingdom of God, they strengthen one another. But if one usurps the territory of the other it destroys its ally utterly.

K. Do you mean then that good art can be immoral, and immoral art good?

C. Nothing of the kind. The object of art is to exhibit character, not to evaluate it.

K. 'He that is not with me is against me.' Art that has not a moral purpose must have an immoral one.

C. It has neither one nor the other. What I suggest, Mr. Kingsley, is that if you want to write on morals it should be in the form of an ethical treatise, not a novel.

K. (proudly). My public does not think so, nor my publisher, who had a good Scottish upbringing. It is the judgment of the people that counts, not of an aristocratic clique of intellect, as I have said about the Neoplatonists in——

C. (impatiently). I know! I know! But wait and see—only unfortunately you will not see—what the 'people' think of your novels a hundred years hence.

To anyone who comes to the novels after a perusal of the *Letters and Memories* it is obvious whence came the soubriquet 'muscular Christianity'. From the letters you would get the impression of a highly religious, rather introspective scholar with a taste for natural history, an ardent passion for social righteousness, and a way of expressing himself rather forcibly about it all. Except for an occasional letter to Tom Hughes or some other of the heartier of his companions, the self-assertive advocate of the hunting life and the squirearchy is singularly absent. But from the very first chapter of his first novel, *Yeast*, with its hunting scene (and very good as such, say they who understand these things), 'muscular Christianity' is in evidence. The zest for fighting and scenes of violence begins with *Westward Ho!* and culminates in *Hereward*. Both dealt with violent times. The remoteness of the age in *Hypatia* modified this thirst for combat a little, though the prowess of the squire-bishop Synesius and the blood-lust of the Goths (which Max Müller thought overdone) give him an opportunity, which he does not neglect. In fact we find in Kingsley's writings just that contrast which so surprised the Dean of Chester, when he first made the acquaintance of Kingsley,[1] after knowing him, no doubt, mainly through his novels. Is it possible that he was making some psychological compensation? He had wrenched himself rather violently at Cambridge from a life of physical activity hitherto

[1] See pp. 28–29.

unrestrained. After a burst of violent campaigning, he had withdrawn from the Christian Socialist movement—at any rate from active participation—into a life of parish work, study, and the writing of fiction. The latter had to be the vent for the strain of violence (the 'wolf-vein', as he called it) that was certainly in his nature. It may quite likely be so. Anyhow, the dualism in his character is obvious.

It does not fall within the plan of the present work to discuss and criticize the novels in detail, except *The Water-Babies*, and that perhaps is hardly to be classed as a novel. They have little appeal for the present generation, and it is unlikely (though one never knows) that their vogue will ever revive.[1] But all of them have a biographical and 'ideological' interest, and to these considerations, for the most part, this chapter is addressed, without any attempt to describe them in detail.

Of *Yeast* and *Alton Locke* something has been said already in relation to their value as social reform propaganda. The composition of *Yeast* is crude, and his characters discuss all his favourite topics, almost like a debating society. But the author, in a letter to his wife, claimed almost a special divine inspiration for the novel: "I know the miserable, peevish, lazy, conceited, faithless, prayerless wretch I am, but I know this, too, that One is guiding me, and driving me when I will not be guided, who has made me, and will make me, go His way and do His work, by fair means or foul. He set me on writing this novel [*Yeast*]. He has taught me things about the hearts of fast sporting men, and about the condition of the poor, and our duty to them, which I have no doubt He has taught many more, but He has not set anyone else to speak about them in the way in which I am speaking. He has given me a certain artistic knack of utterance (nothing but a knack), but He has done more. He has made the 'Word of the Lord like fire within my bones', giving me no peace till I have spoken out."[2]

If Kingsley felt this divine afflatus, it is no wonder that he preached his message—religious, social, political—through the medium of his novels. It is unfortunate that the account of his 'call' is given as a prelude to what is generally acknowledged to be the worst of them. But if the opposition he stirs up is the proof of the value of a prophet's message, Kingsley was no false prophet; and whatever their artistic value, he did catch the popular ear; he did bring home to people the sin of their dirty, insanitary ways, the sin of the callous employers who waxed rich on profits made out of sweating, consumption, and misery, the sin of Tractarians (who knows?) with whom ritual came before justice and mercy. In fact he became the Amos of his time.

The heroine of *Yeast*, Argemone, is thought by Miss Thorp to be Mrs. Kingsley herself. The description of her features, she thinks, corresponds with those of Mrs. Kingsley as shown in her portraits. Moreover, she found that the personal copy of *Yeast* belonging to Mrs. Kingsley had inscribed in it: "Let this book be buried with me. The one I love

[1] But who knows? For at the time of writing it is said that there are signs of a reviving interest in Miss C. M. Yonge.

[2] *L.M.* (one-vol.), 70.

best"; and the love passages between Argemone and Lancelot are specially marked, as though they recalled her own love story. But Herbert Paul, in his life of J. A. Froude, distinctly states that Argemone was Mrs. Froude, Fanny Kingsley's sister, and there may have been a strong personal resemblance between the two. It is probable, too, that Froude's biographer obtained his knowledge direct from the family. Moreover, Dr. Rigg, who knew Mrs. Kingsley, says that the features of Argemone do not correspond to hers. Quite likely Kingsley put in some reminiscences of his own love-making. Authors do that kind of thing subconsciously. But it is extremely improbable that he would have exposed to the public view a faithful picture of his own much-beloved wife in her most intimate relations to him. The fact that Argemone draws back because the Tractarian vicar has persuaded her that "celibacy is the highest state" might apply to either of the sisters. Charlotte became a Roman Catholic and was intending to enter a convent, but was persuaded by Froude to abandon the idea and marry him, an achievement towards which the Kingsleys no doubt lent some weight ("Their favourite remedy for female caprice," says Mr. Paul, "was marriage"). Whichever is the original of Argemone, the character is not a live one. She resembles the insipid heroines of Walter Scott. Mr. Herbert Paul describes Charlotte Froude as "a lady of somewhat wilful yet most brilliant spirit"—hardly the impression we gather from Argemone. The portrait cannot have been a close one in any case.

Only two of the characters really seem to live—Lancelot himself and *par excellence* the Methodist gamekeeper, Tregarva (so often Kingsley's best characters, like Scott's, are from the humbler walks of life). One might add, perhaps, Squire Lavington, though the portrait of him is a trifle 'stagey'. He is said to be a likeness of Kingsley's patron, Sir John Cope of Eversley, a hunting squire who had been attracted by Kingsley's sporting proclivities when he was first a curate of Eversley, and so offered him the living. What he thought of him in the character of 'Parson Lot' may be left to the imagination!

Lancelot certainly has reminiscences of the author himself as he was in his younger and unregenerate days. He is described in the text as having been given to 'profligacy'. Does that bear on the nature of Kingsley's extravagances at Cambridge for which he so bitterly reproached himself? Probably not much, for 'profligacy' is a vague term, and may mean much or little. After the publication of *Yeast* in book form in 1851 (it first appeared as a serial in *Fraser's* in the winter of 1848–9) a rather violent review of the book appeared in *The Guardian*, then the chief supporter of Tractarianism in the Press. Probably its animus was chiefly against the Protestant views expressed in the book. But the reviewer fastened on to the character of Lancelot, and ascribed to the author the belief that "a certain amount of youthful profligacy does no real and permanent harm to the character, perhaps strengthens it for a useful and even religious life". That Kingsley should have dreamed of such an idea seems the most grotesque supposition to anyone who knows his writings, and the accounts of him given by his friends. Probably the reviewer knew

little of his private life and opinions. The religious bias of the review is clear from the statement that, according to the author of *Yeast*, "doctrines, however consecrated by the faith of ages, practices, however recommended by the lives of saints, or the authority of wise and good men, are to be despised if they interfere with the full development of our nature". One would think that Kingsley had been an anticipator of the doctrines of Freud.

He replied in an angry, and slightly vulgar, letter, punctuated by the refrain "mentiris impudentissime" ("You are a most impudent liar"). Maurice thought the reply was justified, saying that if *he* had been accused of profligacy and heresy he would have felt much more indignation than Kingsley did, though he might have expressed it "with less simplicity and brevity". (He would indeed! The letter would have been three times the length, full of distinctions and qualifications.) "If," he says, "a man in a mask, calling himself 'We', tells a clergyman that he has been all his life utterly a lie . . . it does not seem very strange that such a clergyman should say in Latin or English: Sir We! thou thyself tellest a lie." Certainly that this most virtuous of men, Charles Kingsley, for whom morality was the all in all, should have been accused of encouraging immorality, is—not so much Gilbertian as Aristophanic, for it is parallel to the case of Socrates. One can only conjecture that the tradition of his wildness at Cambridge was still alive—and greatly exaggerated.

Alton Locke is a far more readable book. Apart from the social interest of it—the description of a sweating tailor's business, the snobbery of University life at Cambridge,[1] and the rick-burning outbreaks of the Chartists—the character of the Chartist poet (probably taken, as has already been suggested, from his correspondent Thomas Cooper) is well done. So is the Scottish bookseller and amateur philosopher, Saunders Mackaye, no doubt a reminiscence of Carlyle himself.

Messrs. Parker, who had published *Yeast* and *Politics*, fought shy of *Alton Locke*, thinking that further notoriety of the sort that Kingsley brought would do the firm no good; but Carlyle gave him an introduction to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who, on his recommendation, accepted the book. He afterwards wrote a letter of appreciation and critici m.

". . .Apart from your treatment of my own poor self (on which subject let me not venture to speak at all), I found plenty to like, and be grateful for in the book: abundance nay exuberance of generous zeal; headlong impetuosity of determination towards the manful side on all manner of questions; snatches of excellent poetic description, occasional sunbursts of noble insight; everywhere a certain wild intensity, which holds the reader fast as by a spell: these surely are good qualities and pregnant omens in a man of your seniority in the regiment! At the same time, I am bound to say, the book is definable as *crude*; by no manner of means the best we expect of you—if you will resolutely temper your

[1] This part of it was modified in the edition of 1862, after he had become Professor of History. He thought that the improvement that had taken place in undergratuate life, since the novel was first published, required this.

fire." He goes on to praise the character of Saunders Mackaye, which he considered nearly perfect. He ends: "Of the grand social and moral questions we will say nothing whatever at present: any time within the next two centuries, it is like, there will be enough to say about them! On the whole, you will have to persist like a cannon-ball that is shot, you will have to go to your mark, whatever that be. I stipulate . . . that you pay no attention at all to the foolish clamour of reviewers, whether laudatory or condemnatory."

Alton Locke was fiercely attacked in *The Record* by an anonymous reviewer, 'Presbyter E.', who warned parents against the dangerous influence to which the minds of their daughters might be exposed at Queen's College. Kingsley in replying said: "I have just withdrawn my name from the Committee of Queen's College, in the proceedings or lectures of which I have been unable to take any part whatsoever in the last two years. I have done this because I do not wish my name to be used as a handle against an establishment which I have every reason to respect." It was a matter of principle with both Maurice and Kingsley not to let any public body, with which they were connected, suffer through becoming associated with their political or literary activities.

Kingsley thought *Hypatia* to be his one novel that would last. He is probably right in thinking it the best, though *Alton Locke* might be a close runner-up, and *Westward Ho!* has probably had the widest vogue. He had done much research on Alexandria in the fourth century A.D. and his historical accuracy, once impugned, has been recently confirmed. There are some good characters—Hypatia herself, Miriam, Raphael (with reservations), and Synesius are carefully drawn portraits, though the young monk Philammon, the 'hero' (if there is one), is rather colourless. The main fault of *Hypatia* is the superfluity of words employed. Kingsley was always verbose and rhetorical, and the habit grew on him so much that it became his custom to employ two or three words where one sufficed. It would take too long to give examples of his prolixity, but the opening paragraphs of Chapters VII and XII are typical.

The sub-title of *Hypatia* is *New Foes with an Old Face*. One of the objects of the novel, as Kingsley has told us himself, was to exhibit Christianity as the most democratic of religions—not that the picture of the Church of Alexandria at the end of the fourth century was a good example of Christian democracy, but that the social aloofness of philosophical paganism, with its contempt of the vulgar and unlettered herd, brought its own Nemesis. It was the precursor of that mystical pantheism which he describes as 'Emersonian Anythingarianism'. The description of the death of Hypatia at the hands of the mob of monks, with one arm "stretched up toward the great still Christ appealing—and who dare say, in vain?—from man to God", is one of his finest pieces of writing.

He wrote in 1873, "*Hypatia* was written with my heart's blood and was received, as I expected, with curses from many of the very churchmen whom I was trying to warn and save." Save from what?—apparently from pride and the lack of sympathy with the common people, exhibited by the Christian Cyril as well as the pagan Hypatia. Neo-Platonism, with

Kingsley, often stands for spiritual pride, and he writes in a letter to Maurice, when he was contemplating a novel on the subject:

"It seems to me that such a book might do good just now, while the Scribes and Pharisees, Christian and heathen, are saying, 'This people which knoweth not the law, is accursed.' " The words were written when *The Christian Socialist* was in mid-career; but no reader unaware of this fact is likely to suspect such a reason for the undertaking. The motive is further darkened by a remark made by Kingsley when he was invited to lecture in Edinburgh on the schools of Alexandria (an invitation which he accepted): "I do believe that if anything will save Presbyterian Scotland from Neo-Platonism, into which all Calvinism is, Church after Church, hurling itself by natural revulsion, it is by having the warning of the Alexandrian schools fairly put before them." Could anything be more enigmatic? What can there be in common between Hypatia or Plotinus and the Church of Scotland? One can only conjecture Kingsley's meaning by following the habitual line of his thoughts. He held that Calvinists tended towards what he called 'spiritualism'. They exhibited the fault which he attributed to the later philosophical sects of Alexandria, who seemed to him to have given up the search for truth and propounded to philosophy the problem "How shall a man save his own soul from this evil world?" [1]

Oddly enough, the only public attack on *Hypatia* was on exactly the same lines as that on *Yeast*. In 1863 a proposal was set on foot in Oxford to bestow on Kingsley the honorary D.C.L. It was opposed by the extreme High Church party, led by Dr. Pusey, on the ground that *Hypatia* was an immoral book and one calculated to encourage young men in profligacy and false doctrine. When there seemed a chance that the issue would be tested by a vote he wisely withdrew. There was not the shadow of an excuse for such a charge. Where is the immoral example?—in Philammon because he forsook the Church for the lecture-rooms of Hypatia? But he eventually fled to the desert hermitage, whence he had come, and spent the end of his life in solitary penance.

Miss Thorp thinks that one of the causes of offence was that in *Hypatia* "luscious pagan scenes were described with gusto". But how else should they be described? It is true that Kingsley was susceptible to female beauty and describes in detail the charms of Argemone, Cordifiamma, Valencia, and the rest without stint or restraint (Miss Thorp notices in particular his addiction to pretty feet). But to condemn that is to condemn likewise the classics, ancient and modern.

No: one can almost surmise that Pusey had been haled from his researches in the Hebrew tongue to lead a new assault on the theological liberals; that he had read neither *Yeast* nor *Hypatia*, and when he was told to say *Yeast*, said *Hypatia* by mistake!

Westward Ho! was once—perhaps we can say still is, for it has some popularity among boys—the most read of all the novels. It has its merits certainly as an exciting tale of adventure, and no less as a description

[1] *Alexandria and Her Schools*, p. 64. But perhaps that hardly explains the alleged drift of Calvinism towards Neo-Platonism. For my part, I give up the riddle!

of Elizabethan Devon, and of the West Indies, remarkably drawn from imagination, for Kingsley did not visit those parts till fourteen years later. Perhaps the best of these descriptions are the picture of Bideford at the beginning, and of the Grenviles' grounds in Chapter VII; of the arrival at the Barbados in Chapter XVII, and the scenery at the spot where Ayacanora is found; or the portraits of Devon men whom he knew, like the innkeeper on Dartmoor; "At the door, wrapped apparently in the contemplation of the mountain peaks, which glowed rich orange in the last lingering sun-rays, but really watching which way the sheep on the moor were taking, stood the innkeeper, a brawny, sodden-visaged, bleareyed six feet of brutishness, holding up his hose with one hand, for want of points, and clawing with the other his elf-locks, on which a fair sprinkling of feathers might denote that he was just out of bed." He must have many a time seen such a figure on the moors—if we eliminate the hose and points.

One special merit the book has, which raises the style above that of the prose parts of *The Saint's Tragedy*, and of *Hereward*. The characters converse in good racy English of Kingsley's own time—except where they talk in Devon dialect, but that of course is the dialect of the eighteen-fifties, as he heard it at Bideford or Torquay. It would seem that this policy was due to the good advice of Daniel Macmillan, who wrote in June, 1854: "We are greatly taken with all you tell us about the plan and characters of your novel. Of course you will not adopt that pseudo-antique manner in which *Esmond*, *Mary Powell*, etc., are written. That style is now getting a bore. The free march of your own style will be much more Elizabethan in manner and tone than any you can assume. We feel sure it will be a right brave and noble book, and do good to England."[1] It is a pity that the same advice could not have been given to other authors of historical novels.

Hughes had asked him to write a ballad about the Crimean War, and he replied, "As for a ballad—oh! my dear lad, there is no use fiddling while Rome is burning. I have nothing to sing about those glorious fellows, except 'God save the Queen and them'. I tell you the whole thing stuns me, so I cannot sit down to make fiddle rhyme with diddle . . . or blundered with hundred, like Alfred Tennyson. . . . Every man has his calling, and my novel is mine, because I am fit for nothing better. The book (*Westward Ho!*) will be out the middle or end of January, if the printers choose. It is a sanguinary book, but perhaps contains doctrine profitable for these times." "A most ruthless, bloodthirsty book" he had called it in a previous letter to Maurice, "just what the times want, I think." No one will dispute the accuracy of the description.

So great was its popularity that at one time second-hand copies of it were being sold by Mudie at a higher price than new copies of *Esmond*, though the latter was only three years old. It suited the mood of the time in which it was written—the Crimean War—when a nation long unaccustomed to arms had once more to show her fighting qualities. No less than his pamphlet *Brave Words to Brave Soldiers and Sailors* (which was

[1] *Memoir of Daniel Macmillan*, by Thomas Hughes, p. 252.

[Frederic Robinson, Camberley.

EVERSLEY CHURCH FROM THE RECTORY GARDEN

[*By courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery.*

THE GRAVE IN EVERSLEY CHURCHYARD

published anonymously and distributed among the soldiers at the front), *Westward Ho!* was intended as a trumpet-call summoning *ad arma cessantes, ad arma!* Consider, for instance, such a passage as this from Chapter VIII:

"Let us rather open our eyes, and see in these old Elizabeth gallants our own ancestors, showing forth with the luxuriant wildness of youth all the virtues which still go to the making of a true Englishman. Let us not only see . . . in their solemn sense of the great calling of the English nation, the anti-types or rather the examples of our own; but let us confess that their chivalry is only another garb of that beautiful tenderness and mercy which is now, as it was then, the twin sister of English valour."

For the present generation there are many repellent features about the book. It breathes a bigoted 'jingoism', and seems full of cant about Jesuits and Papists. Yet the blinded Amyas Leigh, who has thrown his sword into the sea, defeated in his plan of revenge, but reconciled to suffering by the will of God, is a tragic figure in the true sense, and appeals to our deepest sympathies; and, however one may dislike the tone of the book, there is a breadth of conception in it, an epic quality which claims one's admiration. It was Kingsley's Odyssey.

In August, 1856, he made his famous visit with Hughes to the country about Snowdon, to which *The Invitation* was the prelude. It was a great success. It is true that the fish were reluctant to rise, but the botanizing went on apace and he writes, "I have had, as far as scenery is concerned, the finest day I ever had." He came back greatly refreshed, and set to work at once on *Two Years Ago*, the latter part of which has North Wales for its scene. He wrote to Alexander Macmillan: "What with the book and the parish I was never so hard worked in my life. I have two or three dying people on my hands, besides the usual work, but I am wonderfully well and my brain, thank God, as clear as a bell."

Froude wrote, on its publication, "Charles has written his best book and all the world knows it." All the world today is not so unanimous in that opinion, though perhaps it comes, in some respects, nearer to the modern novel than any other he wrote. Not but what there is plenty of 'purpose' in it. He dealt with many of his favourite themes. There is Headley, the conscientious young Puseyite parson, who eventually is led to give up his Puseyism because he cannot carry his parishioners with him. There is Grace, the young schoolmistress who similarly is cured of her 'salvationist' views. Vavasour, the poet, is the type of the 'mere artist' without moral purpose. It seems difficult, as one rereads the book, to believe that the account of his mad wanderings at night, a lost soul on the Snowdon range, should actually have worked the religious conversion of some readers. Most prominent of all the characters is Tom Thurnall, the honestly sceptical doctor, with something of the 'muscular Christian' about him. Miss Thorp has found some reason for thinking that he is a picture of Charles' brother, Dr. George Kingsley. If that is so, does it explain George's captious remark, "Harry, not Charles, was the great man"? Possibly the portrait was done without his permission—the man of science who has knocked about the world in so many strange places, religious at heart,

but the type, as the author describes him, 'of nature without grace'. The chapters that deal with the outbreak of cholera at Aberalva (probably intended for Mevagissey in Cornwall, which suffered from such an outbreak) are among the most effective that he wrote. He took the opportunity to denounce the evangelicals who made the outbreak of that epidemic an occasion for frightening the simple folk about divine judgments for their sins and the prospect of hell-fire, thereby making them in their nerve-racked state more susceptible to the disease itself. Brianites, he calls them (*alias* Bible Christians), "*soi-disant* followers of John Wesley",[1] thereby bringing down on himself the indignant protests of that eminent Wesleyan, Dr. Rigg, who insisted that Kingsley had completely misrepresented the evangelicals, and especially the Wesleyans.

The religious and psychological effect of the book on some readers was strange—even startling. Someone wrote: "Sir—Mr. B—— was my confessor. Dr. P. is now. Nevertheless I read all your books, and yesterday in the midst of *Two Years Ago* I knelt down and said, 'At last, Oh God I love thee! for I know that thou art good.'"[2] All honour to the man who could accomplish that by means of a novel. But, reading the book despite its quite distinct merits, one cannot help being a little surprised. Its chief defect is the insipidity of the characters from high life, Lord Scoutbush and the rest. They are irritating and tiresome.

His last novel, *Hereward the Wake* (1866), was an attempt to write a historical romance after the manner of Scott. But Kingsley had neither the genius nor, as a writer of fiction, the humour of Scott.

The end of this story, like the end of *Westward Ho!*, has a certain tragic greatness, and it embodies Kingsley's belief that the punishment of sin (in this case Hereward's unfaithfulness to Torfrida) is the suffering which comes as a *natural* consequence.

Daniel Macmillan once suggested that Kingsley should write a satirical novel in which he should recant and glorify Mrs. Grundy. But his brother Alexander knew his client's limitations. "I think your last scheme plausible," he wrote, "but scarcely quite adapted to Kingsley's genius."

Why did he not lay the scene of a historical novel in his own Eversley, situated as it had been on the edge of Windsor Forest? Natives do not change through the centuries—at least not those centuries—and he might have given us the humour of the Hampshire 'hethcropper' as Scott gave us those of the Border peasant. Perhaps he has himself given the reason why he did not make such an experiment. In January, 1856, Daniel Macmillan suggested that he should write a novel about "common life".[3] This was his answer:

"Anent your plan of a common life novel. Yours is very admirable and good as notes to think over. But it will be long ere I write another. Certainly not for a couple of years. *Two Years Ago* is as near common life as I care to get. My great complaint of the book is, that it is so much more tame than common life really is. The fault of the usual common life novels is their execrable goody-goody-ness—the insipid respectability (utterly

[1] Their founder, one O'Brian, had seceded from the Wesleyan Methodists.
[2] *L.M.*, ii, 41. [3] *Life of Alexander Macmillan*, p. 93.

untrue to life) of their personages, who make up for want of character and want of action by endless analysis of little dirty commonplace motives. Let us leave all that to . . . the American twaddlers, male and female, who are deluging the world with pictures of American respectability—as false to fact as possible. . . . I, if I went in the general rut, should not be drawing England as she is—though we have no slaves! Let me go on, doing what I have always done, from *Yeast* and *Alton Locke* till now; shewing how much of the heroical and tragical element, supposed to be dead, buried, and whitewashed over, survives in modern society, ready to reassert itself for evil and for good the moment a great cause or a great sorrow appears. I am the prophet of the coming convulsion; I cannot cry peace, peace where there is none. I see all things in Christendom drifting towards the hurrican-circle of God's wrath and purifying storms. I can only tell people that, again and again, in every possible form and say, 'While you are believing in hell, you are forgetting God; and in saving yourselves out of hell, you are blind to the fact that you are rushing upon the thunderbolts of God himself. Cease to do evil, learn to do well; learn what *this* world means, and what God is doing here; and then only it will be time to talk about the world to come, and what He will do there.'"

Before we finish with the novels proper, it is interesting to note that in 1858 he conceived the idea of writing a novel about the 'Pilgrimage of Grace', the Catholic revolt in the reign of Henry VIII. It is a pity he did not carry it out, for the heroes were to be the Catholics, Robert and Christopher Aske. "I love the old Catholic laity," he writes, though he could not, he said, withdraw what he had written in *Westward Ho!* "Romanism under the Jesuits became a different thing from what it had been before."

On two occasions he was able to explore the great wolds that rise up by way of Wharfedale, Wensleydale, and the other Yorkshire dales to the heights of Ingleborough and Penyghent and the long Pennine backbone that stretches up to Cross Fell and joins the Cheviots, perhaps for wild grandeur unsurpassed in England. In 1845 Dean Wood, of the Collegiate Church of Middleham in Wensleydale, offered him a canonry, a purely honorary post. The second visit was made with the express purpose of gathering material for his projected novel, the subject of which was suggested by Froudē. He was attracted, too, by the opportunity of exploring the curious geology and magnificent scenery of Malham Tarn above Airedale, near which he stayed. The book was begun, but abandoned.

He made an attempt to introduce the Yorkshire scenery into yet another abortive novel, probably to have been entitled *Alcibiades*, which was eventually finished, under the title *The Tutor's Story*, by his daughter, Mrs. Harrison, 'Lucas Malet'. Its history, as she tells it in her Preface, is an odd one.

She took charge on her mother's death, in 1892, of all her father's literary notebooks and MSS. For reasons which she does not name she did not examine these till 1916. Among them were about 150 pages of *The Tutor's Tale*, of which she had heard nothing before. She completed

it by filling in gaps and carrying on the plot, which she found to be "firmly based, though unresolved; events and situations being recorded, the how and wherefore of which are neither led up to nor accounted for". However, after the opening chapters of *The Tutor's Story* had already appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*, Mrs. Harrison's attention was called to a passage in *The Life and Letters of Malcolm Kingsley Macmillan*, which relates how somewhere about 1860 Kingsley told the father of the writer that he had a scheme of a novel to be called *Alcibiades*. The idea was of a young nobleman "imbued with philosophy" who becomes corrupted by society and his powers of persuading men, "Alcibiades, in fact, translated into modern times, whether to end in a partial redemption, like the service which the historical A. performs when in exile, by a complete, as it were Christian redemption, or quite tragically, I don't know. . . . A. must have been the cause of calamities to his country. This idea is, of course, imbued through and through with Plato." The elder Macmillan subsequently mentioned the matter to Kingsley, who replied, "The truth is, Macmillan, that I *know* too much ever to write the book. I have been too much behind the scenes (i.e. of court, fashionable, diplomatic, etc., life), and should inevitably do what is most wrong for a novelist, introduce personal portraits, paint real calamities."

Here is a pretty literary problem for those who care for such. Was the fragment, which 'Lucas Malet' found and completed, part of the projected *Alcibiades*? She added in all about as much again as her father had written, and it is clear from internal evidence of style, thought, and the like that the bulk of the first half of the completed book was Kingsley's work. But it does not suggest that the young nobleman was to take a part in public life (though that is not impossible) and probably Kingsley had left notes and fragments enough of the latter part to show that it was to be a drama of private life, involving the conflicting affections of the young nobleman and his tutor. His daughter, however, seems to have been convinced by the discovery of Macmillan's letter that it was a fragment of *Alcibiades* that she found.

At the opening of the story one has the impression that here is a new medium, a story told by one of the characters in the drama which might suit Kingsley well, for the inevitable moralizations come more naturally in the mouth of the tutor who is also narrator. But, assuming the first half to be the work of Kingsley, one misses the breadth of the setting of the greater novels. Its scope is rather that of *Yeast*. As it proceeds into the part which is mainly the work of 'Lucas Malet', although as story-telling it is well developed, one begins perversely to long for the real Kingsley even with all his more tiresome tricks and mannerisms.

One curious slip 'Lucas Malet' would seem to have made. At the end she introduced something very like the modern detective-inspector ("I placed the matter in the hands of Inspector Lavender of the detective police)." Surely this is an anachronism among the original 'peelers', for the time of the story is before the appearance of trains.

The scenery, and some of the names—Hartover and Vendale, for example—were carried over into *The Water-Babies*.

From *The Life of Alexander Macmillan* we learn that Kingsley contemplated in 1856 a novel on the subject of the massacre of the Vaudois by the Piedmontese in 1655, but was obliged to abandon it because a friend of his, who was chaplain at Genoa, was unable to accompany him as guide through the intended scene of the novel.

There was one other projected novel of which Kingsley's daughter discovered the title and some fragments, *Darling, the History of a Wise Woman.* The scene was to be laid in the New Forest, which Kingsley had explored on a holiday, and the plot concerned "the doings of certain French refugees during the Terror". The French Revolution was one of Kingsley's secondary periods of historical study. It is probable that the failure to work out any of these projects is to be accounted for by powers failing through overwork and the exacting nature of his professorial duties from 1860 onwards. If they could not in any case have reached a standard higher than that of *Hereward*, it is well that they were not completed.

In the present writer's opinion the two works of fiction most likely to last are neither of them novels, and were both intended primarily for children, *The Water-Babies*[1] and *The Heroes*. Of these two, *The Water-Babies* is in part beyond the comprehension of children (at least some of the most significant passages must be just nonsense to them), but *The Heroes*—perhaps his most perfect piece of work—can delight people of all ages.

"*The Water-Babies* was," says Mrs. Kingsley, "the last book, except his West Indian one *At Last*, that he wrote with any real ease, and which was a pure labour of love, for his brain was getting fatigued, his health fluctuated, and the work of the Professorship, which was a constant weight on his mind, wore him sadly."[2]

Kegan Paul has given us a picture of the way in which he used to work at his novels: "The MS. of the book he was writing lay open on a rough desk, which was merely a shelf projecting from the wall. . . . He would work himself into a sort of white heat over his book, till, too excited to write more, he would calm himself down by a pipe, pacing his grass-plot in thought and with long strides." The 'white heat', which he mentions sometimes resulted in astonishing rapidity of composition, as is shown by the story of how *The Water-Babies* was begun.[3] He had promised to write a book for his youngest child Grenville, who was then a baby, and was reminded of this by the other three, who had already got their book (*The Heroes*). "He made no answer, but got up at once and went into his study, locking the door. In half an hour he returned with the story of little Tom. This was the first chapter of *The Water-Babies* written off without a correction." The rest appeared in monthly instalments in *Macmillan's Magazine*. He was quite unprepared, says Mrs. Kingsley, for the sensation it would make.

To Maurice he wrote: "I have tried, in all sorts of queer ways, to make children and grown folks understand that there is a quite miracu-

[1] In the original edition of 1863 the word is hyphened both in the title and throughout the text. Many of the subsequent editions have omitted the hyphen in the title.

[2] *L.M.*, ii, 188.

[3] It is told by Rose Kingsley in her Introduction to the *Everyman* edition of *The Water-Babies*. For Kegan Paul's description see *L.M.*, i, 226.

lous and divine element underlying all physical nature; and that nobody knows anything about anything, in the sense in which they may know God in Christ, and right and wrong, and if I have wrapped up my parable in seeming Tom-fooleries, it is because so only could I get the pill swallowed by a generation who are not believing, with anything like their whole heart, in the Living God. Meanwhile, remember that the physical science in the book is *not* nonsense, but accurate earnest, as far as I dare speak yet."

A curious question affecting theology has been raised concerning this apparently simple moral tale. An enthusiast for the works of Kingsley once said to the present writer, "Glorious though it is, *The Water-Babies* is rank heresy. Tom is supposed to die when he falls into the brook, and is required to undergo another period of probation. In the orthodox view there may be education in the next life, but not further probation." Apart from the question of orthodoxy, which need not detain us, does Tom go through a *probation* after death? That he does die there can be no question. Except to those who do not suspect the presence of a theological allegory, it is quite plain. "They were very unhappy when they found a black thing in the water, and said it was Tom's body, and that he had been drowned."

To those who follow out the allegory carefully with this question in mind the problem may very naturally occur: What is the difference between probation and education?—or are they possibly the same thing? Is not our own school education a process, both on the moral and intellectual side, involving continual tests and therefore 'probationary'? It is true that some fail in the end—but we educators always have to examine ourselves carefully, and must often admit with sorrow that the real failure is ours. The divine Educator cannot fail.

Let us see how it works with Tom. Half beast through his upbringing, he has to consort with water-beasts until he is worthy to be the companion of other water-babies.

The water-fairies "were very sorry to see him so unhappy, and longed to take him, and tell him how naughty he was, and teach him to be good, and to play and romp with him too: but they had been forbidden to do that. Tom had to learn his lesson for himself by sound and sharp experience, as many another foolish person has to do, though there may be many a kind heart yearning over them all the while, and longing to teach them what they can only teach themselves." Except for a fleeting glimpse, Tom is unable even to recognize his true companions until he has helped the lobster out of the pot. That very unselfconscious act of kindness to one of the animals which he was accustomed to torment set him at once on the upward path. But Tom has also to learn that we can never escape from the natural consequences of our own actions, and the effect of them on our characters. That was Kingsley's consistent belief concerning punishment both in this world and the next. So Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid has to teach him that "she wishes people to keep their fingers out of the fire by having them burnt". Tom steals sweets. His first punishment is his sense of misery and shame, and the prickles of the sea-urchin which grow

all over him—for, the author twice insists, the soul makes the body rather than the body the soul ("I am not joking . . . I am in serious, solemn earnest"). Next, Ellie is given to him as schoolmistress, and she teaches him by the pure influence of love. She it is who tells Tom that "those who go there" (that is to say, the home to which she returns every Sunday) "must go first where they do not like, and help somebody they do not like". And so Tom is eventually redeemed by his pilgrimage to the Other-end-of-nowhere and his kindness to Grimes. Grimes himself has a second chance—" 'Foul I would be and foul I am. . . . It's all my own fault: it's too late.' . . . 'Never too late,' said the fairy." Similarly, in the 'moral' at the end he is no doubt expressing his own sentiment when he says: "Some folks can't help hoping with good Bishop Butler, that they may have another chance, to make things fair and even, somewhere, somewhen, somehow."

He who can disentangle here the elements of education and probation will have advanced far in philosophy. Incidentally, it involves the puzzle of Free Will. As to Kingsley's own view, let us take his advice about the incident of Tom and the lobster: "If you will read this story nine times over, and then think for yourself, you will find out why."

As story-telling, the first part about Tom and the sweep is unrivalled in its kind. So are the descriptions of natural life, Tom's first adventure with the river-creatures, and his arrival at the sea. They must have awaked in many a desire to know and to explore in the realms of nature, perhaps even more than his less-known nature books, like *Glaucus*, have done. *The Water-Babies* is a national possession and still widely read (did it not appear in dramatic form on the radio not long ago? and what a popular broadcaster Kingsley would have made!) But here is a piece of the latter passage for those who do not know it: "The sea-breeze came in freshly with the tide and blew the fog away; and the little waves danced for joy around the buoy, and the old buoy danced with them. The shadows of the clouds ran races over the bright blue bay, and yet never caught each other up; and the breakers plunged merrily upon the wide white sands, and jumped up over the rocks, to see what the green fields inside were like, and tumbled down and broke themselves to pieces, and never minded it a bit but mended themselves and jumped up again. And the terns hovered over Tom like huge white dragon-flies with black heads, and the gulls laughed like girls at play, and the sea-pies, with their red bills and legs, flew to and fro from shore to shore, and whistled sweet and wild."

Such passages are among the best of his prose-poetry, though there are many in *The Heroes* to equal them. Many of his more descriptive essays were collected in *Prose Idylls*, but most of the pictures of nature there are more self-conscious than those of *The Water-Babies*.

It is strange that, mixed up with all this delightful lore for children and with a religious allegory on the soul's future, we should find all the characteristic Kingsleyan views on politics and things in general. There is some, though not much, of the anti-popery craze: "He is a Scotchman, and fears God and not the priest." There are the monks who amused

themselves with beating children: "Because they never had any children of their own, they took it into their heads that they were the only people in the world who knew how to manage children." In the amusing list of the world's ills in Chapter VII we find the amusing juxtaposition of "Measles, Famines, Monks, Quacks", and, more paradoxical still, "Popes, Bad Wine, Wars, Despots, Peacemongers, Demagogues". There is almost certainly a covert allusion to the Tractarians in the curious description of the Wise Men of Gotham: "He found them bricking up the town gate, because it was so wide that little folks could not get through. And, when he asked why, they told him they were expanding their liturgy." For what, in Kingsley's view, was wider than the gate of the Church of England?

There is the ideal hunting squire; and the need for sanitation—his favourite plan for utilizing the outflow of sewers—"putting the stuff on the fields"; and the Chancellor who failed to abolish Schedule D, and "comforted himself with the thought that it was not the first time that a woman had hit off a grand idea and men had turned up their noses at it" (women's suffrage?). There is the quarrel between Professors Owen and Huxley about the hippocampus major theory, and the descent of man from the ape. There is the theory, which he seriously held, that some men (the 'Doasyoulikes') might degenerate back into the gorilla.

There are sarcastic allusions to the social or class problem, "as good an Englishman as ever coveted his neighbour's goods"; and "no enemies are so bitter against each other as those who are of the same race". There is Napoleon III, "the man who removed his neighbour's landmark" (Nice), for the Emperor was the cause of most of the evil in Europe in the sight of Kingsley. Naturally all his educational theories appeared. Punishment—the futility of the ways of the lazy teacher and parent who "forced them by fright to confess their own fault, and even punish them to make them confess". He recommends self-education: "Little boys must take the trouble to find out things for themselves." The turnip-headed Tomtoddies are the victims of the examination system (payment by results?).

Prometheus is cited as the type of those who reason *a priori*, and Epimetheus, 'Afterthought', as his wiser brother, who is content to question nature patiently, as Francis Bacon advised, without any presuppositions. "His children are the men of science, who get good lasting work done in the world: but the children of Prometheus are the fanatics, and the theorists and the bigots, and the bores, and the noisy windy people, who go telling silly folk what will happen, instead of looking to see what has happened already." Not quite what the Greek legend meant, but all very salutary doctrine.

Above all there is the question whether water-babies can exist at all, which passage is aimed at those who say that 'there is no resurrection of the dead'—nor can be, and that miracles are impossible because they are 'contrary to nature'.

In fact it would almost be possible to deduce all Kingsley's theories—theological, social, political—from this charming phantasy alone.

Naturally allusions like these sound like nonsense to children and there is real nonsense of a rather irritating kind scattered about, such as the list of remedies which occupies three pages in Chapter IV. But there is also a great deal of first-class humour, which sometimes reminds us of Lewis Carroll and sometimes of W. S. Gilbert. Of the former kind we have those odd statements which leave us in doubt whether they make sense or not. "No one has a right to say that no water-babies exist till they have seen no water-babies existing, which is quite a different thing, mind, from not seeing water-babies"; or, "how comfortable to have nothing on him but himself"; and, of the other kind, we have the various renderings of the '*maxima debetur*' saw, especially, "You must show your respect for children by never confessing yourself in the least wrong to them, even if you know that you are so, lest they lose confidence in their elders." There is, too, "the pantheon of the great unsuccessful" (a name that Bunyan might have invented), where "poets lecture on aesthetics because they cannot sell their poetry".[1]

The Water-Babies is uneven. The latter part, when Tom is on his travels, becomes chaotic—almost nightmarish. The episodes one harks back to are those of the chimney-sweep, the dame-school of Vendale, and the miraculous life of the water-creatures.

There is none of this unevenness about *The Heroes*. This book, too, was written for children, and can be enjoyed equally by most grown-up people. Who can forget Jason on the bank of the Anauros (the illustrations are better than most of their period, and help the memory) or Perseus and the three Grey Women ("Give me the eye that I may see him . . . give me the tooth that I may bite him"), or Theseus and the three robbers? The author of the article 'Charles Kingsley' in *The Dictionary of National Biography* thinks that Kingsley gives the impression that "the ancient Greeks or Teutons had more of his real sympathy than the early Church". But it is fair to remember that the 'early' Church about which he mostly wrote was not that of Justin Martyr or Irenaeus or Cyprian, but the corrupt Church of Cyril of Alexandria. He does moralize a little in *The Heroes* on the ancient Greeks ("these old Greeks", in his rather patronizing manner, as elsewhere "those old monks" and even "old David"), but not much. The tale is never interrupted thereby, as too often in *Hypatia*.

The value which he assigned to the stories is clearly given in the third lecture on *Alexandria and Her Schools*, where he says that we persist in training our boys upon "those old Greek dreams" . . . "because those old Greek stories do represent the Deities as the archetypes, the kinsmen, the teachers, the friends, the inspirers of men. Because while the schoolboy reads how the Gods were like to men, only better, wiser, greater . . . that boy is learning deep lessons of metaphysic, more in accordance with the *reine Vernunft*, the pure reason whereby man perceives that which is moral,

[1] In the following paragraph comes the warning, "It is destruction to go west." Is this possibly the origin of that obscure expression to 'go west' of our own time? During the last war there was a discussion in *The Times* about its origin. Suggestions were made of the most various kinds, from 'the West as traditionally the region of darkness' to the West as 'the place to which naughty girls from the East End drift'. There was even an Army story about a general on horseback at Aldershot, who called out in a fruity voice, "I am going west!"

and spiritual, and eternal, than he would from all disquisitions about being and becoming, about actualities and potentialities, which ever tormented the weary brain of man."

It is quite safe to say that *The Heroes* will continue to live. As a story-teller, when he lets himself be that and nothing more and forgets his pulpit for awhile, Kingsley is unsurpassed.

Like most novelists of that day whose profession was not primarily literature, Kingsley seems to have doubted at one time whether the writing of novels, even novels with a moral, was not—shall we say—a little disreputable. (He had moved far from the 'plenary inspiration' of *Yeast*.) For Henry Kingsley wrote in 1863: "I am glad he [C. K.] has got out of the absurd idea that it is *infra dig.* to write novels. . . . A man who has forced his way to the front rank by literature must not throw literature overboard. It won't do."

But that he had no qualms on this point earlier is shown by a letter written to his wife in 1854, mentioning the money difficulties now overcome. "To pay them I have thought, I have written, I have won for us a name which, please God, may last among the names of English writers. Would you give up the books I have written that we might never have been in difficulties? So out of evil God brings good; or rather out of necessity He brings strength."[1]

It was in the following year that Ludlow wrote him the letter, already referred to, finding fault with him for an excessive love of praise (it is amusing to remember that *both* had once been called "conceited young men" by Hare). Ludlow had written, "Our Lord's words stand, about not seeking the honour which comes from men, but the honour which comes from God only." Kingsley replied that the love of praise was implanted by God. It could be degraded into vanity, but to desire the esteem of as many rational men as possible—"in a word, to desire an honourable and true renown for having done good in my generation"—had nothing to do with that. It was important for a man to pay attention to public opinion, "correcting his impression of the voice of God within by the testimony of the voice of God without". He taught his children the same—not to retort "never mind what people say", for "in a Christian country like this, where with all faults, a man (sooner or later) has fair play and a fair hearing, the esteem of good men, and the blessings of the poor, will be a pretty sure sign that they have the blessing of God also".

Whatever we may think of this as a defence, it makes it plain that after the publication of *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho!* Kingsley appeared in the eyes of a valued friend, and presumably therefore of others also, to have had his head turned by his literary success. Is it possible that the change of mind indicated by Henry's remark was due to his relations with the royal family? Four years after Ludlow's letter, and four before Henry's remark was written, he became Chaplain to the Queen. The Prince Consort greatly valued *Two Years Ago*, and Queen Victoria speaks admiringly in her letters of "Charles Kingsley, the great novelist". But when he was actually in the service of those royal persons it was good to

[1] *L.M.*, i., 421.

publish sermons and books about science; but to be writing novels still—? Disraeli had not yet persuaded the Queen that the profession which "we authors" pursue was quite dignified, at any rate when they wrote fiction. The explanation is not impossible, but it is unlikely.

It is much more probable that it was the Cambridge Professorship which he thought inconsistent with novel-writing. That this should happen in an academic *milieu* is intelligible. The Regius Professor of History a novel-writer? Surely we look to him for fact, not fiction. One can see the raising of eyebrows, and hear the muttered criticisms at High Table. It is true that *Hereward* was written during the period of his Professorship, and it is possible that Charles was meditating the inception of this when Henry made the remark recorded. But *Hereward* is a purely historical study, with no propaganda. In fact Kingsley is not at home in it, which perhaps accounts for its failure.

Dr. Rigg[1] records an anecdote which gives us the reason for his final abandonment of the novel. On a visit to Kingsley at Eversley in 1868 he was driven over from Aldershot by a friend who happened to have visited the day before a farmer and his wife in Kingsley's parish. Their conversation turned on the Rector. The farmer praised his ways in general, "his knowledge of men and things, his homeliness, his kindliness", but made some complaint of his preaching, which he found sometimes "over plain" and occasionally "hard upon the hearers". The farmer's wife praised him for his qualities as a visitor of the sick, and added: "They do say as he do write novels; but I don't believe a word of it." Rigg repeated this to Kingsley afterwards, and he replied: "Ah, but I have done with writing novels. Henceforth my work will be very different. Please God, I shall devote myself for the rest of my life to showing that there is a living God in nature, and that the God of Nature is one and the same with the God of the Bible."

He had realized his true calling.

[1] 'Memoir of Cannon Kingsley', in *Modern Anglican Theology*, pp. 87–8.

VIII

ETERNAL DEATH—AND LIFE

Dr. J. H. Rigg, in his 'Memoir of Canon Kingsley' in *Modern Anglican Theology*, relates how he had criticized Kingsley's theology in the *London Quarterly Review* and a correspondence—rather an angry correspondence on Kingsley's part—had followed. Rigg had accused Maurice and Kingsley of verging on 'Pantheism and Neo-Platonism', the very doctrines that Kingsley was always condemning when he found them in the writings of others. He further thought that Kingsley was unsound in regard to human responsibility and freedom in their relation to the divine government of the world. In his last reply Kingsley said: "I shall be quite silent on any charges which you may bring against me. My business is attack, and not defence." That was both characteristic and true. As Dr. Rigg says, "He believed himself to have a vocation to assail certain things which he held to be terrible evils, and among these things was popular evangelical theology, as he conceived it." There is not really much in Rigg's accusation of pantheism. His argument is that Kingsley was a believer in Plato's theory of the Eternal Ideas, and that that is a pantheistic doctrine—a very disputable statement. Not only Origen but even Augustine had believed much the same. He is nearer the truth when he says that Kingsley was unsound on Free Will. He did indeed believe in it passionately, as is plain from his inaugural lecture at Cambridge, but he had not thought out the problem. It is no use to try and find consistency in Kingsley's theology. Certain things he saw clearly, and stated emphatically, but not so as to make his general position consistent.

He belonged to no theological school, and founded no system. It would not have been within his capacity to do so. Mr. Harrison described his intellectual characteristics thus: "Intrepid fearlessness in the statement of his opinions; a dislike to be involved in the strife of tongues; unexpected points of sympathy with all the different sections of the Church; a certain ideal of his own, both with regard to personal holiness and church regimen; these things always left him a free lance in the ecclesiastical field." Most of these points can easily be verified from his writings, though one would have thought that his combative nature was not wholly averse from 'the strife of tongues'. Rather the reverse.

That he felt, and in some measure regretted, his detachment and isolation appears in the following, written in 1845: "I am now a sort of religious Shelley, an Ishmael of catholicity, a John the Baptist, minus his spirit and power, alas! bemoaning myself in the wilderness. . . . Nobody trusts nobody. The clergy are split up into innumerable parties,

principally nomadic. Every one afraid to speak. Every one unwilling to listen to his neighbour; and in the meantime vast sums are spent, and vast work undertaken, and yet nobody is content. Everybody swears we are going backwards. Everybody swears it is not his fault, but the Evangelicals, or the Puseyites, or the papists, or the ministry—or everybody, in short, who does not agree with him. Pardon this Jeremiad, but I am an owl in the desert, and it is too sad to see a huge and busy body of clergy, utterly unable to gain the confidence or spiritual guidance of the nation and yet never honestly taking the blame each man upon himself. Popery and Puritanism seem to be fighting their battle over again in England, on the foul middle ground of mammonite infidelity."[1]

Some would label both Kingsley and Maurice as "Broad Church". But in their day Broad Church stood for Jowett and Colenso, Mark Pattison and the authors of *Essays and Reviews*. It included the first 'Biblical critics', and Kingsley was far from being such a critic. He would seem to have accepted the historicity of Adam and Noah in full. He was no persecutor, but, while he tolerated the persons above mentioned, he regarded their negative attitude to the Bible, as he thought it, to be barren and dangerous. Yet the general tone of his theology is decidedly liberal. Brought up on Plato, he could not accept anything which seemed flatly contradictory to reason and common sense. Most of his theological ideas came to him from Maurice, but his peculiar gift of forcible expression enabled him (to use a term of modern stage slang) to 'get it across' as Maurice could not—or only less well. Moreover, even where his ideas were derivative, he always gave them a personal form and character which made them in a real sense original. Ludlow relates how on one occasion Kingsley acknowledged his debt to Maurice: "Now, J-john T-townsend" (this was Ludlow's *nom de plume* in the Christian Socialist publications), "I am g-going to t-take a sermon of M-Maurice's, and t-turn it into language understanded by the people." Ludlow continues, "To do him justice, the sermon in question was so transformed by his genius that no one but himself could have accused him of plagiarism."[2]

Further, his attitude towards Darwinism was from the first far more sympathetic than that of most of his contemporaries in the Church, partly because he understood natural science and they did not. Above all, he would have no truck with those who would confine religion to piety and deny that it had any concern with man's material welfare.

To take the last point first. In his tract *Who Causes Pestilence?* embodying three sermons on cholera preached at Eversley in 1849, he writes: "Some fancy that the business of clergymen is exclusively what they choose to call 'spiritual', and that sanitary reform, being what they choose to call a 'secular' question, is beyond their province. . . . But I can say proudly and joyfully, as a clergyman of the Church of England, that this notion is dying out daily under the influence of those creeds which tell men that the Son of God has redeemed all mankind, body, soul, and spirit, and therefore teach clergymen to look on the physical and intellectual

[1] *L.M.*, 137–8.
[2] Quoted by Dr. C. W. Stubbs in *Charles Kingsley and the Christian Socialist Movement.*

improvement of every human being as a duty no less sacred than his spiritual welfare. Nevertheless there is still too much of this lazy and selfish Manichaeism left among us." In this respect he found both Puritan and High Churchman, Calvinist and Tractarian, equally to blame, for it was not until the next generation that the Anglo-Catholics realized the implications of their own faith with its emphasis on "God made manifest in the *flesh*".

It is improbable that any leading High Churchman of the time would have assented to the views expressed in the prospectus of *Politics for the People*: "Politics have been separated from Christianity; religious men have supposed that their only business was with the world to come; political men have declared that the present world is governed on entirely different principles from that. . . . *Politics for the People* cannot be separated from religion. They must start from Atheism or from the acknowledgment that a living and righteous God is ruling in human society not less than in the natural world." But that pronouncement might easily have come from the pen of Charles Gore or Henry Scott-Holland forty years later.

On the question of the future life and its nature, Kingsley developed his own view of Purgatory (or 'the Intermediate State'), and he was led to define his position more clearly when the controversy about everlasting punishment arose which led to the expulsion of Maurice from King's College. It may be well to recall the main facts about the course of this dispute.

In 1853 Maurice published his *Theological Essays*, well aware that trouble, and the severance of his connexion with King's College, would probably result from it. The Principal, Dr. Jelf, fixed on the last essay in the book, on 'Eternal Life and Eternal Death', as giving him the best opening for impeaching Maurice's orthodoxy. "The Time and Eternity question," Kingsley wrote to a friend, "is coming before the public just now in a way which may seriously affect our friend Maurice, unless all who love him make good fight. Maurice's essays, as you say, will constitute an epoch. If the Church of England rejects them, her doom is fixed. She will rot and die, as the Alexandrian did before her. If she accepts them—not as a 'code complete', but as hints towards a new method of thought, she may save herself still."

He told Maurice that he was astonished to find in page after page things which he had thought and hardly dared to confess to himself, much less to preach, and he described how in a sermon preached "not only to my clods, but to the best of my high church gentry", he had copied word for word Maurice's essay on 'Eternal Life and Eternal Death', and spoke of the pleasure it had given them.

It will be remembered that on the issue of Christian Socialism, and Maurice's connexion with it, Dr. Jelf and his sympathizers on the Council of King's College were dissatisfied with the report of their select committee, and had no doubt determined that next time they would resort to other procedure. The first movement came from the organ of the Evangelicals, *The Record*, which at that time wielded immense power, and

could even control ecclesiastical appointments by its influence. Dr. Jelf demeaned himself by writing to the editor to assure him that the matter of Maurice's book was engaging his attention and would not be neglected by the authorities of King's College—just as though he were responsible to *The Record*. After a long correspondence between Maurice and Dr. Jelf on the theology of the essay, the matter was referred to the Council, and a motion was introduced declaring that Maurice's opinions as expressed in his book were inconsistent with the retention of his position as Professor of Theology. Mr. Gladstone, who was a member of the Council, very properly moved an amendment that the question of the orthodoxy of Maurice's published views should be submitted to a committee of theological experts. The meeting, however, from which many of the less prejudiced members, such as Bishop Wilberforce and Dean Milman of St. Paul's, were absent, rejected the amendment and carried the original motion condemning the Professor's opinions solely on the testimony of Dr. Jelf.

Kingsley was the last man to acquiesce in a notorious injustice, especially when done to a friend, and canvassed the more influential of his acquaintance for support to a public protest. But Archdeacon Hare counselled delay. The public generally were on Maurice's side, and no formal protest was made. It would seem that Kingsley had a further scheme for carrying the war into the enemy's country (thereby illustrating his view that his business was attack, not defence) "by making a countercharge of heresy against the 'pseudo-orthodox' ". This, perhaps fortunately, did not come off either, or we might have had an earlier 'Newman case'. Alexander Macmillan remarked of him, on this occasion, "I wish he would not be quite so breathless in his conclusion."[1] In fact he thought much the same of Kingsley's fiery impetuosity as Froude had thought in the days of *Politics*.

Maurice complained in subsequent years that he was commonly supposed to have been dismissed because he denied Eternal Punishment and was regarded as a hero and champion of those who rejected that doctrine. But he protested that he had not denied it, but had given it a different interpretation. Eternity, he argued, is not the same as time without end. It is rather timelessness. He took his stand on John xvii, 3: "And this is life eternal, that they should know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou didst send." Now Matt. xxv, 46 runs: "And these shall go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous into eternal life." If, he argued, Christ was the author of both these sayings, then the meaning of 'eternal' which obtains in St. John must also apply to St. Matthew. Eternity belongs only to God. "There is but one eternal" as Kingsley reminded a correspondent. Eternal life is the knowledge of God; eternal punishment is its absence. Moreover "Punishment", he said, "the Bible teaches me, is always God's protest against sin, His instrument for persuading men to turn from sin to righteousness. If punishment is to endure for ever, it is a witness that there are always persons on whom God's discipline is acting to raise men out of sin." But the theology of Dr.

[1] *Life of Alexander Macmillan*, p. 57.

Pusey and his school, he held, "teaches that God sentences men to sin, to go on sinning more and more for ever and ever".

But Maurice never held that God would punish the wicked up to a certain point and then leave off punishing them, however unrepentant they remained, through sheer good nature; though this was what he was commonly accused of holding. The truth is—and here we perhaps approach the really fundamental point—that he and Kingsley were both jealous of the maintenance by the Christian religion of a disinterested morality. Dr. Jelf believed, as Paley had taught, that God had appointed certain punishments and rewards to attach to certain kinds of conduct, whereas to Maurice and Kingsley this seemed, as indeed it is, mere commercial morality. The will to escape punishment is not the will to do good. Paley's doctrine is really on a level with the sale of pardons. For the true wages of sin is in a profounder sense the death of the soul. Thus Kingsley in one of his sermons at the Chapel Royal:

"As long as [a sinner] can believe that death, or hell, are only punishments arbitrarily fixed by God against his sins, he can hope that God will let him off the punishment. . . . But, it is a very terrible, heartrending thought, for a man to find out that what he will receive is not punishment but wages; not punishment, but the end of the very road he is travelling on." Perhaps that is why Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid in *The Water-Babies* says, "I work by machinery just as an engine . . . and am wound up very carefully so that I cannot help going." Punishment, for Kingsley, was the *natural* consequence of sin.

He said also that his horror of 'popery' and tractarianism arose from their doctrine of expiatory works, which destroyed the disinterestedness of morality, and we find a similar opinion expressed in this assertion in his essay, "A mad world, my masters" (*Miscellanies*, I), with an odd allusion to Newman: "The religious world in England," he says, "value virtue, not for itself, but for its future rewards. . . . Their religion is too often one of 'loss and gain', as much as Father Newman's own." How would Newman have treated this attack if he had arisen on this occasion instead of taking up the challenge in regard to veracity? Probably the ground he chose was the more favourable.

Maurice had protested throughout his controversy with King's College that if he was accused of holding opinions contrary to the doctrine of the Articles and the Book of Common Prayer, Dr. Jelf could not possibly take it upon himself to be a final authority on the interpretation of these. The views which he and Kingsley maintained about eternal punishment were supported by one curious but important historical fact. The Articles of Religion, as they appeared in the Prayer Book of 1553, were forty-two in number, and the forty-second ran as follows:

ALL MEN SHALL NOT BE SAVED AT LENGTH

Thei also are worthie of condemnacion who indevoure at this time to restore the dangerouse opinion, that al menne be thei never so ungodly, shall at length be saved, when thei have suffered paines for their sinnes a certain time appoincted by Goddes justice.

This article disappeared from the next version of the Articles and was never reinstated, a fact which does suggest that the theologians of the Church of England hesitated to exclude the final redemption of all. Had not the Apostle said, "God hath shut up all unto disobedience, that he might have mercy upon all"?[1]

The whole question of eternal, or everlasting, punishment must now seem very unreal, at least 'to him that filleth the place of the unlearned'. The ordinary layman and all those who are not ecclesiastically minded will probably agree with the late Rev. C. L. Dodgson ('Lewis Carroll'), who preached a sermon in St. Mary's at Oxford towards the end of his life in which he quaintly and characteristically disproved everlasting punishment on the logical principle of 'excluded middle'. Either God is just or unjust; there is no third alternative. Everlasting punishment cannot be just in any accepted meaning of the term; therefore a just God cannot impose it.[2] Nor are they likely to acquiesce in the idea that in a future life, if there be such, anyone will be cut off from the opportunity of amendment, and progress towards a better and higher life. That one short life of probation should determine once for all a man's fate for all eternity—a destiny of absolute misery and torment or of perfect and everlasting bliss—is too irrational and absurd, whatever Scripture may say or seem to say! A process of purification, perhaps, and remedial treatment of the soul may be needed—the Roman Church there seems more sensible than the Protestants, but even they hold with this strange idea of the determination of the soul's ultimate destiny once and for all at death. Besides, surely the whole idea of a future life is obscure and difficult enough. If God is both just and merciful, we should surely trust not only to His justice, but also to His unfailing mercy and love, of which Christ said so much.

If this be a true account of the attitude of the average Christian 'man in the street' today, he must certainly be in sympathy, for the most part, with the convictions of Charles Kingsley. He unburdened his heart on this subject to Thomas Cooper, the Chartist poet, who was much in the position of our hypothetical Christian 'man in the street'; at least he was approaching Christianity from the street under Kingsley's guidance. He had evidently had difficulties about Hell-fire. Fire? But is it not, Kingsley asked himself, a purifying, as well as a consuming agent—purifying?—and what does Purgatory mean but purification? Yes, he could and did believe in Purgatory, though not of course the 'popish' sort, with its pardons and indulgences, for why should anyone wish to escape from a process, or any part of it, which had for its object the purification of the soul? If God by a miracle could suddenly restore the soul to perfection—but what reason have we to think that He *would?* As for the popular idea of 'Tartarus', a place of arbitrary punishments, it should follow "its more foolish, but far less immoral and infernal child", the popish Purgatory, in a second European Reformation. Impossible that God should condemn

[1] Rom. xiii, 32. The difficult passage, of which those words form the conclusion, has been subject to many diversities of interpretation, but it is not impossible that it declares the final salvation of all.

[2] I do not know if this sermon has been published, but I heard it delivered in a course of special sermons for undergraduates about 1897.

the larger part of the human race to pass endless time in irremediable torments—"*one* such case ought to be enough to destroy the happiness of all the saved (unless they are grown suddenly cruel), and keep all heaven one everlasting agony of compassion".

Cooper had also suggested on the other hand that Maurice and Kingsley attributed a "soft indulgence" to God. Kingsley's reply to this is important because it contains his most deep-rooted conviction on this subject, which he illustrated in the concrete in *The Water-Babies*: "I never saw a man in whom there was not some good, and I believe that God sees that good far more clearly, and loves it far more deeply, than I can, because He Himself put it there, and, therefore, it is reasonable to believe that He will educate and strengthen that good, and chastise and scourge the holder of it till he obeys it, and loves it, and gives up himself to it; and that the said holder will find such chastisement terrible enough, if he is unruly and stubborn, I doubt not, and so much the better for him. Beyond this I cannot say. . . ."

There is little indeed that anyone can say further, but Kingsley said it very well. He insisted that the Puritan doctrine was wrong which held that immediately after death a man at once becomes completely and eternally either good or bad. "Do not rashly count on some sudden radical change happening to you as soon as you die, to make you fit for heaven. There is not one word in the Bible to make us suppose that we shall not be in the next world the same persons that we have made ourselves in this world . . . what we sow here, we shall reap there."

His belief that good is to be found in every single man and woman, and that God is aware of it, is well illustrated by an incident from his parish work. In the course of a walk with Clifford Harrison he encountered a 'ne'er-do-weel' of the neighbourhood, who immediately began to outpour a stream of maudlin self-pity. . . . Kingsley at once put a stop to it and spoke to him kindly but sternly, "with a sort of deference which seemed surprising". When they had passed on, Kingsley remarked: "That old gentleman is a perfect blackguard. . . . I haven't a worse character in the place. He has lost everybody's respect, even—God help him—his own. That is why I am so anxious to act as though he had not lost mine. Something may be done with him yet, if we can only show him that somebody is really interested in him. He may begin to realize that God, too, after all, is really interested in him." "If only we could know that," Harrison interjected. "But we do know it, we do know it. . . . I believe it with a faith that is surer than what we call knowledge. If I did not, I could not keep sane in a world that then were a madhouse."

In 1872 he was invited to join a committee for the defence of the Athanasian Creed. This Creed (as it is inaccurately called) was, we have seen, one of his early difficulties, but later he owned it to be the central point of his faith. Prefixed to it, as in early times to all such tests of orthodoxy, is an anathema: "Which except a man keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." He had already made suggestions for the modification of this 'damnatory clause', and had to explain his views on it to the committee. He suggested that it was the

time for churchmen to bring forward in defence of the Athanasian Creed "a somewhat neglected Catholic doctrine—that of the intermediate state or states". He feared that the Athanasian Creed was construed by the people in the light of 'puritan eschatology'—the doctrine that the fate of every man is irrevocably fixed at the moment of death. But the Church had held from a very early age the belief in an intermediate state, which had later been distorted into the "Romish doctrine of purgatory". Here he found himself in agreement, for once, with Newman, who had in the famous Tract XC contended that the Articles did not condemn the doctrine of Purgatory, but only the 'Romish' version of it. He made it plain that, like Maurice, he did not deny the possibility in particular cases of the endless punishment of the wicked, if their impenitence was endless. But he also maintained that there was nothing in the Creed to prevent one from believing in the ultimate annihilation of such persons—no hint that the author of the Creed held that there was no hope, in the intermediate state, for the unorthodox whom he denounced.[1]

It should logically follow from his view of the Intermediate State as 'another chance for everyone', as he put it in the 'moral' to *The Water-Babies*, that prayer for the dead was legitimate—not of course the 'popish' prayers for the remission of punishment, for that implied the purely retributive view of punishment which he rejected (how could it be good that punishment which we need should be remitted, especially by a sort of commercial transaction?). He never gives an explicit opinion on this subject, but it may be implied in several passages in the novels. In the last chapter of *Hypatia* he says that, twenty years after the events related there, "the wisest and holiest man in the East was writing of Cyril, just deceased—'His death made those who survived him joyful; but it grieved most probably the dead, and there is fear lest, finding his presence too troublesome, they should send him back to us. . . . May it come to pass, by your prayers, that he may obtain mercy and forgiveness, that the immeasurable grace of God may prevail over his wickedness!' So wrote Theodoret in days when men had not yet intercalated into Holy Writ that line of an obscure modern hymn, which proclaims to man the good news that 'There is no repentance in the grave'." In *Westward Ho!* (Chapter XXVIII) Mrs. Leigh, Protestant as she is, breathes a prayer that the Lord may have mercy on that soul—"the sinful soul of Mary, Queen of Scotland".

The last passage is in *Two Years Ago*. Grace has rescued Tom Thurnall after the wreck. "Strange, is it not," she says, answering her own thoughts, "that it was a duty to pray for all these poor things last night, and a sin to pray for them this morning?" The inference intended seems obvious.

He denied the reality of evil. In his view it had no existence as such, but "men can and do resist God's will, and break the law, which is appointed for them, and so punish themselves, by getting into disharmony with their own constitution and that of the universe; just as a wheel in a piece of machinery punishes itself when it gets out of gear".[2]

On fundamental doctrines he was orthodox. But we have a glimpse here and there that the traditional theological language did not satisfy

[1] *L.M.*, ii, 396. [2] *Ibid.*, ii, 28.

him. For example, in a mood of depression, consequent on the blunders in the Crimea and his physical exhaustion after the effort of writing *Westward Ho!* he wrote, in a letter to Maurice, "Did He die to deliver the world from sin? Oh, my God, is the world delivered from sin? Do I not hate history because it is the record of brutality, stupidity, murder—to bring us *thus* far, to a nineteenth century in which one can look with complacency on no nation, no form of belief, from pole to pole; in which one looks at one's own nation, really the best, most righteous of all, with the dreadful feeling that God's face is turned from it, that perhaps He has given it over to strong delusion that it should believe a lie, and fall in the snare of its own pride? I cannot escape that wretched fear of a national catastrophe, which haunts me night and day."[1]

It was impossible that he should accept the common pulpit view that "save us from our sins" means "save us from the just and natural consequences of our sins". But what then *did* it mean? There is a note of perplexity about the passage.

It was on the subject of human immortality that a well-known correspondence took place between Kingsley and T. H. Huxley.[2] Unfortunately the letter to which Huxley was replying is not extant. It was on the occasion of the death of a child of Huxley's, and Kingsley in a letter of condolence had evidently spoken of the hope of a future life. Huxley, according to his invariable principle, raised no *a priori* objection to the idea of human survival; but he could see no evidence for the belief, and therefore refused to affirm it. He suspected it to be a case of 'wishful thinking'. "Science teaches us not to jump with our preconceptions." It seemed to him that sufficient reward and punishment followed our actions here on earth, for was there not an absolute justice in the system of things, as we know them here and now, "as clear as any scientific fact"? Then follows the often quoted passage: "As I stood beside the coffin of my little son the other day . . . the officiating minister read the words, 'If the dead rise not again, let us eat drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die.' I cannot tell you how inexpressibly they shocked me. What, because I am faced with irreparable loss, because I have given back to the source from whence it came the cause of a great happiness . . . I am to renounce my manhood and, howling, grovel in sensuality?"

It looks as if there was some rejoinder by Kingsley, because in a letter written shortly afterwards Huxley returns to the subject. He speaks of his slow climb from an unguided and sinful childhood to better things. No such consideration as a future life ever entered his head. It was *Sartor Resartus* that had shown him that there could be religion without theology. He ends, "I have spoken more openly and distinctly to you than I have to any human being except my wife"; and he adds the compliment:

"If the Church of England is to be saved from being shivered into fragments by the advancing tide of science, it must be by the efforts of men who, like yourself, see your way to the combination of the practice of the Church with the spirit of science." He confessed that he did not

[1] From a letter to Maurice, 6 August, 1855, quoted by Miss Thorp, p. 125.
[2] Recorded in *The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley*, by Leonard Huxley.

understand the logic of Kingsley, Maurice, and the rest of their school, but he would swear by their truthfulness and sincerity. Good, he was sure, must come from their efforts.

How would Kingsley have explained the passage in 1 Corinthians? Huxley's indictment is a severe one and hard to answer. Plainly we must put a very wide sense on the terms "if Christ be not risen", if the criticism is to be met.

Kingsley was inclined to extend his belief in immortality beyond that of man, and to think that even the sub-human orders of living things might have immortal souls. As with Virgil, the idea came to him while watching bees. He had for the first time seen a swarm hived. "To see all those poisonous little insects crawling over Horne, wrapt in the one thought of their new-born sister-queen! I hate to think that it is vile self-interest—much less mere brute magnetism (called by the ignorant 'instinct')—which takes with them the form of loyalty, prudence, order, self-sacrifice. How do we know that they have no souls? 'The beasts which perish?' Ay, but put against that 'the spirit of the beast which goeth downward to the earth'—and whither then? 'Man perisheth,' too, in Scripture language, yet not for ever. But I will not dream."[1]

The passage is interesting not only for the idea it contains, but as illustrating his extraordinarily uncritical treatment of Scripture, taking isolated texts apart from their context and treating them as of equal value and authority, in Old and New Testaments alike, with a rather literal application. It was not much wonder that he gravely disapproved of Colenso's book on the Pentateuch and even of *Essays and Reviews*. Some of the latter are indeed so mild in their liberalism that it is difficult to see what fault could be found with them even in that uncritical period of English theology; but a few, such as Baden Powell's essay, *A Study of the Evidences of Christianity*, do assume the more modern outlook. In this respect his mind was less open than where scientific truth in the physical sense was concerned. It is curious that in discussing Colenso's book he almost seems aware of this contrast:

"All this talk of the Pentateuch is making me feel its unique value and divineness so much more than ever I did, that I burn to say something worth hearing about it, and I cannot help hoping that what I say may be listened to by some of those who know that I shrink from no lengths in physical science. . . . I am sure that science and the creeds will shake hands at last, if only people will leave both alone, and I pray that by God's grace perchance I may help them to do so. My only fear is that people will fancy me a verbal-inspiration-monger, which, as you know, I am not; and that I shall, in due time, suffer the fate of most who see both sides, and be considered by both a hypocrite and a traitor."[2]

It may be added that Maurice in his first letter to Kingsley rejected

[1] Those who are interested in this subject should read the quite beautiful ending of the essay, 'A Charm of Birds', in *Prose Idylls* (pp. 21–5), where he discusses the meaning of instinct in animals, and suggests that birds may have souls, and how "the mechanical philosophy" is turning on us and saying, "If they are machines, so are you. They have no souls, you confess. You have none either."

[2] *L.M.*, ii, 181.

the view that the Bible was a "human history, containing a gradual discovery of God". Kingsley, in his Preface to his "Sermons on the Pentateuch (1863)", showed his agreement. Such "God-consciousness", as he called it (we now say 'religious experience') seemed to him "as fallible and corrupt as any part of human nature"[1]; for it was apt to develop into ugly forms—which he enumerates in a list which might have come out of *The Water-Babies*: "polytheism, idolatries, witchcrafts, Buddhist asceticisms, Phœnician Moloch-sacrifices, Popish inquisitions, American spirit-rappings and what not".

Despite his dislike for *Essays and Reviews*, Kingsley laid a protest before his Bishop when the Archdeacon sent round a circular which seemed by the terms employed to *demand* signature by the clergy of the diocese. Loyal always to constituted authority, he resented the interference of unauthorized officialism, even when he was in agreement with its object.

Speaking generally, one cannot say that Kingsley's love of scientific method is evident in his dealings with biblical criticism, though it must be remembered that the scientific, or more accurately the historical, treatment of the Bible was then in its infancy, and was best known to the public through the works of extremists like Strauss and Renan. Colenso's book perhaps deserved Kingsley's criticisms. The author's animadversions on the Old Testament were mainly directed against arithmetical inconsistencies that are to be found there, and neither author nor critic had really studied German criticism. It was in other ways that Kingsley's scientific training assisted the cause of religion.

[1] One of Kingsley's inconsistencies, for he did not regard human nature as essentially corrupt. He agreed with Maurice's view that the Fall was a rebellion of man refusing to acknowledge his true nature, and that "Christ, not Adam, represents humanity" (*L.M.*, one-vol. edn., p. 85).

IX

WELCOME TO DARWIN—AND TAULER

On account of Mrs. Kingsley's health the early months of 1854 were spent at Torquay. Nearly all the pulpits of the place were closed to the author of *Yeast*, *Alton Locke*, and *Hypatia*, and he spent his time delightfully in those 'natural history' studies which had their fruit in *Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore*. He wrote to Thomas Cooper, "I am now busy at two things. Working at the sea-animals of Torbay . . . and thundering on behalf of sanitary reform. Those who fancy me a 'sentimentalist' and a 'fanatic' little know how thoroughly my own bent is for physical science; how I have been trained in it from earliest boyhood; how I am happier now in classifying a new polype, or solving a geognostic problem of strata, or any other bit of hard Baconian induction, than in writing all the novels in the world; or how, again, my theological creed has grown slowly and naturally out of my physical one, till I have seen, and do believe more and more utterly, that the peculiar doctrines of Christianity (as they are in the Bible, not as some preachers represent them from the pulpit) coincide with the loftiest and severest science. This blessed belief did not come to me at once, and therefore I complain of no man who arrives at it slowly, either from the scientific or religious side; nor have I spoken out all that is in me, much less all that I see coming, but I feel that I am on a right path, and please God, I will hold it to the end."

It is plain from this that he was well prepared for the advent of *The Origin of Species* when it appeared five years later. In the controversies which were opened by the publication of Darwin's book he set the example of the most frank and fearless open-mindedness; and it may be here that he made his most valuable contribution to the cause of truth.

He wrote to Maurice in 1863: "I am very busy working out points of Natural Theology by the strange light of Huxley, Darwin, and Lyell. . . . But I am not going to rush into print this seven years, for this reason: the state of the scientific world is most curious; Darwin is conquering everywhere, and rushing in like a flood by the mere force of truth and fact. The one or two who hold out are forced to try all sorts of subterfuges as to fact, or else by evoking the *odium theologicum*. . . . But they find that now they have got rid of an interfering God—a master-magician, as I call it—they have to choose between the absolute empire of accident, and a living, immanent, ever-working God."

It is, perhaps, strange that Kingsley did not see that the whole idea

of miracle is exposed to that charge of introducing an "interfering God", which he condemned in the passage just quoted. That he believed in the miraculous goes without saying. Writing to Sir William Cope in 1858, he said: "My doctrine has been for years, if I may speak of myself, that '*omnia exeunt in mysterium*' . . . that below all natural phenomena we come to a transcendental—in plain English, a miraculous ground. I argued this once with Professor H.,[1] who supported the materialist view, and is a consummate philosopher; and I did not find that he shook me in the least." He goes on to say that this belief was forced on him by observation of the generation of certain polypes of a very low order. He could find no cause, save that of a "supremely *imaginative* (if I may so speak) as well as Almighty mind, carrying out its own ideas".

He thought that miracles, "in the vulgar acceptation of the term", might have ceased; "but only for a time". Given a "*dignus Deo vindice nodus*", they might recur, and we should find them "not arbitrary infractions, but the highest development, of that will of God whose lowest manifestations we call the Laws of Nature, though really they are no Laws of Nature, but merely customs of God; which He can alter as and when He will".

What are "miracles in the vulgar acceptation of the term"?—the ecclesiastical miracles of which he was so contemptuous, when they were related by the Tractarians, or the biblical miracles? It looks like the latter.[2] Surely to quote a Latin tag which refers to the "*deus ex machina*"—a device of the ancient tragedian when the plot was in such a tangle that it needed a divine intervention to disentangle it—is hardly complimentary to the Almighty.

He exchanged a number of letters with Charles Darwin, whom he called his "dear and honoured master"—a title which had previously been Maurice's alone—on the details of his theory. He told Darwin, too, what he thought of the book the Duke of Argyll had written in criticism of *The Origin of Species*. The Duke, "in his earnestness to press the point (which I think you have really overlooked too much), that beauty in animals and plants is intended for the aesthetic education and pleasure of man, and (as I believe in my old-fashioned way) for the pleasure of a God who rejoices in His works as a painter in his picture—he has overlooked that beauty in any animal must surely first please the animals of hat species. . . . Once allow that any striking new colour would attract any single female you have an opening for endless variation."

The point is an important one. It is a pity that he did not carry it further and show that it was not a matter of 'striking new colours' only. A bird that can take pleasure not only in colour but in design, as in the beautiful and intricate markings of the peacock's plumage, must have not only the rudiments of aesthetic intuition, but a highly developed aesthetic sense.

[1] Probably Thomas Huxley.

[2] See a letter to Thomas Cooper, *L.M.*, i, 377, where he says that "Christ's miracles (not Popish ones)" seem to him the highest realization of the laws of nature, which are not broken by miracles. Unfortunately he says that he must tell Cooper the explanation of this "by and bye". So we are left in the dark.

To Alfred Wallace, who had arrived at the same conclusions as Darwin about the origin of species, almost simultaneously, he wrote that he had read Wallace's *Essay on Natural Selection* "with equal delight and profit". He only asked him to extend to all nature the truth he had so gallantly asserted for man—"that the laws of organic development have been occasionally used for a special end, just as man uses them for his special ends".

After Kingsley's death the Dean of Chester recorded that Kingsley, when asked how he reconciled science and Christianity, replied, "By believing that God is love"; and to one who objected that the explanation of the development of the mollusca given by Darwin could not be orthodox, "My friend, God's orthodoxy is truth; if Darwin speaks the truth he is orthodox."

True to his original preceptor among the ancients, he wrote to a fellow-scientist of "the spirit in which I, I trust, as well as you, have tried to search for Truth, careless, with Socrates, whither the 'Logos' led us, provided only we followed honestly in its track". He was convinced that a true religious philosophy could find the working of Providence in all the facts of nature.

This was the theme of a lecture delivered at Sion College and afterwards prefixed as an introduction to his *Westminster Sermons*. He boldly faced the implications of the new theory of biological evolution. "If the God who seems to be revealed by nature seems also different from the God who is revealed by the popular religion, then that God will gradually cease to be believed in." He did not attempt to evade the dark side of evolution. "You tell us of a God of love. What about the destructive powers over which man has no control?" His answer is that Scripture reveals a God not merely of love but of sternness, in whose eyes physical pain is not the worst of evils. For one who believes in grace as well as in nature the struggle for existence is not all. There are indeed no marks of design in physical phenomena; for the supposed signs are better explained by evolution. But "wherever there is arrangement there is an arranger. Where there is evolution there is an evolver". This hardly seems any advance on Paley. Much sounder is his argument that "if there be a supreme Reason, he must have reason, and that a good reason, for every physical phenomenon". There he is at one with Socrates in the *Phaedo*. The duty of the student of science, he says, is to find out the *how*, and the theologian's to find out the *why*.

How immeasurably grander, he thought, was the idea of an age-long evolution of species than the theory that all was left fixed and unchanging from the time of the first creation. The orchids had been shown by Darwin to be descendants of one original form, most probably allied to the snowdrop and the iris. Were these ideas inferior to the mechanical views of the universe that were popularized by the deists of the seventeenth century—that God winds up the world like a clock, and "leaves it to tick till it runs down"?

At times he seems to favour the 'vitalist' theory, which in our own time has been developed by Bergson. Below the facts scientists are finding

"life that shapes and makes"—the '*forma formativa*' of the schoolmen. But Kingsley held that the '*x*' behind phenomena was what the Bible calls 'The Breath of God', 'The Spirit who is Lord and giver of life' ".

Did he attempt too easy a reconciliation? Though the theory of the Origin of Species has by now been a good deal modified by contemporary biologists, they still refuse to admit of any teleological approach. But if Bergson's analysis of the genesis of the eye be correct, and its parts would actually have obstructed one another in their development unless the object of sight had been, so to speak, in view all the time, then Kingsley's teleology is justified in part. In part only, because the Bergsonian conception is in the end that of a *purblind* Life Force, which produces a whole race of creatures which lead nowhere in the 'upward' movement of evolution. They just die out, a blind alley in nature. Such were the great saurians. But Kingsley was aware of that. He wrote in 1856 to Maurice, who had lamented that he was "shut out from sympathy with flowers and beetles" that he might have sympathy with men. In his reply, Kingsley, like Job, addresses the Almighty: "Art thou a '*Deus quidam deceptor*', after all? No. There is something in me—which not my nature, but Thou must have taught me—which cries and will cry: Though Thou slay me, as Thou hast slain world on world already—though I and all this glorious race of men go down to Hades with the ichthyosaurs and the mammoths, yet will I trust in Thee. . . . In some flesh or other I shall see God, see Him for myself as a one [*sic*] and accountable moral being for ever. But beetles and zoophytes never whispered that to me. . . . The study of nature can teach no moral theology." He knew that it needed an act of faith to declare that God is Love, and biology certainly could not prove it.

The boldest practical step which he ever took on behalf of a scientific Christianity was his refusal, in spite of the request of some parishioners, to read in church the prayer for fair weather. During the summer of 1860 rain fell almost continually for three months and the farmers became anxious about their crops. Following the usual custom, the prayer for fair weather was said in many churches. Kingsley preached a special sermon in which he explained the reason for not complying with the request for the use of the prayer.

First he pointed out that the prayer spoke of "a plague of rain and waters" sent to us as a punishment for our iniquities. But was it a plague? Rather he could give proof that it was a blessing. He explained that the earth needed a certain average of rainfall, which actually, taking one year with another, was maintained. The last three years had been dry years with good crops, thereby furnishing a margin of food. Moreover, the rains swept away the seeds of pestilence. How did they know that in praying God to take away those rains they were not asking Him to send the cholera in the year to come? He then put a cogent dilemma: Either we expect that our prayers will alter the weather, or we do not. If we do not expect it, "we are mocking God". If we do expect it, we are no less presumptuous. We know little about the weather, and God knows all.

"Which is more likely to be right—God or I?" The weather was fixed not by arbitrary changes in the will of God, but by fixed and certain laws. Every shower and every sunbeam is foreordained from the foundation of the world.[1]

The sermon was published under the title *Why should we pray for fine weather?* and produced a number of letters in reply. One of these, which suggested that he must be classed among "the mechanical philosophers", brought a rejoinder from him. He said that, far from agreeing with their views, he was protesting against them in his inaugural lecture as Professor of History at Cambridge, then in course of composition. He agreed that plagues, famines and the like were often sent as national punishments for national sins. "But that does not prevent my asserting man's power and right to abolish those natural plagues when he has learnt how to do it." There was a humorous side to the incident, for during a pause in the rains the thanksgiving for fair weather was read in some churches; then the rains began again. "We had the painful spectacle one Sunday, of one diocese praying that the rains might stop, and another thanking God for having stopped them."

Possibly the opinion expressed about national punishment is hardly consistent with the argument. But Kingsley's views about the purpose of prayer in general were both consistent and sound.[2] Prayer should be for spiritual guidance and power—not to alter God's Will, for if that Will be good, why seek to alter it? If bad, what is the use of praying? It should be the prayer of a son to a father, "a prayer to be taught duty, to be disciplined into obedience, to be given strength of will, noble purpose, carelessness of self, delight in the will and purpose of his father". He condemned what he called "prayer to oneself to change oneself", criticizing those who thought the chief value in prayer to be its "reflex action" on oneself.

His theory of the true function of prayer is completely expressed in his suggestion, "When we pray, 'Grant this day that we run into no kind of danger', we ought to lay stress on the '*run*' rather than on the '*danger*'; to ask God, not to take away the danger by altering the course of nature, but to give us Light and Guidance whereby to avoid it."[3]

It has not often been noticed that the phrase in St. Matthew's Gospel, "How much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good things to them that ask him?" (R.V.) is given rather differently by St. Luke, in whose version "The Holy Spirit" takes the place of "good things". We cannot tell which form of the saying is the original. But if that of St. Matthew, the other is probably a true interpretation of the phrase. Kingsley maintained that the only petition for material wants in the Lord's Prayer—for daily bread—was a prayer that we might have that which was necessary in order that we as sons might be enabled to do our duty towards our Father. His teaching that prayer should be for spiritual blessings only,

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[1] In the sermon on Prayer and Science (in the vol. *Discipline*) he says that sailors should not pray for storms to be averted.

[2] They are to be found both in Sermon IX in his *Sermons for the Times*, on the Lord's Prayer, and more clearly in his correspondence with the anonymous Lord.

[3] *L.M.*, ii, 115. The punctuation, which in the original is confusing, has been slightly altered.

both for ourselves and others, and for power and inspiration to enable us to do God's will, was almost certainly the teaching of his Master.

Mrs. Kingsley has related a conversation between two guests at a dinner party, which illustrates well his puzzling versatility of mind. "What an unintelligible mystic Kingsley is," remarked one of them. "I wonder if he himself understands his own writings." Presently the conversation turned on science. "There is an admirable article on that subject," said the same speaker, "in the *Review*; it throws more light on it and gives more practical suggestions concerning it, than anything I have read for years." "It was written by Kingsley," said the other.[1]

Kingsley was not an accurate thinker as theologian any more than as historian. Indeed, in quite small matters, such as quotations from poetry, his inaccuracy amounts to slovenly negligence. He trusted to intuition primarily, especially where he saw a moral issue at stake. It is in commonsense matters such as these questions about eternal punishment and about prayer that he is most valuable.

It is characteristic of him that he should touch the opposite poles of thought—the scientist's outlook and the mystic's. The popular idea of his religion is that it was practical, robust, unmystical—in short 'muscular Christianity'. Indeed, he speaks of himself as "not a man of a mystical or romantic turn of mind". We turn the pages, and find him describing himself as "one who disbelieves the existence of matter far more firmly than Bishop Berkeley, but is accessible to no hints from anything but matter. A mystic in theory and an utter materialist in practice—who if I saw a ghost tomorrow, should chat quietly with it, and take out pen, ink and paper to get an exact description of the phenomenon on the spot—what shall I do?" The cause of this apparent contradiction lies partly in the vagueness with which the term 'mystic' and 'mysticism' are commonly used. Berkeley is not usually set down as a mystic. For mysticism in the true philosophical sense is the belief that a man can have a direct and unmediated apprehension of God. It is not too much to say that all true religion has a mystical element. Kingsley was well aware that the mystical outlook was truly Christian, seeing that the Fourth Gospel essentially, and the Pauline writings partially, exhibit this type of religion. Moreover, he had, as a poet, been touched with Wordsworth's religion of nature, and that is essentially mystical.[2]

Nor would it have been possible to have studied the Neoplatonists, whether Christian or pagan, so long and deeply as he did, without some appreciation of their standpoint. But in view of his opinion expressed early in life[3] that asceticism and mysticism had to be eradicated "in preaching our message", we are naturally a little surprised to find him writing prefaces to translations of both *Theologia Germanica* and *Tauler's Sermons*.

He was asked first to write a preface to Miss Winkworth's translation of

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[1] *L.M.* (one-vol. edn.), 173–4.

[2] See *L.M.*, i, 80, where he seems to understand through his own experience of the beauty of nature what Wordsworth meant in his great *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*.

[3] See Chap. ii, p. 31.

the *Theologia*. He naturally felt a little diffidence in committing himself to the doctrines of a great mediaeval mystic, and consulted Maurice, who advised him to consent, and to treat the book as a "practical work on Ethics". The Chevalier Bunsen, who was sponsoring the translation, advised likewise that he should "keep to the ethic point and leave the metaphysic to Luther" (who ranked the book next to the Bible). Kingsley began his preface by recommending it "to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness . . . to those who long to be freed, not merely from the punishment of sin after they die, but from sin itself while they live on earth . . . to those who cannot help trusting that union with Christ must be something real and substantial, and not merely a metaphor and a flower of rhetoric. . . ." He explained that he must not be taken to agree with all the contents of Tauler's book. It was for its noble views of righteousness and of sin that he honoured it. Even the startling term '*vergöttert*'—'deified'—had been employed of Man by both Athanasius and Augustine, the latter giving the qualification that it meant "deified by His grace, not as born of his substance". That Eternity into which the mystic is allowed to enter meant, not endless duration, but, as he and Maurice had already preached, "that ever present moral world, governed by ever-living and absolutely necessary laws, in which we and all spirits are now". Kingsley wrote, somewhere about the same time, in *Westward Ho!* of "that loud crying out about I, and me, and mine, which is the very bird-call for all devilry, and the broad road which leads to death". Possibly it is an echo from the *Theologia*, for according to the writer of it, as with that older and great mystic Plato, it is the Mine and the Thine—possessiveness—that are the great obstacles to man's spiritual progress. "Now where a creature or a man forsaketh and cometh out of himself and his own things, there God entereth in with His own, that is with himself."

The preface to Tauler's *Life and Sermons* is in some ways the more interesting of the two, for Kingsley is concerned to defend the mystics from the charge that they suffered from illusions induced by a morbid state of mind. He has done it very ably and on much the same lines as those on which Dr. W. R. Inge defended them fifty years later.[1]

He says that the same craving after the Absolute and the Eternal are to be found among Eastern nations as in the mediaeval Christian mystics. People who discover this can follow one of two courses. Either they give it all up as an adulteration of Christianity, or conclude that those thoughts must be a normal product of the human spirit, and that they indicate a healthy craving after some real object. Tauler, like St. Elizabeth, appealed to Kingsley as being a practical saint. He and his fellows proved that the highest spiritual attainments, instead of shutting up a man in self-contemplation, send him forth to work, as his Master worked before him, among the poor, the suffering and the fallen. In mystics and saints, after all bodily illusions, all nervous fantasies, all pardonable confusions between subject and object had been eliminated, there still remained one

[1] Whether Dr. Inge was acquainted with Kingsley's Preface I do not know, but the lines of thought are remarkably similar.

of the loveliest and noblest of human characters. "The loveliest products of humanity cannot be founded on a lie." He suggests that when the mystics claim some direct vision of eternal truth, eternal good, eternal beauty, confessing their own humility and weakness, we should say that though it transcends our experience we must accept it as we accept the testimony of travellers to the wonders they have found. "Perhaps to these lonely sufferers more was granted than to the many because they needed more." There follows a typical observation of Kingsley the scientist: "It is foolish to deny the possibilities of such wonders in the nineteenth century, which is revealing weekly wonders in the natural world."

One doubt he felt about Tauler's language. He asked Miss Winkworth, the translator, for an explanation of the phrase "[the soul in the mystic vision] has no longer any distinct perception of virtue and vice". Does it mean, he asks, virtue and vice "in the casuist sense", as mere acts involving rewards and punishments, and that the soul has reached the ground of perfect love from which all virtue springs, and so no longer seeks any resistance against that love? The reply is not recorded. Indeed, who shall give the reply? The mystics certainly do commonly insist that in God and the mystic vision of God good and evil are transcended. But Kingsley himself believed[1] that evil had no real existence. Therefore, when the Real is reached, evil must necessarily disappear.

In his essay reprinted in the *Miscellanies* on 'Hours with the Mystics' he is less happy. He tries to explain away too much—to resolve mysticism into exalted ethics. Morality to the mystic is the porch of reality through which all must pass who would see the beatific vision; but it is far from being the vision itself. Kingsley says that the 'pantheistic' identification of subject and object (the epithet begs the question) is but "the clumsy yet honest effort of the human mind to say to itself, 'doing God's will is the real end and aim of man'." But the worst is this: "The Hebrew rises to the very idea of an inward teacher, which the Yogi had, and to a far purer and clearer form of that idea; but he is not tempted by it to selfish individualism, or contemplative isolation, as long as he is true to the old Mosaic belief, that this being is the Political Deity, 'the King of Kings'." What use had Yogi or Christian mystic either for politics or a political God? We feel in that dreadful phrase, Political Deity, that we have passed suddenly from the realm of the mystic and been merged rudely and painfully into a most unmystical Deism. It is only fair, however, to admit that by this unfortunate expression Kingsley does not seem to mean anything like 'our good old German God', in whom the Kaiser Wilhelm II used to put his trust. He means 'a God who governs'. But it is rather a harsh transition from the Infinite Being of Tauler to the national God of the Old Testament.

It is worth while to add one or two detached points on which Kingsley's views were interesting. It seemed to him that since humour is a good thing God must be possessed of a sense of humour. He argued thus: "I see humour in animals, e.g., a crab and a monkey, a parrot, a crow. I

[1] *L.M.*, ii, 28. Quoted on p. 131.

don't find this the result of a low organization. In each of these four cases the animal is of the highest belonging to his class. Well; there the fact is; if I see it, God must see it also, or I must have more insight than God into God's own works. . . . Then comes a deeper question. God sees it: but is He affected by it? I think we could give no answer to this, save on the ground of a Son of God, who is that image of the Father in whom man is created. If the New Testament is true, we have a right to say of humour, as of all other universally human faculties—*Hominis est—Ergo Christi est—Ergo Dei est.*"[1]

He believed in demoniacal possession. It is truer, he thought, to regard the body as the expression of the soul, and largely moulded by it, than the reverse. He had seen cases of mental trouble in his parish which he could only attribute to possession, among which he mentions "a peculiar kind of epilepsy", and "some of the horrible phenomena of puerperal mania". He even thought that he had experienced the visitation of an "unclean spirit" in himself, no doubt during the painful period of his religious doubts.

"I am perfectly certain that the accesses of mingled pride, rage, suspicion, and hatred of everybody and everything, accompanied by the most unspeakable sense of loneliness and '*darkness*' . . . which were common to me in youth, and are now, by God's grace, very rare (though I am just as capable of them as ever, when I am at *unawares*, and give place to the devil by harsh judgments or bitter words) were and are nothing less than temporary possession by a devil. I am sure that the way in which those fits pass off in a few minutes, as soon as I get ashamed of myself, is not to be explained by '*habit*', either physical or moral (though '*moral habits*' I don't believe in), but by the actual intervention of an unseen personage, I believe our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, driving away that devil."

Such personal experiences are not to be gainsaid. All one can advance by way of criticism is that "*Entia non sunt multiplicanda praeter necessitatem*". We must not assume new factors as causes before we are certain that the phenomenon investigated is not explicable by causes already known. Moreover, how does this belief square with Kingsley's assertion, already mentioned, that evil has no positive existence?

He went on to describe a remarkable case which he had known among the cottagers at Eversley. It was a 'temporary madman', who in his first fit tore off all his clothes and ran away into the woods naked. In his second fit he turned melancholy mad, walked up and down in silence, and when he spoke declared that the devil had hold of him and would not let him sleep. The doctor, who, as Kingsley put it, believed in demoniacal possession, said that the man's mind must cure his liver, not his liver his mind. Kingsley then took the matter in hand, and told the man that he agreed with him, that the devil *was* in him, and that the reason was "because, my dear man, you have been a thief, and a cheat, and a liar . . . and have sold yourself to the father of lies", but that if the man would

[1] The same interesting theme has been treated by the late Arthur Clutton-Brock in his sketch *Voltaire in Heaven.*

pray for forgiveness, and lead an honest life, he might snap his hands at the devil. After a time the man recovered and had no return of the trouble for seven years.

It looks at first sight like an ordinary case of manic depression, to which a peculiar character had been given by the fact that the man himself believed in demoniacal possession. It is possible that most of the cases which missionaries report as being undoubted cases of possession, and not explicable in any other way, are due to the intense belief of the victims that it is not only possible but probable that devils may find lodgment in them. They act accordingly. The interesting point about it is that Kingsley believed the man's recovery from the mental trouble to be due to a moral reformation. But that might be a case of *post hoc propter hoc*, and we are not told that his relapse into insanity after seven years was the sequel to any moral backsliding.[1]

As might be expected, he was friendly with Nonconformists, and though he held Calvin to be a "child of the devil", he suffered the Calvinistic Methodists (of whom not a few were to be found at Eversley) if not gladly, still with sympathy. His first letter to Maurice had for one of its objects the seeking of advice as to how to proceed in argument with them. To an Independent (or Congregationalist) correspondent, who apologized for being such, he wrote:

"As to your being an Independent, Sir; what's that to me? provided you—as I see you do—do justly and love mercy, and walk humbly with your God. I don't think you will ever find the freedom in your communion which you would in ours—the freest, thank God, in the world." He went on to say that his forefathers were Independents, and fought by Cromwell's side at Naseby and Marston Moor, and the younger brother of one of his ancestors was one of the original Pilgrim Fathers, though his family had for generations thrown off their Calvinism: "Yet I glory in the morale, the God-fearing valour and earnestness of the old heroes, and trust I should have believed with them had I lived in their day, for want of any better belief." But that belief is now found inadequate: "the bed is too short and the cloak too narrow".

Maurice, writing much earlier, in 1846, gave Kingsley his perhaps prophetic opinion that in the future the real struggle of the day would be "not between Popery and Protestantism, but between Atheism and Christ". Certainly at the present day all the signs point to this.

Kingsley, too, was afraid that the young of his generation might resort to a form of pantheism or positivism. "It is positivism—of a loose, maundering kind—which is really growing up among young men. When Huxley proclaims himself a disciple of Kant and Berkeley, they think in their hearts, then he is a retrograde dreamer—'almost as bad as that fool of a Christian, Kingsley'."[2]

The editor of an atheist newspaper wrote to him in 1859 to tell him what good he and his friends had derived from reading *Alton Locke*, *Yeast*, and *Hypatia* aloud on Sunday evenings—"such perusal makes us

[1] *L.M.*, i, 465–6.
[2] *Ibid.*, ii, 367 (written in 1871).

better men". He said in the course of his reply, "It is a barren, heartless, hopeless creed, as a creed—though a man may live long in it without being heartless or hopeless himself. . . . But what I want to say to you is this, and I do want to say it. Whatever doubt or doctrinal Atheism you and your friends may have, don't fall into moral Atheism. Don't forget the Eternal Goodness, whatever you call it. *I call it God.*"

X

NEWMAN'S OPPORTUNITY

So far we have been dealing with the positive side of Kingsley's religion and theology. The negative side is less attractive, and eventually it led him into the greatest disaster of his public life—the controversy with Newman. He was violently opposed to everything that savoured of 'popery', and above all to the Jesuits and what they stood for (or what he imagined that they stood for). Later it developed into something like an irrational obsession.

It has already been suggested that Kingsley in his youth was attracted by the Church of Rome, and that that may partly account for the fierceness of his subsequent opposition to it. It is, however, surprising to find the following statement among his reminiscences of Charles Mansfield. He says that at Cambridge, Mansfield "was what would be called a materialist, and used to argue stoutly on it with me, who chose to be something of a dualist or gnostic. I forget my particular form of folly." Now a dualist in ethical theory is one who believes that the world owes its origin partly to powers of good and partly to powers of evil, which are in continual conflict, the balance dipping slightly now on this side now on that. In particular he holds that the flesh and the natural desires springing from it are the work of evil. Gnostic sects were mostly inclined to dualistic asceticism. But the best known and most characteristic dualism in early Christian times was the system which was originated by the Persian Manes, and was known to Christians as Manichaeism. St. Augustine professed this form of belief for a few years before his final conversion to Catholic Christianity.

According to this doctrine the two powers which controlled the Universe were Light and Darkness, which were identical with Good and Evil. The formation of the world was due to the good spirit, but the creation of man was ascribed to the powers of darkness. The fall of Adam was due to sexual desire, and to redeem him from this frailty in particular the work of redemption was accomplished. Aeons of light were sent down for the protection of men (here the affinity with Gnostic systems is evident) and Jesus was one of these.

We have already had examples of the frequent use of the term Manichaean or Manichaeism in Kingsley's writings. It might almost be called his 'King Charles' head'. Certainly he had no success in keeping it out of his memorial. In fact he was aware of this himself. In the dialogue between the author and Claude Mellot in North Devon about art (*Prose Idylls*) we have this:

"To say that severe simplicity is the highest ideal is mere pedantry and Manichaeism."

"Oh, everything is Manichaeism for you, Claude."

It stood for those ascetic principles which he found, or thought he found, in the writings and utterances of the Tractarians and in general of 'papists' and monks. It would be unwise to press too far the dictum of Freud that we are prone to condemn in others the conduct (including, no doubt, the opinions) which we ourselves most desire to practise or observe. But it is certainly remarkable that, according to his own evidence, Kingsley was attracted in youth both by ethical dualism and by the Church of Rome. Possibly since he had forgotten what particular form of folly was assumed by his dualistic propensities, it was no more than a youthful pose. Still the fact remains that he always accused both Tractarians and Romanists of believing in a dualistic asceticism. If not avowed, it was at least the logical conclusion of many of their utterances and beliefs. We have come across it in *The Saint's Tragedy*, especially in the Abbess' question about Elizabeth's dying words:

> In her confession
> Was there no holy shame, no self-abhorrence
> For the vile pleasures of her carnal wedlock?

His most extreme statement on this subject is to be found in a letter to an anonymous correspondent, who had raised some difficulty about the Christian attitude towards marriage:

"It were a sin to marry," he says, "in all who knew celibacy to be the higher state, because it is a sin to choose a lower state, without having first striven to the very uttermost for the higher. . . . *Were I a Romanist, I should look on a continuance in the state of wedlock as a bitter degradation to myself and my wife.* . . ." (The italics are mine.) This raises two important questions. First, is it a sin to adopt some course of conduct which you do not believe to be the highest, even though you do not think yourself capable of following that which you believe in theory to be the highest? Secondly, has the Catholic Church, at any stage in its history, definitely asserted it to be a matter of faith to hold that the virgin or celibate state is the highest? Both are questions too difficult to be fully discussed here. But it must be pointed out that both Roman Catholics and Tractarians have declared marriage to be a sacrament. They certainly did not and do not regard it as having the nature of sin, even if, as Kingsley held, they logically should do so. Again, it is one thing to say that for those who have a vocation for the celibate life it is possible to attain to a higher spiritual state than can be attained by others who have not that vocation, and another to 'forbid marriage', an attitude which the early Church condemned as heresy in the Encratites and others.

Lastly, whatever the Primitive Church and the mediæval Roman Church may have believed in this matter, it is certain that St. Paul, at least at one stage of his career, held that the unmarried state was the higher. "It is good for a man not to touch a woman. I would that all men

were even as myself . . . but and if thou marry, thou hast not sinned. . . . Let each man wherein he was called therein abide with God."[1]

It is true that the Apostle does not say, "It is *best* not to touch a woman", but, "It is good". Yet the whole tenor of the passage is that marriage is a concession to the flesh—decidedly a second best. The Apocalypse of St. John would seem to teach the same. (Rev. xiv, 4.) Kingsley appealed to The Epistle to the Ephesians in support of his views of marriage as the highest state (we must always remember that his own marriage was ideally happy), but he seems to have ignored the different view in 1 Corinthians.

Probably his bitter attacks on Roman Catholics and Tractarians as being 'Manichaeans' is due to the fact that here and there among the writings of the wilder Tractarians, like W. G. Ward and Hurrell Froude, there were to be found sentiments not unlike those which he placed in the mouth of the Abbess in *The Saint's Tragedy*. No doubt he found similar sentiments up and down the biographies of monks which he often explored. Thus he writes, in a letter on teetotalism which was sent to *The Christian Socialist* but not published, "The old monks and early fathers proved from logic, reason, Scripture, science, and everything else, that marriage was horrible, beastly, ruinous—the parent of every misery and evil on earth."[2]

He also ascribed ascetic views to the authors of the *Tracts for the Times*; but as one turns the pages of these it is not easy to hit on any prominent exposition of ascetic doctrines. Surely it was not Pusey's very mild tract on Fasting that he had in mind. Besides, Kingsley himself used to fast on occasion, though he told Maurice that he was prepared to give up the practice if it was likely to be misunderstood.

Yet not everything that Rome did was evil in his sight. He held that the service of art to divine worship was an ideal that Rome maintained and Protestantism had lost—and even despised. Here and there, too, one finds a certain sympathy for the Tractarians, and especially for Newman, appearing, as in the Preface to the Fourth Edition of *Yeast*. There, speaking of the 'failure' of Neo-Anglicanism, he asks, "Is it so great a sin, to have been dazzled by the splendour of an impossible ideal—or to have had courage enough to attempt to enforce it against the prejudices of a whole nation?" And he warns the evangelicals, who, after Newman's secession, seemed to have triumphed, not to be unaware of the beam in their own eyes. "Does Mr. Spurgeon, then, take so much

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[1] 1 Cor. vii, 1, 8, 28, 24. I have said 'at one stage of his career', for if St. Paul was the author of the Epistle to the Ephesians (a much disputed point) he would seem to have changed his view about marriage, and adopted a far higher one. That he did not consider the effect of his teaching in 1 Corinthians on the population of mankind is due to his view that 'the time is shortened' (v. 29 in *R.V.*).

[2] By the courtesy of a Roman Catholic theologian I am able to state that the view of his Church is that self-dedicated virginity is definitely held to be a higher state than that of marriage, but that this has never been defined as a dogma. It is recognized, too, that in the reaction to the vices of the later Roman Empire this view was greatly exaggerated. One would like to know what 'early fathers' Kingsley was referring to. It can hardly be true of the orthodox fathers of the first three centuries, who one and all, including the Alexandrine Clement, condemned the 'Encratite' doctrines of the Gnostics.

broader or nobler views of the capacities and destinies of his race, than that great genius, John Henry Newman?" (This was written in 1851.)

For evangelicals were also liable to be classed by him as 'Manichaeans',[1] so far as they held Puritan views, showed contempt of God's good gifts, and held that religion, since it was only concerned with 'spiritual things', should not debase itself by being concerned with man's material welfare. He sympathized with the Tractarians in their desire for the restitution of one visible Catholic and Apostolic Church, and only differed from them in that respect through their desire to make a short cut to their goal by reunion with Rome, which he held to be verily the Scarlet Woman in her corruptions. Even Fox and Wesley he blamed, despite his very real admiration for the latter at least, because they were "trying to lay a new foundation for human society, and forgetting that one which was already laid which is Christ."[2]

Almost the first mention of the Tractarians in Kingsley's letters concerns the famous Tract XC, in which Newman endeavoured to show that it was possible to accept the 39 Articles without denying any 'Catholic' doctrine. Referring to a review of that tract in the *Edinburgh*, Kingsley says: "Whether wilful or self-deceived, these men are Jesuits, taking the oath to the Articles with moral reservations which allow them to explain them away in senses utterly different from those of the authors. All the worst doctrinal features of Popery Mr. Newman professes to believe in." That was in 1841. But when he writes to Maurice on the same subject in 1865, his attitude to the question of subscription to the Articles has decidedly altered. He had discovered by that time that it was not possible for him or any other theologian of a liberal type to subscribe them in the sense of those who composed them. He argued that when the Articles assert a proposition, e.g. concerning the Trinity, "they assert that that and nothing else is true, and so bind thought; in the case where they condemn an error, they proscribe *one* form of thought, and leave all others open by implication, binding neither thought nor conscience". Thus the Tract XC argument was quite fair—"*if its author could have used it fairly*". He argued that, though the 'Romish' doctrine of Purgatory was false, denying that did not forbid him to believe other doctrines of Purgatory to be true. He sums up his position thus: "All I demand is that, in signing the Articles, I shall be understood to sign them and nothing more; that I do not sign anything beyond the words, however popular and venerable, unless I choose."

Thus it would seem that he had in his earlier years a distinct admiration for Newman and his persuasive eloquence; but the portrait which he gives of him in *The Irrationale of Speech*[3] probably represents his considered opinion, especially after Newman's secession.

"Oh thou great and terrible—sophist shall I call thee? or prophet? Why art thou dead to Englishmen? Why is thy once sweet voice all jarred,

[1] *L.M.*, i, 144.

[2] *Ibid.*, i, 429–30.

[3] *Fraser's Magazine*, July, 1859; afterwards reprinted (1864) as a pamphlet. It is primarily intended as 'Hints to Stammerers', and the context of the above passage is a criticism of the faulty enunciation practised by pulpit orators.

thy once pure taste all fouled, by bitter spite and insult to thy native land? Why hast thou taken thyself in the net of thine own words, and bewildered thy subtle brain with thy more subtle tongue? I know not, and perhaps I need not know; but this I know, and gaze astounded as I see it, that raw lads are dreaming that they can stand, forsooth, painfully posturing and balancing, where thou didst fall perforce; and that they can carry out the ideal which after devoting thy life to it thou hadst to relinquish with bitter grief as impossible. And this I know that they are trying now as a last despairing effort, to rouse the masses by screaming."

Again, he wrote to Philip Gosse in 1858: "Your arguments are strongly like those of the old Jesuits, and those one used to hear from John Henry Newman fifteen years ago, when he, copying the Jesuits, was trying to undermine the grounds of all rational belief and human science, in order that, having made his victims (among whom were some of my dearest friends) believe nothing, he might get them by a 'Nemesis of faith' to believe anything, and rush blindfold into superstition. Poor wretch, he was caught in his own snare."[1]

These facts about Kingsley's varying attitude towards the Church of Rome, and his general estimate of Newman's character and worth, have been set out at length because they account in some measure on the one hand for the bitterness with which Kingsley assailed his antagonist, and on the other for a certain desire to find a ground for conciliation, at any rate in the earlier stages of the dispute. There was a certain resurgence of a mental conflict which had troubled him in his youth concerning the ethics of sex. Newman, Romanism, 'Manichaeism', forbidding to marry, combined to form a mental complex which upset the balance of his judgment in a case where he had especial need of sober reasoning and wariness.

In 1864 Kingsley was at the height of his popularity. All his novels except *Hereward the Wake* had been written, and their vogue was great. *Politics for the People* was for the most part forgotten or forgiven by the class to whom it had given offence. Not without reason did the Greeks declare that the gods were envious of too much prosperity, and led him who enjoyed it into the snare of a fatal arrogance resulting in ruin and the loss of all. The country generally was with him in his anti-papal diatribes, and feared the growth of the 'romanizing' party in the Church of England. Had not Newman, the former leader of the movement, shown whither it all inevitably led? And now he had paid the price of his treachery and double-dealing by having fallen into complete obscurity. The subtle influence and once powerful oratory of the former Vicar of St. Mary's henceforth counted for nothing. Yes; the warning voices of the anti-Tractarians had been right; right, above all, had been Charles Kingsley!

Wilfrid Ward, in his Preface to the Apologia, tells us with a curious

[1] *Life of Philip Henry Gosse*, by Edmund Gosse (letter of 4 May, 1858). Is it possible that one of the 'dearest friends' was Charlotte Grenfell? Kingsley wrote the Introduction to the unpublished *Life of St. Elizabeth* about 1842–43; so the dates make it possible. There is no evidence that she was acquainted with Newman. They might, however, have corresponded.

candour that Newman was awaiting an opportunity to set himself right both with the larger public and with that of his adopted Church. The one public ignored him; the other treated him with a cold suspicion. Not a few of his fellow Catholics even asserted that the orthodoxy of some of his books was doubtful. How could he explain to both worlds the reasons which had led him to the place where he was, and the inwardness and loyalty of his present faith? In an unguarded moment the opportunity was given him by the very leader of his opponents.

In January, 1864, a review appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* of J. A. Froude's *History of England*, Vols. vii and viii, signed 'C. K.' In it occurred the following sentences: "Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so."

Newman at once wrote to Messrs. Macmillan to complain of the paragraph. He pointed out that there was no reference given to any writing of his, nor any quotation made. "I do but wish to draw the attention of yourselves, as gentlemen, to a grave and gratuitous slander."

His letter was forwarded by the publishers to Kingsley, who at once entangled himself further in the trap into which he had walked so unwarily. He referred to Sermon XX, *Wisdom and Innocence*, in Newman's published volume *Sermons on Subjects of the Day*. The tone of his letter was not ungenerous: "It was on account of that sermon that I finally shook off that strong influence which your writings exerted on me; and for much of which I still owe you a deep debt of gratitude. I am most happy to hear from you that I mistook . . . your meaning, and I shall be most happy, on your showing me that I wronged you, to retract my accusation as publicly as I have made it."[1]

"On your showing me that I wronged you"—but what need was there for showing? Kingsley had accused Newman of informing the public that truth for its own sake need not, and on the whole ought not, to be a virtue *with the Roman clergy*. In proof he adduced a sermon preached by Newman *in his Anglican days*. It was said above that he entangled himself further; but in fact he could not help it after the first fatal step. For the allusion to *Wisdom and Innocence* in the sentence "cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints . . ." was too obvious to escape anyone who knew the sermon; and no doubt it had not escaped Newman. The only way out was a complete and unqualified withdrawal of the whole statement. Unhappily, that is the last thing that a man, who thinks that he has the public behind him, is ever likely to do.

Newman replied to Kingsley pointing out that the allusion was to a 'Protestant' sermon, and ironically expressed surprise that Kingsley was the author of the article. (It was signed with his initials, of the identity of which Newman could hardly be unaware.) Kingsley then sent to

[1] See Appendix II.

Newman a draft of a letter which he proposed to have inserted in the next number of *Macmillan's Magazine*:

"Dr. Newman has, by letter, expressed in the strongest terms his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words. No man knows the use of words better than Dr. Newman; no man, therefore, has a better right to define what he does or does not mean by them. It only remains for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him; and my hearty pleasure at finding him on the side of truth, in this or any other matter."

To the careless reader this might seem an ample apology. But has he not discerned the lurking sarcasm? "No one knows the use of words better than Dr. Newman." . . . "My pleasure at finding him on the side of truth."

The insinuations did not escape Newman. He complained that Kingsley's letter would be understood by the general reader to intimate that he, Newman, having been confronted with definite extracts from his own works, had laid before Kingsley his own interpretation of them. He then set forth a clever exposition in parallel columns of Kingsley's words and the way they would be interpreted by the public. For example:

"No man knows the use of words better than Dr. Newman . . ."	"Dr. Newman knows, better than any man living, how to insinuate a doctrine without committing himself to it."
". . . my hearty pleasure at finding him on the side of truth."	"I cannot but feel a hearty pleasure also, at having brought him, for once in a way, to confess that after all truth is a Christian virtue."

There can be little doubt that this *was* the way in which Kingsley intended his words to be interpreted by the general reader.

Kingsley accordingly omitted the two objectionable passages, and sent the revised version with the comment, "Having done this, and having accepted your assertion that I was mistaken, I have done as much as any English gentleman can expect from another."

But if he thought that he had thus freed himself of his subtle and acute adversary he was mistaken. Newman wrote to Messrs. Macmillan that he had put Kingsley's revised letter of apology before an impartial friend, "who lives out of the world of theological controversy and contemporary literature". This friend gave his opinion that the proposed reparation was decidedly not sufficient, because "he leaves it to be inferred that the representation, which he has given of your statements and teaching in the sermon . . . is the natural and primary sense of them, and that it is only by your declaring that you did not mean what you really and in effect said, that he finds that he had made a false charge".

In fact it was not enough for Kingsley to avow himself convinced that Newman did not mean what he said. What evidence was there *that he had ever said it*? Kingsley had by an ironical destiny become subject to his

own criticism of the grammarians of Alexandria: "Before you can tell what a man means, you must have patience to find out what he says."[1]

Wilfrid Ward, in his *Life of J. H. Newman*,[2] expressed the opinion that Newman might have let the controversy drop, and accepted Kingsley's apology, imperfect though it was. The British public was on Kingsley's side. But suddenly there appeared a new and unexpected ally for Newman in R. H. Hutton, the ex-Unitarian editor of *The Spectator*. In the number of his journal dated 20 February, 1864, he denounced Kingsley's action in uncompromising terms: "The title of one of his books[3]—*Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers*—represents too closely the character of his rough but manly intellect, so that a more opportune ram for Father Newman's sacrificial knife could scarcely have been found." He called Kingsley's *amende* "a very inadequate apology for his rash statement".

Kingsley thereupon decided to publish a polemical pamphlet against Newman. While it was in preparation, he wrote to a correspondent: "I am answering Newman now, and though of course I give up the charge of conscious dishonesty, I trust to make him and his admirers sorry that they did not leave me alone. I have a score of debts to pay, and this is an instalment of it."[4] What these presumably personal debts were we are not informed, for the two men had so far not come into personal contact with one another at all.

The next step was the publication by Newman of the whole correspondence under the title, *Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Newman: a Correspondence on the question whether Dr. Newman teaches that truth is no virtue.* To the correspondence he added a page and a half of "Reflections on the above", caustic, ironical, paraphrasing the whole exchange of letters in an imaginary conversation, of which the central point was, "Mean it! I maintain I never said it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic." It ended, "While I feel then that Mr. Kingsley's February explanation is miserably insufficient in itself for his January enormity, still I feel also that the correspondence, which lies between these two acts of his, constitutes a real satisfaction to those principles of historical and literary justice to which he has given so rude a shock. Accordingly, I have put it in print, and make no further criticism on Mr. Kingsley."

He must have known his adversary well enough to be sure that he would not suffer these clever and provoking thrusts in silence. In fact he probably anticipated exactly what happened.

Kingsley flung forth the pamphlet, *What then does Dr. Newman mean?* justifying his attack on the sermon in the worst rhetorical manner. "The Lord has delivered him into my hands" must have been Newman's mental comment; and he sat down and wrote, resting hardly by day or night, and frequently in tears when he thought of the past—the *Apologia pro Vita Sua.*

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[1] *Alexandria and Her Schools*, p. 49, 1st edition, 1854.
[2] ii, 5–6.
[3] Sub-title to *Phaethon.*
[4] *Life of J. H. Newman*, ii, p. 718.

Anyone who reads the sermon *Wisdom and Innocence*,[1] simply as an Anglican sermon without thought of possible *arrières pensées*, would find it difficult to believe that it had been made the subject of an accusation that the preacher had therein belittled the virtue of veracity, and suggested that it was not a virtue to be commended in the Roman or any other Church. The central statement is this: "By innocence, or harmlessness, is meant simplicity in act, purity in motive, honesty in aim; acting conscientiously and religiously, according to the matter in hand, without caring for consequences or appearances; doing what appears one's duty, and being obedient for obedience' sake, and leaving the event to God. This is to be as innocent as a dove; yet this conduct is the truest wisdom; and this conduct accordingly has pre-eminently the appearance of craft."

There was one slightly ambiguous expression, "Priestcraft has ever been considered the badge, and its imputation is a kind of note of the Church", and on this statement Kingsley fastened, as though Newman had said that priestcraft actually was the badge and note of the true Church. He omitted to notice with sufficient care the next words, which were, "and in part, indeed, truly, because the presence of powerful enemies, and the sense of their own weakness, has sometimes *tempted* Christians to the abuse, instead of the use of Christian wisdom, to be wise without being harmless" (the italics are mine); "but partly slanderously, and merely because the world called their wisdom craft, when it was found to be a match for their own wisdom and power". Towards the end he had said, "What, for instance, though we grant that sacramental confession and the celibacy of the clergy do tend to consolidate the body politic in the relation of rulers and subjects, or in other words, to aggrandize the priesthood? for how can the Church be one body without such a relation?" —not, it is true, pleasant reading for one who believed in the essential Protestantism of the Church of England, but surely in no way an encouragement to unveracity. Kingsley, however, with his usual impulsive want of care, accused Newman of asserting that sacramental confession and celibacy of the clergy were 'notes' of the Church, and even that Newman *defined* what he meant by the Church in these two notes of her character. Newman had no difficulty in showing that not only did he say nothing of the kind, but that neither of the two points mentioned entered into the definition of the Church.

At the head of Kingsley's pamphlet was set by way of text a quotation from a sermon of Newman's in which occur the words, "It is not more than a hyperbole to say, that, in certain cases, a lie is the nearest approach to the truth." Why did he not make this sermon the subject of his original attack rather than *Wisdom and Innocence*? It was a far more vulnerable position. But even so what person is there who instructs a servant to say 'not at home', and must not admit, if he thinks at all about it, that there is much truth in Newman's statement; for to tell the literal truth, that 'he is not in a mood, or has not the time to receive you', would be to leave the caller with a sense of personal insult which the words were far from intending to convey. The same would be true of the reservations

[1] *Sermons Bearing on Subjects of the Day*, XX.

which doctors observe when questioned by patients about the nature of their illnesses. The doctrine has its dangers, no doubt, but it can honestly be maintained by people who attach great importance to veracity and are anxious that the words they use should convey the full truth to those whom they address. At any rate it is a debatable point of ethics. Newman maintained that it was admitted by "almost all authors, Catholic and Protestant", *that when a just cause is present*, there is some kind or other of verbal misleading which is not sin.

Kingsley further gave quotations from a series of *Lives of the English Saints* which Newman had sponsored, pointing out the puerile stories which he accepted as truth, and the insufficiency of the rules which he recognized for the discrimination of historical fact. He quoted passages from Newman's lectures in which he seemed to assign an inferior position to truth in the hierarchy of the virtues. One valid and relevant point he did make. Newman had ignored the qualifying words 'for its own sake' in Kingsley's original statement, "Truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy", and had represented Kingsley as having said, "Dr. Newman tells us that lying is never any harm."

Taken by itself, there is in the pamphlet a good deal of quite justifiable criticism of various works and statements of Newman. But what Kingsley had to prove was his original charge; to explain how he came to adduce an Anglican sermon as his chief evidence, and to show that that sermon did bear the meaning which he imputed to it. Newman was not the kind of adversary who would allow him to escape without making good these points to the last iota, and they could not be made good. Finally Kingsley had made the very gravest charge against Newman of personal unveracity. What proof was there, he asked, that when Dr. Newman remarked, "Mean it? I never said it", he did not signify, "I did not say it, but I did mean it"? This was a personal imputation, slanderous if not true, that Newman's word could on no occasion be relied on. There was only one possible answer for Newman to make—to appeal to the true story of his life and opinions, and ask the public to decide whether his career had been one living lie (as many supposed)—that he had posed as a loyal Anglican when he was really a Romanist in disguise. Moreover, Kingsley had argued that Newman had no right to call the sermon, as he did, a 'Protestant' sermon. Had he not in his Anglican days repudiated the term Protestant as a true description of his religious position? Therefore, whether he had spoken in the character of Anglican or Romanist, the voice was the voice of Rome.

The reply came back, sharp and cogent—What logic is this? Because I said *at that time* that I was not Protestant, does it imply that I was in reality Roman? Had Mr. Kingsley not heard of the term Anglo-Catholic? But to rebut this whole suggestion that through all his Tractarian days he had been a papist in disguise, Newman again needed to relate the history of his religious opinions. And so, by a skilful manœuvre, it was Newman after all, and not Kingsley, who appealed, and appealed with lasting success, to the Cæsar of British public opinion. "His very question," said Newman to himself, "is 'What does Dr. Newman mean?' . . . He

asks about my mind, and its beliefs and its sentiments; and he shall be answered."

When the *Apologia* was published, no one any longer paid much attention to the original dispute. It was and is the autobiographical part (III) of the *Apologia* that the public read; and, after reading, they acquitted Newman of the whole charge, asserted or implied, that he had been a Romanist in disguise. He was able to convince them that he had remained a loyal Anglican so long as he felt it possible to do so. By historical study of the cases of the Donatist schism and the Monophysite heresy, he had gradually become convinced that those cases were parallel to the position of the Church of England, and that she, too, was in heresy and schism. Not till he was fully convinced of that did he abandon the *Via Media* and pass over to Rome.

"I cannot be sorry," begins the *Apologia*, "to have forced Mr. Kingsley to bring out in fulness his charges against me." He certainly had no reason to be sorry after the publication of the book.

Why did Kingsley make no further reply? There was plenty of opportunity presented for criticism, especially in Part VII, the "General answer to Mr. Kingsley". For example, there was Newman's defence of the doctrines of Transubstantiation and of the Immaculate Conception. Of the former he said: "What do I know of substance or matter? just as much as the greatest philosophers, and that is nothing at all." But if we know nothing about substance or matter, why do we even name them? That of which we can predicate nothing is a name and no more. Of the Immaculate Conception he said: "Catholics have not come to believe it because it is defined, but it was defined because they believed it." Are theological doctrines then to be approved by the counting of heads? Not so the teaching of the Master. "Strait is the gate, and narrow the way, and *few* there be that find it." It might be said with equal justice that Arianism might well have been defined as a doctrine because, considering the vast number of Gothic Christians who at one time were adherents of the Arian form of doctrine, to say nothing of a large proportion of Christians in the Mediterranean world, there may at one time have been a numerical majority for Arianism.

But after all these were not the main issues. Nor is it true, though Mrs. Kingsley has affirmed it, that "the main point of issue was the question whether the Roman Catholic priesthood are encouraged or discouraged to pursue truth for its own sake", and not the personal integrity of Newman, though the former question, if really discussed on its merits, would have been far more fruitful. Through his initial rashness of speech Kingsley had ruled that out. It *had* become a question of the personal integrity of Newman himself, and Newman emerged triumphant, to say nothing of his having added another classic to the English language.

Mrs. Kingsley says that her husband knew that Newman was not in good health at the time, which put him at a great disadvantage in the issue. Nor was Kingsley's own health at all good at the opening of that year. But it is unlikely that either of these facts accounts for his unwilling-

ness to carry the controversy further, and answer the *Apologia*. The ground which he had taken up was too hopelessly unsound. He retired therefore into silence, with a reputation permanently damaged.

The literary world was almost unanimously on Newman's side. For once even 'the Master' was not on the side of his disciple. . . . "I would have given much," wrote Maurice, "that Kingsley had not got into this dispute with Newman. In spite of all evidence I do believe Newman loves the truth in his heart of hearts, and more now than when he was an Anglican."

The one influential voice raised in Kingsley's favour, though not in public, is an unexpected one, that of T. H. Huxley. "That man" (Newman), he wrote, "is the slipperiest sophist I have ever met with. Kingsley was entirely right about him."[1]

Kingsley, though he made no further move in public, wrote an angry letter to Alexander Macmillan: ". . . I have determined to take no notice whatever of Dr. Newman's apology. I have nothing to retract, apologize for, explain. Deliberately, after 20 years of thought, I struck as hard as I could. Deliberately I shall strike again, if it so pleases me, though not one literary man in England approved. I know too well of what I am talking. . . . I cannot be weak enough to put myself a second time, by any fresh act of courtesy, into the power of one who, like a treacherous ape, lifts to you meek and suppliant eyes, till he thinks he has you within his reach, and then springs, gibbering and biting at your face. Newman's conduct has so much disgusted Catholics themselves that I have no wish to remove their just condemnation of his doings. . . ." That is enough to give (it is the worst) of a letter so deplorable in taste that if it had not already been made public[2] one could wish to leave it unnoticed.

Perhaps the most balanced judgment is that of Fenton Hort: "Kingsley was much to blame for his recklessly exaggerated epigram, though it had but too sad a foundation of truth. Newman's reply, however, was sickening to read, from the cruelty and insolence with which he trampled on his assailant. Kingsley's rejoinder was bad enough, but not so horribly unchristian."[3]

It is pleasant to be able to end with a note of Christian charity. Wilfrid Ward in his *Life of Newman*[4] gives a letter written by him to Sir William Cope in 1875, a month after Kingsley's death:

"The death of Mr. Kingsley—so premature—shocked me. I never from the first have felt any anger towards him. . . . As I have said in the first pages of my *Apologia*, it is very difficult to be angry with a man one has never seen . . . much less could I feel any resentment against him when he was accidentally the instrument, in the good Providence of God, by whom I had an opportunity given me, which otherwise I should not have had, of vindicating my character and conduct in my *Apologia*. . . . It has rejoiced me to observe lately that he was defending the Athanasian Creed,

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[1] *Life and Letters of T. H. Huxley*, i, p 226.
[2] Quoted in full by Miss Thorp, p. 160.
[3] *Life of F. J. A. Hort*, ii, p. 424.
[4] ii, p. 45.

and, as it seemed to me, in his views generally nearing the Catholic view of things. I have always hoped that by good luck I might meet him, feeling sure that there would be no embarrassment on my part, and I said Mass for his soul as soon as I heard of his death."

So Providence gave Newman his opportunity. Assuredly he showed the wisdom of the serpent in the way he used it.

XI

CLIO, A MUSE—OR A SIBYL?

In 1859 Kingsley was appointed Chaplain to the Queen. There can be little doubt that the Prince Consort had a good deal to do with the appointment, for the two men had many ideas in common, and Kingsley was a lover of the German people. They were both devoted to the cause of science and the task of making the study of it accessible to the people. They were both anxious that the results of scientific discovery should be applied fully both to industry and to social welfare. Kingsley hailed the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851, mainly the Prince's enterprise, with enthusiasm. Characteristically, on entering the building "he was moved to tears", and he preached about the Exhibition at St. Margaret's, Westminster. It is amusing to find that just about the time of Kingsley's appointment both he and the Prince were interested in schemes for the conversion of sewage into manure. In Kingsley's scheme the liquid sewage was to be conveyed from the great cities to the farms by arterial pipes running along the railways.[1] Of the Prince's scheme we know little, except that the problem of gravitation was too much for it.[2] Was this coincidence, or had Kingsley suggested the scheme to the Prince? Moreover, the year before, the Prince had been reading *Two Years Ago* with great interest. In fact Theodore Martin, in his *Life of the Prince Consort*, tells us that in November, 1858, it was the only book the Prince was able to read—"a most unusual thing with him". Writing to his daughter, the Crown Princess of Prussia, the Prince said, "*Two Years Ago*, a book which you, I think, have read, has given me great pleasure by its profound knowledge of human nature, and insigh unto the relations between man, his actions, his destiny, and his God." (The motif of sewage also is prominent in *Two Years Ago*.) Apparently he did not discover *The Saint's Tragedy* till the following year, 1860, when he wrote commending the poem to the same daughter.

No doubt the Queen, too, approved of Kingsley's type of churchmanship, which one may call the Broad-Evangelical. Certainly she was strongly opposed to Tractarianism in all its manifestations. We are told that early in 1859 Kingsley was commanded to preach before the Queen and the Prince at Buckingham Palace—no doubt a trial performance; how much did they know about *Politics for the People*? Miss Thorp describes the appointment to the chaplaincy as the moment of Kingsley's triumph.

[1] *L.M.*, ii, 92.
[2] F. B. Chancellor, *The Prince Consort*, p. 162.

"No one could shout 'heretic' at a man who preached at St. James's or suggest that Her Majesty had chosen as Chaplain one who was conspiring to overthrow the State." But she is surely wrong in asserting that "his principles had not altered a jot". We have seen good reason to think that his political principles had altered—or if not his most fundamental principles, at least his views as to the best way of putting them into practice. There can be little doubt that the royal pair had assured themselves of this before the appointment was made. The Queen certainly found him all that she could wish in the following years, and his ministrations comforted her not a little in the bereavement which took place so soon after his appointment. She wrote on 30 June, 1864: "I *feel* that my darling has blessed and guided me, and that *he* works on us for all. As Kingsley (the celebrated author) said to me on Sunday, 'I think that God takes those who have finished their career on earth to another and greater sphere of usefulness.' And this doubtless is the case." On 27 March, 1868, writing of a vacant canonry of Worcester for which she and the Prince of Wales were anxious that Kingsley should be appointed, she said, "His religious views are liberal and enlightened, and he is a personal friend of the Queen. The beloved Prince had also a great regard for him."

Dr. C. W. Stubbs records that he attended Kingsley's professorial lectures and once heard him quote Queen Victoria as having said 'to a certain professor' (obviously himself): "It grieves me, sir, to see that the young men of the present day are losing the spirit of romance and chivalry. They try to be old men of the world before they are young men of the world. They are too prone to laugh at anything earnest."[1] But the standard of earnestness with the Queen and the Prince Consort was very high, and their susceptibility to humour rather low, so perhaps there is not much real ground for the last suggestion.

It had been planned that in 1861, after a year at Oxford, the Prince of Wales should spend a similar length of time at Cambridge. It is most likely that it was owing to the representations of the Prince Consort, who was Chancellor of the University, that in May 1860 Kingsley received from Lord Palmerston the offer of the Regius Professorship of History at Cambridge, which, after much hesitation, he accepted. It has been asserted since that the appointment was not a suitable one, Kingsley not being rightly equipped either by study or by temperament for the post; and his lectures were criticized on the same grounds. But at that time, except in the case of classics and mathematics and of course science, the standard of accurate knowledge required in a professor was not so high as it is now, especially in history and allied studies. Witness the case of Maurice, who was seriously urged by influential people to stand for the Chair of Political Economy at Oxford. He actually did entertain the idea of standing, though he candidly admitted that he knew nothing of political economy. Had he been elected, his intention was to prove that there was no science of political economy! Fortunately he gave up the idea. Kingsley, on the other hand, had made an exhaustive, or at least an extensive

[1] *Charles Kingsley and the Christian Socialist Movement*, p. 181.

study of the last century of the Western Empire of Rome, and, less thoroughly it may be, of Elizabethan England, which periods had furnished the themes of his novels, *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho!* Moreover his knowledge of the former epoch, at least, went a good way beyond what was needed for the purpose of fiction. Whether he was suitable for the post depends on what is considered to be the right function of a professor of history. If merely to arrive at and set forth the 'facts of history', then another choice would have been better. If to draw morals from history, and to interest pupils in lively records of a living past, then it may be that he was the right person to choose. It is noteworthy that in his inaugural lecture he took the same view of history that Maurice proposed to take about political economy—that it was not a science. But then, unlike Maurice, he did profess, and actually had at his command, a considerable knowledge of his subject—surely a very necessary condition for one who is to judge whether it is rightly called a science or not!

That he succeeded in rousing an increased interest in his subject among the undergraduate world we have the testimony of Professor Max Müller:

"His lectures were more largely attended than any in Cambridge, and they produced a permanent impression on many a young mind. They contain the thoughts of a poet and moralist, a politician, a theologian, and, before all, of a friend and counsellor of young men while reading for them and with them one of the most awful periods in the history o mankind, the agonies of a dying empire and the birth of new nationalities. History was but his text; his chief aim was that of the teacher and preacher, and as an eloquent interpreter of the purposes of history, before an audience of young men to whom history is but too often a mere succession of events to be learnt by heart and to be ready against periodical examinations, he achieved what he wished to achieve."[1]

He was exceedingly popular with his undergraduate audiences. In fact when his sentiments—about the American Civil War, for example—were to their liking, they used to indulge in loud applause. "Often and often," says one who was present at his lectures, "as he told a story of heroism, of evil conquered by good, or uttered one of his noble sayings that rang through us like trumpet-calls, loud and sudden cheers would break out irresistibly—spontaneously. . . . He was so modest and humble he could not *bear* our cheers. He would beckon for quiet; and then in a broken voice and with dreadful stammering say, 'Gentlemen, you must not do it. I cannot lecture to you if you do.' But it was no good—we did not mean to cheer—we could not help it."[2]

Another tells how Kingsley entered into the sporting side of Varsity life. They would be waiting for the Varsity Eight to come up from Ely. "Through the deepening twilight come two figures more; one tall, felt-hatted, great-coatless, with a white comforter, slinging along at a great pace. He is among us before we are well aware of it. In the pipes go into the pockets, and the caps are lifted. The crew, when they have arrived, are

[1] Preface to *The Roman and the Teuton*, quoted also in *L.M.*, ii, p. 266.
[2] *L.M.* (one-vol. edn.), 240.

tired and rowing badly. . . . He ran with us to Grassy Corner. I remember the boat stopped there for an 'Easy all', and his short comment, 'I'm afraid that won't do, gentlemen.' And it didn't do."

He soon had the Prince of Wales among his pupils—it is to be hoped a less bored pupil than he usually was. No doubt the Prince's father had judged from Kingsley's preaching, and what he heard about the stimulating character of his lectures, that at last he might have found the man to evoke from the heir to the throne some of that intellectual interest which he himself, with his clumsy and exacting German methods, had tried to rouse in vain.

Through the agency of Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity, a class of eleven picked youths was arranged with whom the Prince was to study history under Kingsley's direction. There were to be two lectures a week, and the Prince was to have private tuition at Kingsley's house on Saturdays. He became personally much attached to the Professor, made him his Chaplain in later years, and used to visit him at Eversley when he was in the neighbourhood.

In his inaugural lecture Kingsley dealt with a subject of profound importance and involving some abstruse philosophical questions. It was about the time when 'scientific method' in history was just being imported from Germany, and history was beginning to be regarded as an inductive science. He proposed for his 'inaugural' to examine "the limits of exact science as applied to history".

"History," he boldly began, "is the history of men and women and of nothing else." When you can see with the eyes and feel with the heart of the dead, "you will understand more of his generation and his circumstances than all the mere history-books of the period would teach you". It is interesting to note that a very different authority in our own time, Benedetto Croce, has independently affirmed much the same, maintaining that a sepulchral inscription is not history until you can in some part relive the conscious life of the person whose career it epitomizes.

There was a tendency, Kingsley stated, to explain moral phenomena by physical, or at least economic, laws—a tendency certainly still much in evidence in our own generation—as, for example, to find the origin of the Crusades "in the hypothesis of overstocked labour markets on the Continent". In an anonymous writer he had found the assertion that two fundamental forces operated in the world's history—invariable rule and continual advance, resulting in "inevitable sequence, orderly movement, irresistible growth". What has been called the Victorian illusion of continuous progress had not then been called in question. It needed the disastrous events of the early twentieth century to open men's minds to the falsity of the assumption. One might think, indeed, that the fall of the Roman Empire and the sequel of the dark ages would have been sufficient warning—though not to Kingsley perhaps, for to him the rise of the Teutonic nations was as the coming of health after perilous sickness. He found some good in the thought "that men should be more and more expecting order". But the idea of inevitable sequence was what he was chiefly concerned to deny. Those, he declared, who thus "assumed that

invariable, continual, immutable, inevitable, irresistible are all synonymous . . . blink the whole of the world-old argument between necessity and free-will". That, needless to say, is the crux of the question. If the course of the world is fixed, and predictable by those who may succeed in ascertaining the causes which underlie it, then human conduct is bound. Freewill is an illusion. And the converse is likewise true, that if human conduct is free, the course of the world cannot be fixed and predictable. Neither for Kingsley in an hour's lecture, nor for the present writer in one chapter, is it possible to get far with this most baffling of all problems. Suffice it to indicate one or two very sound and relevant points which the lecturer made, and some where he was less sound.

To begin with the latter. He fails to discern the fatal ambiguity which attaches to the word 'law'. A law of nature is *ex hypothesi* a law which cannot be broken. A moral or political law is one which can be and frequently is broken. Thus, if we say that where dishonest people co-operate, there is bound to be 'quarrelling among thieves', we mean that there is a sequence of cause and effect as inviolable as a law of physics so long as the character of the people concerned is unaltered.[1] But to say that honesty is enjoined by the law of God is to state a law that *can* be broken. It does not follow that all who are subject to this divine law are honest. Kingsley says that "by fair induction" did men discover the eternal laws of right and wrong. Yet he goes on to say that "Man can break the laws of his own being, whether physical intellectual or moral". How can he break the logical law of contradiction, or any physical law in the proper sense? The ambiguity of his terms is most clearly shown when he speaks of "interfering with the law of gravity", as for instance when someone catches a falling ball. The law of gravity is operating when he holds the ball—through its weight and the resistance exercised by the hand in preventing its further fall—no less than when it is falling. What he meant, of course, is that we can direct natural forces, though they operate all the time in accordance with their proper laws, to purposes which we consciously design by the use of reason. As he himself puts it, "If folly makes for evil, reason interferes for good." But the unresolved ambiguity leads him into unintelligible statements, such as that "Man's disobedience to the laws that govern his being" has disturbed "the natural course of events." What is the "natural course of events", an event being in this case something in which human beings are concerned?

Again, he follows Carlyle in emphasizing the importance of genius—"a man the like of whom we have never seen, and cannot explain, define, classify". The history of man, he insisted, is the history of its great men. Yet he thought it conceivable that a science of genius might come into being, and declare the laws by which genius is produced. It might so explain the past as to be able to predict the future. This seems to contradict the previous part of his argument. But he added that we can only hope

[1] A frequent abuse of this term appears in the expression 'to break the laws of health'. Even T. H. Huxley commits this error. Nature is acting regularly according to its 'laws', whether we do or do not act in such a way as is consistent with health. These laws cannot, in the proper sense, be 'broken', even if disregarded.

to learn the laws that produced Luther by learning Luther; and we cannot do this till we are more than Luther himself.

In general, Kingsley was arguing on the lines afterwards developed by T. H. Green and the Neo-Hegelian school—that man as a spiritual and self-conscious being, is not in the proper sense part of nature, but can review and control nature, which includes his own natural instincts. Much the same—only in a more pessimistic vein—was T. H. Huxley's Romanes lecture, in which he argued that we have to be in constant conflict with nature, and to control its forces rather than be led by them. But Green would not have made the admission which Kingsley does when he says, "I only ask that the moral world, *which is just as much the domain of inductive science as the physical one*, be not ignored". He adds, however, that it is such an obscure subject that it is better to give up the hope, at least for the present, of forming any exact science of history.

Kingsley is right in emphasizing the importance of genius, but not in supposing that we can discover a science of genius. We might discover the biological conditions that favour the production of genius, but that would not help us to anticipate what any particular genius is to produce. If we could, why trouble to produce the genius? Nor is he right in stating that we can only know a Luther by being a greater than Luther (unless by "a greater" he meant God). We could only know Luther fully by *being* Luther, that is to say by enjoying a consciousness exactly the same as his. Who could have predicted a Kingsley—or a Newman—even if the circumstances in which they were to be placed were fully known? It is true that the conduct of men in the mass is more predictable than that of the individual. But that is partly because the majority of men are unoriginal, and content to follow, often blindly, the leading of others. But that there can be a science, in the proper sense, of genius seems an admission which abandons his case.

It is instructive to compare a rather similar protest which has been made in our own time by Professor G. M. Trevelyan in his essay *Clio, a Muse*. His positive object is different—to show that history is properly an art. But on the negative side he argues with Kingsley that it is not a science—or only partially so. History, says the Professor, has ceased to be a part of our national literature, and has become a science for specialists. "The thought and feeling of the rising generation is but little affected by historians. . . . If a student digs up a new document, he has succeeded. If not, he has failed." Ought history to be, he asks, not merely the accumulation and interpretation of facts, but also the exposition of those facts in their full intellectual value? Or ought emotion to be excluded on the ground that history deals only with the science of cause and effect in human affairs?

"This alleged science," he roundly states, "does not exist, and cannot ever exist in any degree of accuracy remotely deserving to be described by the word 'science'."

No laws, he asserts, have yet been discovered which are certain to repeat themselves in the institutions and affairs of men, for an event itself "is nothing but a set of circumstances, none of which will ever

recur". The collection of facts is more or less scientific, but not so the discovery of cause and effect. History cannot be a science *because you cannot dissect* a mind.

In much of this Professor Trevelyan is in agreement with Kingsley—he even goes a little further. It might indeed be said in criticism that although the same circumstances never recur, there are certain patterns of events which do recur. Otherwise how is it that in contemporary circumstances we are so often reminded of what has gone before, as the quotations published in *The Times* under the title "Old and True" were constantly reminding us during the last war? How often, again, reflections by Thucydides on events of his day read as though they might have been written about the events of our own time.

But Professor Trevelyan is at one with Kingsley in holding that history is "the history of men and women and of nothing else". The historian's first duty is to tell the story, "for, irrespective of cause and effect, we want to know the thoughts and deeds of Cromwell's soldiers, as some of the higher products and achievements of the human race, a thing never to be repeated, that once took shape and was". "Is not," he quotes from Carlyle, "Man's history, and men's history, a perpetual evangel?"

Here the two Regius Professors seem to be at one both in their theory and practice, across the interval of half a century. "A perpetual evangel". That is certainly what Kingsley took history to be. Readers of Professor Trevelyan's historical works will testify to his power of making men and women live, and of enabling us to realize the thoughts, the ideals, the passions of men and women of other times. Kingsley could do it in a lesser degree, but rather through the medium of fiction. Moreover, his 'evangel' is too obtrusive. The writing of history should not be a process of sermonizing. Rather it should be so written that it presents its own admonitions for him who runs to read.

His best known and most criticized course of lectures was *The Roman and the Teuton.* These were, says Max Müller, not the result of long research. They were "not well arranged, systematic, or complete". "I am not here," Kingsley had said, "to teach you history. I am here to teach you how to teach yourselves history." His theme was the coming of the Teuton, Goth, Vandal, Lombard, as a cleansing stream to wash away the corruption and foulness of the effete Roman Empire. The Teuton is idealized and the vices of decadent Rome overpainted. He does not seem to feel the horror of the sudden and lasting black-out of literature, art, and philosophy.

Here are some of his *obiter dicta* where he applies the lesson to his own times; or generally improves the occasion. "We have no right to blame those old Teutons while we are killing every year more of her Majesty's subjects by preventible disease than ever they killed in their bloodiest battle."

Or on slavery: "I must express my sorrow that, in the face of such notorious facts, some have of late tried to prove American slavery to be as bad as, or even worse than, that of Rome."[1]

[1] In Lecture II; but, as it occurs in a footnote, it probably was not in the lecture itself.

Needless to say, we meet the inevitable attack on asceticism, *à propos* of Salvianus who abandoned his wife on principle. "Few more practically immoral doctrines than that of the dignity of celibacy and the defilement of marriage . . . have, as far as I know, ever been preached to man."

It is possible to see the influence of his first 'master', Carlyle, on his style here and there; for instance: "That is the Hunnenschlacht; a battle as Jornandes calls it, 'atrox, multiplex, immane, pertinax'. Antiquity, he says, tells of nothing like it. No man who had lost that sight could say that he had seen aught worth seeing; a fight gigantic, supernatural in vastness and horror, and the legends which still hang about the place."

There is an interesting passage in the conclusion to his lectures on the *Ancien Régime* where he speculates on the future, and the results that may follow on excessive centralization of government. He becomes truly prophetic where he says: "I can conceive them [the human race]—may God avert the omen!—the instruments of a more crushing centralization, of a more utter oppression of the bodies and souls of men, than the world has yet seen. I can conceive—may God avert the omen—centuries hence, some future world-ruler sitting at the junction of all railroads, at the centre of all telegraph wires—a world-spider in the omphalos of his world-wide web; and smiting from thence everything that dared to lift its head, or utter a cry of pain, with a swiftness and surety to which the craft of a Justinian or a Philip II was but clumsy and impotent." Unhappily we had not to wait till "centuries hence" to see that prophecy fulfilled.

Railroads and telegraphs, he thought, instead of inaugurating an era of progress might only retard it. Great industrial groups would not compete against (he surely meant 'among') themselves, nor set themselves to seek new discoveries; and so a Byzantine and stationary age was possible yet. But if public opinion became paralysed, he hoped that there would always be a more enlightened private opinion, or opinions, which would not be satisfied with such a condition of stagnation. Deliverance would come from "a few men of genius, a few children of light, it may be a few persecuted and a few martyrs for new truths, . . . seeking still a polity which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God".

There Clio has become more than a Muse. She has become a Sibyl.

He resigned the professorship in 1869. His opinions had been the object of attacks in the Press, a part of which was still hostile, despite the growth of his popularity through the novels. In his inaugural he had felt it necessary to apologize for so much intrusion of his own opinions. "There exists a prejudice against certain early writings of mine." But a further reason for his resignation was the growing strain of work and the great labour involved in the composition of his lectures. He felt it incumbent on him at one time, in view of the American Civil War, to deliver some lectures on American history, for which he had to work up the facts almost from hand to mouth. In these labours, whatever the

measure of his success or failure, there can be no doubt about the conscientiousness of his work. He was not an ideal Professor of History—far from it. But his intellectual enthusiasm and his moral earnestness must have enabled him to do more good after his lights than many a Dry-as-dust. Greater historians than he have held the same views of the function of history. "Acton's favourite doctrine", says Professor Trevelyan, "was that history ought always to be passing moral judgments." It was Kingsley's too.

XII

LAST YEARS—KINGSLEY THE MAN

Mrs. Kingsley tells us that the three years which her husband spent at Chester were probably the happiest of his life. It may be that if he had not been moved from there to Westminster, where he found the responsibility of preaching to a metropolitan congregation rather wearing at a time when his bodily strength was failing, his life might have been prolonged. The requirements of residence were in neither case too exacting to prevent his retaining the charge of his beloved Eversley; and he was glad on that account that his preferment in 1869 was to a canonry of Chester rather than to a Deanery. Before taking up residence, he eagerly accepted the invitation of Sir Arthur Gordon, Governor of Trinidad, to visit the West Indies during the winter, having longed all his life to have a glimpse of the tropics. He recorded his impressions in his book *At Last*, which, apart from some collections of essays, addresses, and sermons, was his last published work. It is a pleasant jumble of natural history and the wars and politics which go to make the story of the islands.

He wrote on Christmas Eve: "Actually settled in a West Indian country house, amid a multitude of signs and sounds so utterly new and strange, that the mind is stupefied by the continual effort to take in, or, to confess the truth, to gorge, without hope of digestion, food of every conceivable variety. The whole day long, new objects, and their new names, have jostled each other in the brain, in dreams as well as in waking thoughts."

At Chester he found the society of the Dean and Chapter thoroughly congenial. He lost no time in getting to work with what had been, he says, a dream of his life, the formation of a Natural History Society. Beginning with a botany class of sixteen youths, it swelled to a society of over 500. On a Saturday afternoon fifty or sixty members would arrive at the station and find the Canon and his daughters waiting on the platform, "he with geological hammer in hand, botany box slung over his shoulder, eager as any of his class for the holiday, but feeling the responsibility of providing teaching and amusement (in the highest sense of the word) for so many, who each and all hung upon his words". People of all classes thus fraternized, and the social advantage was no less beneficial than the scientific lore that they learned.

It was during his residence at Chester that he preached one of his most remarkable sermons—on behalf of the Kirkdale Ragged School. His scientific knowledge enabled him to give a telling illustration of the way in which waifs and outcasts are produced. "In some manufactures it pays better," he said, "to let certain substances run to refuse, than to

use every product of the manufacture—as in a steam-mill every atom of soot is so much wasted fuel; but it pays better not to consume the whole fuel and to let the soot escape. So it is in our social system. It pays better. Capital is accumulated more rapidly by wasting a certain amount of human life, human health, human intellect, human morals, by producing and throwing away a regular percentage of human soot. . . . But as in the case of the manufactures, the Nemesis comes swift and sure. As the foul vapours of the mine and manufactory destroy vegetation and injure health, so does the Nemesis fall on the world of man—so does that human soot, those human poison gases, infect the whole society which has allowed them to fester under its feet." He went on to prophesy that by improved science on the one hand it might be possible to utilize and convert the waste products into some profitable substance, "till the Black Country shall be black no longer, and the streams once more run crystal clear".

So also a time might come "when by a higher civilization, founded on political economy, more truly scientific, because more truly according to the will of God, our human refuse shall be utilized like our material refuse, when man as man, even down to the weakest and most ignorant, shall be found to be (as he really is) so valuable that it will be worth while to preserve his health, to the level of his capabilities, *to save him alive*, body, intellect, and character, at any cost; because men will see that a man is, after all, the most precious and useful thing in the earth, and that no cost spent on the development of human beings can possibly be thrown away". It was perhaps his most telling indictment of *laissez faire*, and better than his old tirades as being more constructive.

About the same time we find him making contact with one who would seem at first sight to have little in common with him—Matthew Arnold. But he had already been an admirer of Arnold's poetry (*The Forsaken Merman* received its eulogy in *The Water-Babies*), and he now writes about *Culture and Anarchy*: "It is an exceeding wise and true book. . . . For me, born a barbarian and bred a Hebrew of the Hebrews, it has been of solid comfort and teaching." Kingsley was nothing if not open-minded and receptive, but was, no doubt, more inclined to listen to a son of Dr. Arnold ("I would devote soul and body to get together an Arnoldite party of young men", he had written fourteen years before) than to another exponent of semi-agnostic Hellenism. But he could hardly have found much to assent to in Arnold's later works, in *Literature and Dogma*, or *God and the Bible*.

The Chester race week in May was deplored by many as a source of demoralization to the general public, and Kingsley was asked to contribute a paper to a series on "Chester races and their attendant evils". The subject assigned to him was "Betting". It took the form of a letter "To the young men of Chester." His two main points were, first, "It is getting money without earning it, and more, it is getting money, or trying to get it, out of your neighbour's ignorance." His second argument was equally sound, and is one that is not so often used: "I hold, too, that betting, in three cases out of four, is altogether foolish; so foolish that I cannot under-

stand why the very young men who are fondest of it should be the very men who are proudest of being considered shrewd, knowing, men of the world, and what not." He gave several reasons to prove that it could not be profitable to the man who bets, and added a personal reminiscence of biographical interest. He said that before he took Holy Orders, before even he thought seriously at all, he found himself forced to turn his back on racecourses, "not because I did not love to see the horses run . . . but because I found that they tempted me to betting, and that betting tempted me to company, and to passions, unworthy not merely of a scholar and a gentleman, but of an honest and rational bargeman or collier"—which throws a little light, but not much, on the "very idle and very sinful" undergraduate days which he so much regretted.

In 1872 Maurice died. "I had seen death in his face," wrote Kingsley, "for, I may almost say, two years past, and felt that he needed the great rest of another life. And now he has it." He adds, "I see that you were conscious of the same extraordinary personal beauty which I gradually discovered in his face. If I were asked, Who was the handsomest, and who the most perfectly gentlemanlike man you ever met? I should answer, without hesitation, Mr. Maurice."

He had premonitions of his own passing, which was to be only three years ahead. For he was already a very tired man; and when he heard of the death of another friend about the same time, he remarked: "Ah, he is an instance of a man who has worn his brain away, and he is gone as I am surely going." He was only fifty-three at the time, but had already lived the lives of three men in one.

He did not desire a long life. Hughes relates how he was once walking home with Kingsley to Chelsea in a London fog. "Isn't this like life?" said his companion. "A deep fog all round, with a light here and there shining through. You grope your way from one lamp to another, and you go up wrong streets and back again; but you get home at last—there's always light enough for that." Hughes then asked Kingsley if he wanted to live to be old. "I dread it more than I can say," was the answer. "To feel one's powers going, and to end in snuff and stink. . . . It may do for some. But for an eager, fiery nature like mine, with fierce passions eating one's life out, it won't do."

Again, in the last year of his life he said to an audience in America: "One of the kind wishes expressed for me is a long life. Let anything be asked for me except that. Let us live hard, work hard, go a good pace, get to our journey's end as soon as possible—then let the post-horse get his shoulder out of the collar. . . . I have lived long enough to feel, like the old post-horse, very thankful as the end draws near. . . . Long life is the last thing that I desire." He thought it the highest pleasure that a man, who felt that his work was done, could have, to know that younger spirits would rise up after him "to catch the lamp of Truth, as in the old lamp-bearing race of Greece, out of his hand before it expires, and carry it on to the goal with swifter and more even feet".

Where did he see evidence of those 'younger spirits'? He had founded no 'school'; had no compact body of disciples. But no doubt he felt that

the younger generation was with him, as indeed it was, in many of his most valued beliefs—on the necessity of social reform, and a real brotherhood of rich and poor; in an open mind towards scientific truth; in a wider and more tolerant outlook on the Christian religion. Possibly there is some part of his teaching which is only beginning to bear fruit today. In 1873 he was offered a Canonry of Westminster, certainly no more than his deserts. It was with reluctance and pain that he decided to accept it, involving, as it did, the desertion of his beloved Chester Cathedral and his Scientific Society. "I had to take it," he writes. It would relieve him at last from the necessity of writing for the sake of the money it brought—the effort that was killing him as it had killed Walter Scott before him. A Canon of Chester wrote that though they had felt that some such merited promotion was sure to take him elsewhere, the Chester people would be like the schools of the prophets when Elijah was taken from them.

He was truly a broken man now, in regard to his physical condition. His eldest son, Maurice, returning from America, where he had been engaged in railway development, was shocked to see how he had aged, and urged him to take a journey abroad—advice which was strongly backed by his doctor. But wishing, no doubt, to be installed at Westminster first, he refused to go till the following year.

In January, 1874, he set out for America with his eldest daughter, Rose, who shared all his chief interests. He was to give a few lectures to help pay for his expenses. They visited New York, Boston and Philadelphia first, and at Washington he was received by President Grant. He was honoured, too, by being requested to open the session of the House of Representatives with prayer. They travelled up the Hudson, making for Niagara and Toronto, and thence to Detroit, St. Louis, and California. A visit to the Yosemite Valley was naturally one of the great events. His daughter wrote: "At six we started, and my father said he felt a boy again, and thoroughly enjoyed the long day in the saddle, which many of our friends found so tiring. . . . Rough as the ride was, it surpassed in beauty anything we had ever seen before, as we followed the windings of the Merced river between pine-clad mountains still white with snow on their highest points, till we reached the mouth of the valley itself, and emerging from a thicket of dogwood, pines, and azaleas, 'El Capitan' just tipped with the rosy setting sun on one side, and the Bridal Veil Fall rushing in a white torrent, 900 feet high, over the gloomy rocks, on the other side, revealed themselves to us in a glow of golden rosy light." He preached next day, which was Whit Sunday, at a service in one of the hotels, on a text from the greatest of the Nature Psalms, the 104th, which was a Psalm for the day. "He sendeth forth springs into the valleys. They run among the mountains." He had, on his way across the Continent, been invited to preach or lecture at a very different place. For at Salt Lake City Brigham Young offered him his tabernacle for the purpose—one could think it almost a piece of irony on his part to make such a suggestion to one of the strongest upholders of the glory of monogamy that England at least has known! He took no notice whatever of the offer. Possibly it was a source

of satisfaction to him that, when he preached at the Episcopal Church in that city, the congregation included some Mormons. But it is not related what subject he took for his sermon.

While staying at San Francisco he was invited to Berkeley University at Oakland. According to the undergraduates' journal, "It was not as Canon of Westminster, nor as Professor of History in the University of Cambridge that we greeted him; but as the poet, the novelist, the essayist and the scholar; as the man who is ever ready to advocate the truth, ever quick to encourage progress, ever ready to utter the best aspirations of the human soul"—which shows, perhaps, that the young generation was prepared to 'hand on the torch'. In the course of his speech at the University he spoke of "the singular coincidence" that the site of the University bore the name of the man who, next to Plato, had taught him the most instructive lessons in philosophy—Bishop Berkeley. He went on to recommend them not to neglect the fine arts, especially music.—Had he observed a general neglect of those arts in America, and the adverse effect of it? Culture, he said, meant true freedom. It may be that he found the American idea of liberty too narrow through a defect of culture. But one must not read too much into these phrases. It may be that it is unwise for an elderly and very tired man to do physically exacting things which make him "feel like a boy again".

In San Francisco he caught a chill from the damp sea fog, which developed into pleurisy, and from that shock to his system it is probable that he never really recovered. He stayed for some time at Colorado Springs for his convalescence, and was able to enjoy the magnificent scenery; but he was full of apprehension. "Please God," he wrote to his wife, "I shall get safe and well home, and never leave you again, but settle down into the quietest old theologian, serving God, I hope, and doing nothing else, in humility and peace." It is curious that while so ill at Colorado he wrote his last poem—in no elegiac mood. It was the rollicking but tragic "Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree", quoted on p. 99. The 'sportsman' in him died hard.

After his death his wife received from Whittier, the poet, a reminiscence of their meeting in Boston. It was written in the quaint Quaker manner: "I am glad to learn . . . that thou art engaged in preparing a biography of thy lamented husband." He goes on to describe their meeting —how he had opened the talk with allusion to Kingsley's literary work; and how his guest had immediately turned the conversation "upon the great themes of life and duty the future life, and the final destiny of the race". The letter ends with some high appreciation of Kingsley's literary work, especially of *Hypatia* and his lyrics, adding, "But since I have seen *him* the man seems greater than the author"—and there, no doubt, he was right.

Kingsley returned to Eversley—never a very healthy place—to find it the scene of an August heat-wave. In November he went into residence at Westminster. . . . He preached his last sermon in the Abbey (on Christ weeping over Jerusalem) while a great storm raged without, which made the service, says his wife, "to one who was keenly sensitive, as he was, to

all changes of the weather,[1] especially those which would affect the fate of ships at sea, most exciting".

The closing words were: "So often does He say to us, 'Except ye be changed and become as this little child, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me. For I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls.' And therefore let us say in utter faith, 'Come as thou seest best—but in whatsoever way thou comest—even so come, Lord Jesus.' "

The next day, after dining with the Dean, he crossed the Cloister to the Abbey on a damp, raw night, and caught a fresh cold. On 3 December, he journeyed down to Eversley with his wife, looking forward to spending Christmas in his old home. But she was taken seriously ill on the way down.[2] At this point her biography becomes, not unnaturally, obscure. But it is clear that her life was despaired of. "My own death-warrant was signed," he said, "with those words." He had always looked with the utmost dread on the possibility of his surviving her. She relates that on one occasion he had been unable to endure the singing of 'Chè farò senz' Euridice?' from Glück's *Orfeo*, and had had to leave the room to conceal his tears. It was the death-warrant of his wife that killed him beyond a doubt.

He did not spare himself over his clerical duties, besides being in constant attendance at her bedside. His cough became bronchitic, and developed into pneumonia. Once, though the weather was bitter, "he leapt out of bed, came into his wife's room for a few moments, and taking her hand in his, said, 'This is heaven, don't speak.' " A severe fit of coughing came on, and he never saw her again.

It is hardly fitting to break up or epitomize the touching account which she has given, culled from the information of others who were at his bedside, of the scenes that followed; and little shall be said. His nurses reported that he was always dreaming of his travels in the West Indies, the Rockies, and California, and would describe those scenes to her in great fulness. . . . Once he was heard to murmur, "It is all right: all under rule," and again, "How beautiful is God", and twice he repeated, "No more fighting, no more fighting."

The Prince of Wales sent down his physician, who held out some hope. But on his departure the patient grew worse and hæmorrhage occurred. On 23 January, at 5 a.m., thinking himself to be alone, he was heard repeating the words of the Burial Service, "Thou knowest, O Lord, the secrets of our hearts. . . Suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death to fall from Thee." It is said that he thought his wife was already dead. He may have thought, or dreamed, that he was reading the Burial Service for her. His wife says that twenty years before, and often since,

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[1] Compare:

"Oh blessed drums of Aldershot!
Oh blessed South-west train;
Oh blessed, blessed Speaker'sclock,
All prophesying rain.

(*L.M.*, i, 479.)

[2] So one gathers from *L.M.*, but Dr. Rigg says that her life was already in jeopardy before they started. The trouble was angina pectoris. She was a semi-invalid for the remaining sixteen years of her life.

he had expressed his longing for the moments of death. It came to him at midday, very gently.

Dean Stanley telegraphed that the Abbey was open to him if his relatives should decide thus; but Kingsley had most emphatically desired that no place but Eversley churchyard should receive him. The company that assembled at his grave was as various as his own interests and affections. Max Müller, who was there, has written:

"There was the representative of the Prince of Wales, and, close by, the gipsies of Eversley common, who used to call him their 'Patrico-rai', (their Priest King). There was the squire of his village, and the labourers young and old, to whom he had been a friend and a father. There were governors of distant colonies, officers, and sailors, the bishop of his diocese, and the Dean of his Abbey; there were the leading Nonconformists of the neighbourhood, and his own devoted curates, peers and members of the House of Commons, authors and publishers, and the huntsmen in pink; and outside the churchyard the horses and hounds." He was carried to the grave by villagers, and laid in sight of the Rectory near trees which he had planted. On the base of the Cross which was erected is his name, and his wife's now carved below it, followed by the motto which he had chosen:

AMAVIMUS, AMAMUS, AMABIMUS.

"He was a sad man," said J. A. Froude. In the *Life of the Fourth Earl of Carnarvon* a strange anecdote is told that illustrates his view. A friend was out fishing with Kingsley, and, with almost every cast of his fly, heard him mutter, "I wish I were dead . . . I wish I were dead."

The common impression is of a jolly, optimistic, pugnacious parson. Others look at the pictures of his tall form surmounted by the fine head with "keen, eagle-like face lighted up by those wonderful blue eyes",[1] and think, "What a noble, strong man!" Few think of applying to the author himself the familiar line,

The sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.

Probably he was one of those people who can be very merry in a merry company, and when alone are liable to sink back into some abyss of blackness. But so strong was his will, fortified by his religion, that he was able to appear before the world as the cheeriest of men, and to a certain extent, no doubt, actually became so. Even in the moment of relief which came with his appointment to the Cambridge professorship, assuring him a sufficient income without the strain of novel-writing and pupils to teach, he writes, "Would that it were done, the children settled in life, and kindly death near, to set one off again with a new start somewhere else." The truth is that his physical structure, fine though it was, contained a nervous system that could not stand the demands which he made both on body and mind. The fire within consumed him, and he

[1] Mrs. Dyer, daughter of Alexander Macmillan, in *The Life of Alexander Macmillan*, p. 95.

longed for another world, another life, in which he might be 'clothed upon with a habitation' equal to sustaining the great motive force within.

"Oh, life—life, life! Why do folks cling to this half existence and call that life?" he wrote to his friend John Bullar.[1]

Throughout we are aware of a man with a very strong and deep religion and a faith best expressed in the first clause of the Nicene Creed: "I believe in one God the Father Almighty, maker of Heaven and Earth, *and of all things visible and invisible.*" His religion embraced the whole of life—that various, strange, self-contradictory world, both of wild nature and of men and women, which, he insisted, is every bit of it, down to the meanest unicellular organism or the most tumbledown cottage, the intimate concern of religion. That is most probably his greatest contribution to humanity, and its greatness is due to the fact that he not merely said it but lived it. His interests were so extraordinarily wide that there were bound to be many contradictions in his character. We have noticed not a few. But it is for men of his breadth of mind that the Church of England is meant—the Church with the broad gate—where all might enter who would affirm the great central truths of Christianity, and he was jealous of any attempt to 'brick up the entrance', as the 'wise men of Gotham' were endeavouring to do. Elizabethan Anglicanism might represent an illogical compromise, but it certainly, he thought, fitted the character, needs, and temperament of the Englishman best.

It is perhaps not untrue to say that in the broader issues of life Kingsley was usually right and logical, but in smaller matters of logic he was by nature too impulsive and lacking in patience to be accurate. It seems strange that this impatience of detail should be found in a man so devoted to science.

In *Glaucus* he says, "He [the naturalist] must keep himself free from all those perturbations of mind which not only weaken energy, but darken and confuse the inductive faculty; from haste and laziness, from melancholy, testiness, pride, and all the passions which make men see only what they wish to see." In his non-scientific controversies he did not carry out these precepts. But that illustrates the doctrine of modern pedagogy that though a man has learned to reason accurately in the domain of mathematics, say, or linguistic study, it does not follow that he will be a good reasoner in history or politics. In fact the two departments seem often to show exactly opposite results. In Kingsley's case the failing was due sometimes to his restless impatience, which in ordinary life was most marked. (Martineau says that it was an effort to him even to sit through a meal.) Sometimes it was due to a great wave of moral indignation, which blinded him to the smaller points of the argument; and those smaller points are often vital. That was how he failed in the contest of verbal fence with so subtle a reasoner as Newman. It was the *cause* for which he thought Newman stood that he was attacking—the cause of compulsory celibacy of the clergy, of Jesuit cunning, of papal intolerance. He never took the trouble to examine the exact nature of the ground on which he had to fight on that occasion.

[1] *L.M.*, ii, 294.

This dialectical weakness did not escape the acute eye of Dr. James Martineau, the philosopher, who wrote in *The Prospective Review* (February, 1853): "We have few greater teachers than Mr. Kingsley, yet none more certain to go astray the moment he becomes didactic. The truths which move him most he reads off at a glance; and the attempt to exhibit them to others as the result of intellectual elaboration naturally fails. His genius is altogether that of the artist, for the apprehension of concrete reality, not that of the philosopher, for finding in thought the grounds and connexions of what he perceives. With rare qualifications for seeing, feeling, and believing right, were he to abstain from reasoning, he would not often be wrong."[1]

Was there a touch of the snob in him? Hardly, in the proper sense of the term; for a snob is one who flatters the nobility for his own advantage, whereas Kingsley genuinely believed in the aristocracy as a national asset. He had too much sense of humour to be a snob. All the same, one could wish that he had not written that letter about the House of Lords and their representation of the silver spoons. He did indeed prize highly—and who shall say not rightly?—the character of the English gentleman as he believed it to have come down through history, and himself endeavoured to live up to it. He has outlined that character in *Westward Ho!*:

"His training had been that of the old Persians, 'to speak the truth and draw the bow', both of which savage virtues he had acquired to perfection, as well as the equally savage ones of enduring pain cheerfully, and of believing it to be the finest thing in the world to be a gentleman; by which word he had been taught to understand the careful habit of causing needless pain to no human being, poor or rich, and of taking pride in giving up his own pleasure for the sake of those who were weaker than himself."

Whatever he may have thought about the English aristocracy (and he certainly idealized them), it never affected his real belief in the fundamental brotherhood of man. He came to disbelieve in human equality, so far as it meant congenital equality of mental endowment and capacity. Who believes in it now? But he passionately believed in Christian equality—that the human soul is, to use Kantian terms, an end in itself, and that no human being, however humble, should ever be used as the mere means to the enjoyment of others wealthier and stronger; and in social intercourse he was the 'all things to all men'.

There is no doubt that his strenuous advocacy gave a great impetus to the cause of Christian Socialism if only because it roused so much opposition and so gave it a healthy notoriety. Thus it came about that the cause, to which Ludlow devoted his long life and Neale a large part of his fortune, became known as 'The Christian Socialist movement of Kingsley and Maurice' (in that order!)

One of the strangest contrasts in his character is the combination of self-assertive pugnacity (and, since Ludlow had to warn him of the dangers of a growing love of praise, we must add a measure of self-esteem) with a very real spirit of modesty. We have seen how the Dean of Chester was

[1] Quoted by Miss Thorp, p. 111.

puzzled by the contrast. Whittier, too, was impressed "to find the well-known author ignoring his literary fame, unobservant of the strange city whose streets he was treading for the first time, and engaged only with 'thoughts that wander through eternity'."

Again, there is the contrast between his 'muscular Christianity' and what John Martineau has called "a deep vein of woman in him, a nervous sensitiveness, an intensity of sympathy, which made him suffer when others suffered, a tender delicate soothing touch"—the same strain in him that caused his sentimentalism, his proneness to tears, his chivalrous attitude towards women. "The contrast," says Hughes, "of his humility and his audacity, of his distrust in himself and confidence in himself, was one of those puzzles which meet us daily in this world of paradox"; and again, "Though housed in a strong and vigorous body, his spirit was an exceedingly sensitive one." This very sensitiveness "drove him to say things more broadly and incisively, because he was speaking, as it were, somewhat against the grain, and knew that the line he was taking would be misunderstood, and would displease and alarm those with whom he had most sympathy."

The pugnacious side of the man has been graphically described by W. R. Greg: "When once in the plenitude of grace and faith, fairly let loose upon prey . . . the Red Indian within him comes to the surface, and he wields his tomahawk with an unbaptized heartiness, slightly heathenish, no doubt, but withal unspeakably refreshing."

That brings us to 'muscular Christianity'. Some critic in *The Saturday Review* seems to have invented the term,[1] though Kingsley himself did not know its author. In the first of a course of sermons on David he dwelt on the term. He said that it was not a merely muscular but a human Christ which the Bible taught our forefathers, and our fathers handed down to us. The term might stand for a healthy and manful Christianity; one which did not exalt the feminine virtues to the exclusion of the masculine; or again for the ideal of the mediaeval warrior—'the gentle, very perfect knight'. In either of those interpretations he thought it harmless, but absolutely unnecessary. But there were others who said that provided a young man was sufficiently brave, frank, and gallant, he was more or less absolved from the common duties of morality and self-restraint. Nothing could be a substitute for purity and virtue. (We seem to hear an echo from the controversies about the morality of *Yeast* and *Hypatia*.) There followed this impressive passage: "Better would it be for you to be the most diseased and abject of cripples, the most silly, nervous, incapable personage who ever was a laughing stock for the boys upon the streets, if only you lived according to your powers the life of the Spirit of God."

In general the name has been used with a gently humorous sarcasm. It means, for the literary man in the street, Amyas Leigh, or Tom Thurn-

[1] So the *Shorter Oxford Dictionary*. But in the original O.E.D. it is stated that the expression began to circulate in relation to the Kingsley group about 1857. The first quotation which includes it is from *The Edinburgh Review*, Jan. cvii, 190: "It is a school of which Mr. Kingsley is the ablest doctor; and its doctrine has been described fairly and cleverly as 'muscular Christianity'."

all. Probably there is a flavour of Hughes about it, emanating from *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, which was a propagandist novel, but less avowedly than any of Kingsley's. At its worst, muscular Christianity is the reaction from flabby effeminacy of the undergraduate following of the Tractarians, the sort of youth who erects a little altar on his chest of drawers and burns incense before it. At its best it represents that outdoor breeziness which, we are told, characterized Kingsley's conversation, whether indoors or out on the commons and moors of Hampshire and Devonshire and Yorkshire.

Up to the time of his journey to the West Indies, Kingsley's expeditions abroad had been confined to the Rhineland and the South of France —once each if we do not count Ireland, where he lamented that he was among a race of "human chimpanzees". The tour in Germany was made, according to Mrs. Kingsley, on the invitation of his parents. But we know that in the course of it he was tramping with his brother George, who knew the byways of Europe well.[1] At Trêves they were arrested and spent a night, like Belloc in *The Path to Rome*, in prison, apparently on suspicion of being emissaries of Garibaldi; but the case was laughed out of court next day. Had he travelled more in Europe, the slightly Philistine air, which sometimes appears, as in *The Invitation*, might have been counteracted; but in 'My Winter Garden' (*Prose Idylls*) he has given the reason (apart, of course, from economy) for his stay-at-home habits. In his few square miles of heather and pinewood at Eversley he found enough to study both in men and nature to take up a lifetime. He was, as he calls himself, 'a minute philosopher'.

Anyone who, without sufficient information, is given to sneering at Kingsley as a 'mere muscular Christian', should read this passage from his sermon on 'Endurance' in the volume entitled *Discipline*:

"There are those of whom the noisy world never hear, who have chosen the better part which shall not be taken from them; who enter into a higher glory than that of statesmen, or conquerors, or the successful and famous of the earth. Many a man—clergyman or layman—struggling in poverty and obscurity, with daily toil of body and mind, to make his fellow-creatures better and happier; many a poor woman, bearing children in pain and sorrow, and bringing them up with pain and sorrow, but in industry, too, and piety; or submitting without complaint to a brutal husband; or sacrificing all her own hopes in life to feed and educate her brothers and sisters; or enduring for years the peevishness and troublesomeness of some relation;—all these (and the world which God sees is full of such, though the world which man sees takes no note of them) *gentle souls*, *humble souls*, *uncomplaining souls*,[2] suffering souls, pious souls—these are the salt of the earth, who, by doing each their little duty as unto God, not unto men, keep society from decaying more than do all the constitutions and acts of Parliament which statesmen ever invented."

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[1] Mrs. Kingsley only once mentions George. Possibly she had experienced his temper, which was said to be fiery, on some occasion. She does not seem to have been proud of her two gifted brothers-in-law. Possibly she was jealous of them.

[2] The italics are mine.

Matthew Arnold, who really had little in common with him except poetry and a desire for the better education of the masses, in a letter of condolence written after Kingsley's death to his daughter, emphasized his generosity. He even described it as unique:

"I think he was the most generous man I have ever known; the most forward to praise what he thought good, the most willing to admire, the most free from all thought of himself in praising and in admiring, and the most incapable of being made ill-natured, or even indifferent, by having to support ill-natured attacks himself."

The versatility of his mind is well illustrated in a letter written by Mr. C. Kegan Paul after Kingsley's death. Speaking of the extent of his friend's "out-of-the-way and unexpected studies", he mentions "old medicine, magic, the occult properties of plants, folk-lore, mesmerism, nooks and bye-ways of history, old legends"; in all these he says that Kingsley was at home. When one considers what reading must have been necessary for the production of *Hypatia* and *Hereward*, to say nothing of professional lectures, it is impossible to conceive how he got it all into his day. His theological reading was, it would seem, not extensive, though he knew his Augustine. For preaching purposes, he trusted mostly to his knowledge of the text of the Bible, and used his own intuitions for the interpretation and application of it.

Martineau speaks of his tutor's chivalry—quixotic chivalry, he would call it sometimes. This means not only a courteous and deferential attitude towards women, but a determination to tilt at all monstrous evils, wherever they appeared. When asked by his pupil one day not to trouble about something, Kingsley turned and said with warmth, "Trouble, don't talk to me of that, or you will make me angry. I never allow myself to think of it."

Possibly on account of his stammer, he did not care for company in public. He preferred the intimacy of home for making friendships. But he was ready to make friends with anyone. "People are better than we fancy, and have more in them than we fancy." This is perhaps the converse of what he says in *Two Years ago*: "The surest way to make oneself love any human being is to go and do him a kindness."

William Harrison thought that in his love for physical strength and for capability of any kind Kingsley's imaginative forbearance toward dullness and weakness had been lost sight of. "He would often say, after sternly rebuking some grave offender, 'Poor fellow ! I daresay if I had been in his place I should have done much worse!' "

One curious question Mr. Harrison raises about the relation of Kingsley's scientific to his poetic interests. He asked Kingsley whether his scientific knowledge had not "dulled the splendour and dissipated much of the mystery that fills the world for the poet's heart." . . . "A very sad and tender look came over his face, and for a little while he was silent. Then he said, speaking slowly, 'Yes, yes; I know what you mean; it is so. But there are times—rare moments—when nature looks out at me again with the old bride-look of earlier days.' "

It seems surprising that the moments should be so rare. Perhaps he

was thinking of those rare 'recollections' of Wordsworth's to which he so often refers. But one feature of Kingsley's nature books is that even when he is using scientific nomenclature the poetry always seems to be there.

Of his powers of humour it is difficult to judge. Clifford Harrison tells how he could hold his own in the most distinguished company of guests. "None could carry the palm of table-talk away from Mr. Kingsley"; and he alludes especially to his ever-present trenchant humour. One correspondent says that he was "often so unutterably droll". There is plenty of chaff and fun to be found all about the letters. We have found some real humour of a high order in *The Water-Babies*—some too of a rather tiresome kind. But the unutterable drollery was probably something personal and incommunicable which could only be conveyed by personal contact.

Indeed, the same is true in a wider application. Kingsley's thoughts, ideas, opinions are revealed in all that he writes—whether prose or verse, fiction or essay. They peep out here and there even in his writings on Natural History. But the man himself has something elusive—something, one feels, that could only be grasped by those who had seen and conversed with him. This, no doubt, is true of all men of genius, but of Kingsley more than others, as witness Clifford Harrison. He remarks that to know the author as man is often disillusioning, but Kingsley was one of those very rare examples of an author greater and better even than his works. "Those who did not know Kingsley have never read his most beautiful poem or highest sermon. . . . Once having known him, his own personality and life . . . illuminate his pages so clearly and stamp them with such individuality, that it is difficult to judge them afterwards impartially, or to see them with eyes of purely impersonal criticism." "Even his finest writings are not up to the rich vigour and freshness of his conversation—especially when continued with the hearty, manly look of the man." So wrote Alexander Macmillan to Professor Hort in 1850.[1]

Dean Stanley's funeral sermon, being a formal oration, is slightly rhetorical, but he uses one expression worth recording: "He was, we might almost say, a layman in the guise or disguise and sometimes hardly in the guise of a clergyman—fishing with the fishermen, hunting with the huntsmen,[2] able to hold his own in tent and camp, with courtier or soldier—yet, human genial layman as he was, he still was not the less—nay, he was ten times more—a pastor than he would have been had he shut himself out from the haunts and works of man." "I am nothing," Kingsley once said to Harrison, "if not a Priest." The paradox is only superficial. In our own day we have had 'Dick Sheppard' as an example of much the same thing.

Max Müller, reviewing his many-sided life from the young curate and the poet of *The Saint's Tragedy* to "the powerful preacher of Westminster Abbey", continues: "One saw him in town-alleys, preaching the gospel of godliness and cleanliness, while smoking his pipe with soldiers and

[1] *Life of Alexander Macmillan*, p. 43.

[2] He was not, as a matter of fact, the regular hunting parson. "Hunting he had none," says Martineau, speaking of the time when he was with him (1850), "and in later years, when he did hunt occasionally, it was generally a matter of a few hours on an old horse, taken as a relaxation in the middle of work, not . . . as a day's work in itself."

navvies. One heard him in drawing-rooms, listened to with patient silence, till one of his vigorous or quaint speeches bounded forth, never to be forgotten."

For one who can only see him through the written word, perhaps the scenes that linger most in memory are—'Parson Lot' rising at the Chartist meeting, and with solemn deliberation (one can hear the slight stammer) declaring, "I am a Church of England parson—and a Chartist"; the father with his children, teaching them not to be afraid of toads and other unattractive creatures; the earnest look of the Rector in his pulpit, trying to impart some of his heavenly fire to well-filled benches of country labourers, who hung upon his words; the Professor of History, astounding his future Dean with the contrast between the author of *Westward Ho!* and the humble, unassuming clergyman; the Canon with botanical box and geological hammer, preoccupied with marshalling his faithful host of nature-students—"high and low, rich and poor, one with another".

APPENDICES

Appendix I

The Meaning of 'Eternal' in the Gospels; p. 127

Modern Criticism would perhaps take a different view. It cannot be certain that either passage gives us the *ipsissima verba* of Jesus. In the Johannine passage, the way in which the speaker refers to himself in the third person should give us pause. Is it not rather the evangelist himself who is speaking? The biblical scholar today would be inclined to hold that the word 'eternal' (*αἰώνιος*) has in the Fourth Gospel the mystical meaning of 'timeless'—belonging to the eternal present, as in "Before Abraham was, I am"; but that in the passage in Matthew it bears, as it often did, and indeed most commonly bears in writings concerned with the great judgment, in the time of Christ, the meaning 'everlasting'—though not always; see the apocryphal Book of Enoch, x, 10. "They hope to live an eternal life, and that each of them shall live 500 years."

Appendix II

Kingsley and Newman; p. 151

Newman might be justly criticized for showing no acknowledgment of the generosity of Kingsley's words in his first letter to Newman. His failure to do so is perhaps to be explained by reference to Wilfrid Ward's Preface. Ward says that Newman purposely expressed himself strongly both on this occasion and others *in order to attract attention*. The explanation, put baldly thus, is hardly to Newman's credit. Perhaps the same explanation is to be given of the rather undignified tone of some of the disputatious passages in the *Apologia*, especially the "Answer in detail to Mr. Kingsley", which at times approaches to vulgarity. It may be admitted that there is legitimate sarcasm in some of his retorts, as when he answers Kingsley's suggestion that "the fanatic and hot-headed young men" who hung upon Newman's every word were told that they would always seem artificial and "wanting in openness and manliness." "Hotheaded young men!" replied Newman. "Why, man you are writing a romance. You think the scene is Alexandria or the Spanish Main, where you may let your imagination play revel to the extent of inveracity." That was fair game, for he is not the only critic who has impugned the historical accuracy of *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho!* The tone of the whole section, with its "blot one,

blot two . . . blot thirty-nine", is rather beneath the dignity of one in Newman's position, and approaches dangerously near the cheaper journalism. But the provocation had certainly been great. He made amends, however, for anything on his part which may have been unworthy by withdrawing from the *Apologia*, in the edition of 1865, the first two sections and the 'Answer in detail'.

Froude's part in the matter is a little obscure. Miss Thorp says that Kingsley was "urged on by Froude" to write the pamphlet *What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?* Herbert Paul, on the other hand, is quite positive in stating that Froude was wholly against any attack on Newman, for whom he had a great admiration (*Life of J. A. Froude*, p. 348). *Fraser's Magazine* for September, 1864, contains a review of the *Apologia*. It is anonymous and possibly the work of Froude, who was then editor. The article puts on one side, without argument, the suggestion that Newman's personal veracity was in question, but insists that Newman was meeting a wider charge, quoting his statement in the *Apologia*:

"Many Protestants start with the suspicion that our creed is set up in inevitable superstition and hypocrisy." "He at least," says the reviewer, "has been brought to accept superstition by sophistry." If this review is Froude's, it may be that he tried to deter Kingsley from writing the pamphlet, but, when the *Apologia* appeared, decided that it needed some reply in the Protestant interest.

INDEX

A

Agricultural Crisis, The, 79 n.
Airmothers, The, 78
Alcibiades, 115, 116
Alexandria and Her Schools, 28, 88, 111, 154 n.
Alton Locke, 16, 39, 50, 55, 62, 63, 67, 73, 85, 105, 107, 109–10, 115, 144
A Mad World, My Masters (pamphlet), 77
American Civil War, 166
Ancien Régime, The, 74, 166
Andromeda, 98
Anti-Sweating League, 62
Apologia pro Vita Sua (Newman), 150, 153, 156–8, 183–4
Argyll, Duke of, 136
Arianism, 156
Arnold, Matthew, 74 n., 169, 179
Articles of Religion (the Thirty-Nine), 128, 149
Association (Labour Copartnership), 59 ff.
Association, The Journal of, 71
Athanasian Creed, 130, 131, 157
Atheism, 144, 145
Atlas Engineering Works, 65
At last, 117, 168
Augustine, St., 124, 146, 179

B

Bad Squire, The (poem), 100
Barnack Rectory, 15, 16
Benson, Archbishop, 34
Bergson, Henri, 137
Berkeley, Bishop, 140, 172
Berkeley University (U.S.A.), 172
Bermondsey Improvement Commission, 76
Bible Politics, 68
Bismarck, Prince, 88
Blanc, Louis, 46, 59, 63
Blomfield, Bishop of London, 57
Brave Words to Brave Soldiers and Sailors (pamphlet), 86, 112
Bremer, Frederika, 34
Brianites (Bible Christians), 114
Bristol riots, 18
Broad Church, 125, 159
Browning, Robert, 97–8
Bullar, John, 75
Bunsen, Chevalier, 88, 141
Bunyan, John, 22
Burton-on-Trent, 15

C

Calvinism, 111, 126, 144
Cambridge, 22 ff., 109, 160 ff.
Carlyle, Thomas, 27, 28, 109, 163, 165
Carnarvon, Life of the Fourth Earl of, 174
Chadwick, Sir Edwin, 76
Chapman and Hall, 109
Charm of Birds, A, 133
Chartism, 45–47, 109, 181
Chartists, Letters to, 49, 51
Cheap Clothes and Nasty (pamphlet), 62
Chelsea (St. Luke's) 21 ff.
Chester, canonry, 168 ff.
Chester Natural History Society, 40, 168, 181
Christian Socialism, 44 ff., 126, 176
Christian Socialism, Tracts on, 60, 62, 67
Christian Socialist, The, 42, 57 n., 67, 68, 111
Christian Socialists, Tracts by, 67
Clifton, Bristol, 18
Clifton, Notts, 15
Clio, a Muse (G. M. Trevelyan,) 164–5
Clough, A. H., 61, 98
Clovelly, 15, 18
Clutton Brock, Arthur, 143 n.
Coleridge, Derwent, 19
Coleridge, S. T., 28
Conington, Professor J., 95
Cooper, Thomas, 61, 129, 130, 136 n.
Cooper, Walter, 61, 62, 65
Co-operation (distributive), 65

Corn Laws, 79
Cornhill Magazine, 116
Cope, Sir J., 108
Cope, Sir William, 136
Crimean War, 9, 85, 112, 132
Croce, Benedetto, 162
Croker, J. W., 53
Culture and Anarchy (M. Arnold), 169

D

Darling (projected novel), 117
Darwin, Charles (Darwinian theory: Darwinism), 19, 40, 125, 135, 137, 138
David (sermons on), 177
Day of the Lord, The (poem), 100
Degeneration (biological), 120
Democracy (Ludlow on), 69
Dickens, Charles, 104, 105
"Divine discontent", 77
Dodgson, Rev. C. L. ("Lewis Carroll"), 129
Drew, Rev. G. S., 57
Dyer, Mrs., 174 n.

E

Earl Haldane's Daughter (poem), 99
Edinburgh Review, 149, 177 n.
Eliot, George, 10
Elison, C. E., 61
Elizabeth, Life of St. (MS.), 25, 26, 31, 141, 150 n.
Elizabeth, St., see *Saint's Tragedy, The*
Ellis, S. M., 1, 2
"Emersonian Anythingarianism", 110
Emma, Queen, 34
Encratites, 147
Endurance (sermon), 178
Engineers, Amalgamated Society of, 63
Engineers' Strike (1852), 63
Essays and Reviews, 133–4
Eversley, 32 ff., 125, 143, 162, 168, 172, 178 &c.
Eversley Gardens (Rose Kingsley), 7, 33–4
Exhibition, The Great (1851), 159

F

Fenland (description of), 15–16
Forsaken Merman, The (M. Arnold), 169
Franco-Prussian War, 88
Froude, Hurrell, 148
Froude, J. A., 24 n., 28, 54, 55, 108, 151 174, 184
Froude, Mrs. J. A. (Charlotte Grenfell), 24 n., 108
Furnivall, F. J., 60

G

Ghost ("Button Cap" of Barnack), 16
Gladstone, Right Hon. W. E., 127
Glaucus, 40, 87, 119, 175
"Going West", 121 n.
Gordon, Sir A. (Governor of Trinidad), 168
Gore, Bishop Charles, 126
Gosse, Philip, 150
Grant, President (of U.S.A.), 171
Great Cities, and Their Influence for Good and Evil (lecture), 18, 78
Green, Thomas Hill (philosopher), 164
Greg, W. R. (critic), 67, 177
Guardian, The, 70, 108

H

Hare, Archdeacon J. C., 48, 49, 61, 122, 127
Harrison, Clifford (quoted), 23, 37, 100, 130, 180
Harrison, Rev. William (curate and son-in-law), 40, 124, 179
Harrison, Mrs. William; *see* Kingsley, Mary St. Leger
Health and Education, 28
Health of Towns Act (1848), 76
Hellfire, 129 ff.
Helston Grammar School, 19
Hereward the Wake, 106, 112, 114, 123, 150, 179
Heroes, The, 90, 104, 117, 119, 121, 122
Heroism (lecture), 28
"Heth croppers", 34, 114
Hippocampus major theory, 120
Holne (birthplace), 15
Holyoake, G. J., 50, 67
Hort, Rev. Dr. Fenton, J. A., 157, 158
Hours with the Mystics (essay), 142
Howson, Dean (of Chester), 28, 106, 137, 176, 181
Hughes, Thomas (author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*), 19, 20, 35, 45, 63, 66, 73, 74, 81, 112 n., 177, 178
Hypatia, 19, 39, 67, 82, 90, 104, 106, 110, 111, 122, 131, 144, 161, 177, 179, 183
Hypotheses Hypocondriacae (poem), 16, 91

I

Immaculate Conception, The, 156
Independents (Congregationalists), 144
Indian Mutiny, 9, 32, 85
Intermediate State, 131
Invitation, The (poem to Tom Hughes), 98, 100, 101, 113, 178.
Irrationale of Speech, The (article on stammering), 28, 149

J

Jelf, Rev. Dr. (Principal of King's College, London, 55, 126–8
Jesuits, 113, 146 (*see also* s.v. Rome, Church of)
Johns, Rev. C. A., 19

K

King's College, London, 21, 44, 55–6, 126 ff.
Kingsley, Charles:
on Art, 52–3, 146–7
on Betting and Gambling, 23, 169–70
on Biblical criticism, 134
Chaplain to the Queen, 122, 159
Character, 91, 174 ff. (see also s.v. Muscular Christianity)
on Demoniacal possession, 143
on Education, 10, 23, 35, 80–85
on the Future Life (Eternal Life, Eternal punishment), 87, 118, 126 ff., 183; for sub-human creatures, 133; *The Water-Babies* as an allegory of the future life, 117 ff.
on the ancient Greeks, 121
as Historian, and Professor of History, 22, 28–9, 65, 109 n., 122, 160 ff., 181
Home life of, 80
on Humour, as an attribute of God, 142
on Life—long or short preferable? 170
on Marriage, 24–5, 148, 172
on Miracles, 136
on Mysticism, 140
as Naturalist, 10, 40–42, 135, 175
as Novelist, 10, 104 ff.
on Parish visiting, 36–7
as Poet, 17, 52, 70, 90–101, 179
on Political Economy, 101 (*see also* s.v. *Laissez Faire* School)
Prayers of, 11, 102–3
on Prayer, 138–140
Kingsley, Charles:—*contd.*
as Preacher, 37–8
on Ritual, 38
on Slavery, 165
Speech at Chartists' meeting, 50 (*see also* s.v. Chartists)
as Sportsman, 113, 180
on Storms, 41–2, 172–3
on Strikes, 64
on Sunday observance, 36
on Veracity, 154–5
on War, 9, 85
on Women's Suffrage, 88
(For poems, novels, essays, articles, lectures, sermons, &c., see under their respective titles.)
Kingsley, Mrs. Charles (wife):
(Fanny Grenfell), 24, 25, 31, 107, 156, 173, &c.
(For her biography, *Charles Kingsley, His Letters and Memories of His Life*, in 2 vols., 1877; reduced edition in 1 vol., 1883, reprinted 1899; see references to 'L.M.' in footnotes, *passim*.)
Kingsley, Rev. Charles (father), 13, 15, 21
Kingsley, Mrs. Charles (mother; *née* Mary Lucas), 13, 15, 22
„ Charlotte (sister), 15
„ George (brother), 14, 15, 113, 178
„ Gerald (brother), 15
„ Grenville Arthur (son), 40, 117
„ Henry (brother, the novelist), 13, 14, 113, 122
„ Herbert (brother), 15
„ Mary (daughter of George, above; the explorer), 14 n., 21
„ Mary St. Leger (daughter; Mrs. William Harrison; *nom de plume*, "Lucas Malet"), 39, 40, 115–16
„ Maurice (son), 39
Kipling, Rudyard, 100
Kirkdale Ragged School, 168
Knight, Rev. J., 18

L

Laissez Faire School, 59, 65, 79, 169
Landlords, Letters to, 51
Lang, Andrew, 100
Lightfoot, Bishop, 34
Lives of the English Saints (ed. Newman), 155
Local Government Board, 76

Long Game, The, 70
Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree (poem), 99, 172
"Lucas Malet", *see* Kingsley, Mary St. Leger
Ludlow, J. M., 20, 46, 51–2, 60, 76, 122, 125, 176
Luther, Martin, 141, 164

M

Macmillan, Alexander, 61, 157, 180
Macmillan, Alexander, The Life of (quoted), 36, 114, 117, 174
Macmillan, Daniel, 61, 112, 114
Macmillan's Magazine, 28, 117, 151–2
Manichaeism, 26, 93, 95, 146–8
Martineau, Dr. James (theologian), 69, 176
Martineau, John (pupil of Charles Kingsley), 19 n., 32, 72, 175, 177
Martineau, Violet (daughter of John), 23
Massacre of the Innocents, The, 86
Masson, D., 61
Maurice, Rev. Frederick Denison, 28, 42; Leader of the Christian Socialists, 48, 53, 55–7, 60, 61, 77; Letter to, about *The Water-Babies*, 117
Theological views, 125
Publication of *Theological Essays*, and controversy with King's College, 126 ff.
Letter of Kinglsey to, on the Atonement, 132, and note
on *Essays and Reviews*, 133–4
Miscellaneous references, 135, 138, 144, 149
views on the Newman controversy, 157
on political economy, 160
Death of, 170
Mayhew, H. (author of *London Labour and the London Poor*), 53
Meteor shower (1866), 41
Mevagissey, 114
Middleham, canonry of, 115
Mill, John Stuart, 62, 88
Milman, Dean, 127
Montagu, Colonel G., 87
Monsell, Dr., 10
Mormons (invitation to preach to), 172
Morning Chronicle, the, 53
Müller, Professor Max, 106, 161, 165, 174, 180
Muscular Christianity, 45, 54, 106, 113 (probable origin of the term), 177 and note, 178
My Fairest Child (poem), 99
My Political Creed (article), 69

N

Napoleon III, 120
National Education League, 84
Natural Selection, Essay on (A. R. Wallace), 137
Neale, E. Vansittart, 60, 65, 176
Nemesis of Faith, The (J. A. Froude), 54
Neo-Platonism, 110, 111, 124, 140
New Forest Ballad, A., 99
Newman, Cardinal J .H., 22, 27, 28, 130, 146 ff., 175, 183–4
Nun's Pool, The (story), 70

O

Ode to the North-East Wind, 100
Orfeo (Glück), 173
Origen, 124
Origin of Species, The (Darwin), 135
Owen, Professor, 120
Oxford Movement (Tractarianism, Anglo-Catholics), 26, 120, 126, 136, 147

P

Paley, W., 137
Palinodia (poem), 92
Palmerston, Lord, 160
Parker, John, jun., 45
Parker, Messrs. (publishers), 93, 109
"Parson Lot", 49, 108, 181
Paul, Herbert, 54, 108, 184
Paul, Kegan, 35, 179
Phaethon (dialogue), 61 n., 153 n.
Pilgrimage of Grace, 115
Plato, 21, 29, 124, 172
Plays and Puritans (essay), 22, 93
Politics for the People (Christian Socialist periodical), 49, 109, 126, 150, 159
Powles, R. C., 19, 20, 54
"Presbyter E", 55
Prince Consort, The, 88, 122, 159, 160
Prince of Wales (Edward VII), 34, 162, 173
Prometheus and Epimetheus, 120
Prose Idylls, 18, 53, 119, 133, 146, 178
Prussia, Crown Princess of (Princess Victoria of England), 159
Public Health Acts (1866 and 1875), 76
Purgatory, 129
Puritanism, 125, 126, 130, 149
Pusey, Rev. Dr. E. B., 111

Q

Queen's College, London, 44, 82

R

Raven, Rev. Dr., C. E., 7, 47, 60, 64 n.
Record, The (religious journal), 110, 126, 127
Religious Experience ("God-consciousness"), 134
Rhine (visit to), 91, 178
Rigg, Rev. Dr. (quoted), 17, 24, 27, 114, 123, 124, 173
Roman and the Teuton, The (lecture), 88, 161 n., 165
Rome, Church of ("popery", "papists", etc.), 25, 113, 125, 129, 131, 144, 147, 150 ff. (and *passim*).
Ruskin, John, 101

S

Saint's Tragedy, The, 93–7, 159
Shaftesbury, Lord, 62, 76
Shelley, P. B., 93, 100
Simon, Sir John, 76
Slaney Act, 60, 62
Smith Adam, 79, 95
Smith, Southwood, 76
Snake's Book, The (MS.), 26
Snowdon, expedition to, 10, 113
Social Science Congress (1869), 83
Socrates, 137
Stammering, 19, 20, 149 n.
Stanley, Dean, 174, 180
Stevenson, R. L., 18
Stubbs, Dr. C. W., 160
Study of the Evidences of Christianity (Baden Powell in *Essays and Reviews*), 133

T

Tauler (Life and Sermons), 141
Teleology (in biological theory), 138
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 34, 70, 98
Theologia Germanica, 144
Theological Essays (Maurice), 126
Thorp, Miss M. F. (author of *Charles Kingsley*, 1819–1875), 7, 24 n., 15, 28, 55 n., 61, 78 n., 98 n., 101 n., 107, 111, 132 n., 157 n., 159–60, 176, 184
Thought from the Rhine, A (poem), 100
Three Fishers, The (poem), 18, 58, 70, 90
Times, The (Old and True), 165
Tom Brown's Schooldays, 81, 178
Torquay, 135
Tract XC, 131
Tracts for the Times, 148
Transubstantiation, 156
Trevelyan, Professor G. M. (Master of Trinity), 7, 164–5, 167
Tutor's Story, The (unfinished novel, completed by "Lucas Malet"), 115–6
Two Breaths, The (lecture), 78
Two Years Ago, 16, 18, 26, 38, 53, 77, 105, 113, 114, 122, 131, 159, 179

U

United States, visit to, 171–2

V

Vansittart, A. A., 63
Vaudois (projected novel on), 117
Victoria, Queen, 122, 160
Vitalism, 137

W

Wages Boards, 62
Wallace, A. R., 40, 137
Ward, Wilfred (biographer of Cardinal Newman), 150, 153, 157, 183
Water-Babies, The, 107, 116–121, 128, 130, 131, 134, 169, 180
Water Supply of London, The (essay), 79
Wellington College, 40
West Indies, 14, 117, 168, 178
Westminster, canonry of, 171
Westminster Sermons, 39 n., 137
Westward Ho! 9, 15, 61 n., 67, 86, 100, 104, 106, 111–113, 115, 122, 131, 141, 161, 176, 181, 183
What Then Does Dr. Newman Mean? (pamphlet), 153
Whewell, Dr. (Master of Trinity), 162
Whittier, J. G. (poet), 172, 177
Who are the Friends of Order? (pamphlet), 64
Who Causes Pestilence? (tract), 125
Why Should We Pray for Fine Weather? (sermon), 139

Wilberforce, Bishop, 68, 127
Winkworth, Miss (translator of Tauler), 142
Wisdom and Innocence (sermon by Newman), 151, 154
Wordsworth, William, 91, 140, 180
Working Men's College, 7, 66
Working Tailors, Association of, 61

Y

Yeast, 24, 26, 43, 53, 70, 77, 106, 107–109, 111, 115, 144, 177
Yonge, Miss C. M., 107
Yorkshire (scenery), 115, 116
Young, Brigham, 171
Yosemite Valley, 171

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